AMASIA,

OR, THE

Works of the Muses.

A

Collection

OF

POEMS.

In Three Volumes.

By Mr *John Hopkins.*

VOL. I.

Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala plura,
Quæ legis hic, aliter non fit (Avite) *liber.*

LONDON,
Printed by Tho. Warren for Bennet Banbury,
at the *Blue-Anchor* in the Lower-Walk
of the New-Exchange, 1700.

To her GRACE THE Dutchess of *Grafton*.

MADAM,

SHall I be guilty of Tautologies? Shall I Name Grafton *first, and say she's Beautiful? Or shall I say your Ladyship is most Beautiful, and need I then Name* Grafton?

What is it I feel inspiring me, while I address you? What is it Transports my Senses and my Soul with Ravishment? 'Tis Grafton; *'tis the Dutchess of* Grafton, *Love's Goddess, and the Queen of Beauty.*

I see your Ladyship in Idea, but ev'n the Idea represents not any form so Amiable.

The fancyful Poet's Mistress in imagination wears Charms Divinely shining, wears Beauties gloriously Aerial, yet far inferiour.

To whom but to your Grace should I present Amasia? *To you, the Mistress, the* Amasia *of the World.*

O Paris! O *happy Son of Royal* Priam! *Who saw three Goddesses at once, three* Graftons! *Not* Hellena, *made both the bribe and the reward for the Golden prize which he decreed to* Venus, *knew any Charms, like* Grafton's: *Not* Hellena; *Not* Venus *self; no, not the three Goddesses could make up, with Charms united, Glories so exquisitely Celestial.*

Had your Grace on Ida's Mount *appear'd, had you stood there a Candidate; in vain, had Wisdom, in vain had Empire too, and the Fair, Fatal Charming Beauty had all in vain been offer'd; Justice had prevail'd o'er all.*

O Grafton! *'Tis almost Impious for a Poet to approach you, not in Verse; where is the incense I should offer at the Shrine of Beauty? Where is the Praise, through which the Poet claims his Priviledge to adore? Where are the Flights, the Raptures*

of

of Extatick Poetry? Why ſoar they not? Why? 'Tis becauſe they Flag beneath you.

I cannot Praiſe you; I will not then attempt it; I have not Venus's *ſufficiently Divine, before me, to draw this* Venus *by. Scarce other Beauties are bright enough to be the ſhadows of your Picture; I ſhall therefore reſiſt the Torrents of my fancy, and withhold my Artleſs, my unable Pencil.*

If ſorrow in the Face of the Græcian *Chief could be no otherwiſe expreſt than by a Curtain drawn to vail it, how ſhall I preſume to hope that the Superlative exceſs of Beauty can be deſcrib'd which blooms in yours! I too muſt draw the Curtain here, and rather chooſe to hide the Charming object, than, by expoſing it in a faint, glimmering Light, to darken, and obſcure it more.*

'Tis Elyzium, *'tis the* Kingdom of Love, *which Courts your Grace's preſence; both* Sylvius *and* Amaſia *Joyn'd (but in a fancyful enjoyment,) claim in this Poem*

the Tenant's right of doing Homage to your Ladyſhip, both Court your Grace to give a viſit to their humble Groves, to that Elyzium *which we can poſſeſs only in your Grace's Smiles, for wereſoe'er your Grace appears, Love ſways, and fixes his unalterable Kingdom there.*

I am,

May it Pleaſe your Grace,

Your Grace's moſt Obedient, and moſt

Humbly Devoted Servant.

J. Hopkins.

THE PREFACE.

SInce 'tis inevitable that Books must be Publish'd, when Printed, 'tis almost a necessary Conclusion that Prefaces must be written, whether they will be read or not. I have been in a thousand various Thoughts how to manage in a Point so very Nice; sometimes I have inclin'd to attempt in some sort a Vindication, at least of some of the following Poems; then, I have condemn'd them all, with Censures on my self, as severe, I am positive, as my Muses and I can meet with from the most rigidly-good Judgment of the most Malicious Critick: Again I thought to Muster up all the Poetical excuses the doubting Author swells with, Just before his Off-Spring comes to Light; as the Juvenile Tears in which I writ them; (which by the way, gives me Occasion to say, that on that account I call'd the Book the Works of the Muses, *having a Notion that the Title bears in it an Air of Puerility.) The undesigning the Publication of most of them, when written; the Publishing them at last not thro' any vain Popular ends, but for Private necessary Reasons; and the having destroy'd a larger Collection than I now Publish, I thought might be of weight enough for so light a thing as an excuse. The two last Reasons mention'd claim still my Approbation,*

for the one excuses me to my self, which I think most Material; and the last of all will in a great measure excuse me to the World. I think it necessary only to say three or four Words more, and those partly in Vindication. I have writ several Copies on very trifling Occasions; Mr. Waller *has writ some. There are several of* Ovid's *Stories which I have imitated, many of them have been already attempted, some by several Hands; and most of them have been very well perform'd by my Brother, and Publish'd some Years since; mine were written in an other Kingdom before I knew of his. There is nothing now remains, for my own satisfaction to be said, but to assure the Ladies that they will meet with nothing in my Writings that need cause a Blush; and so, humbly recommending my Book to their Protection, I am wholly indifferent, and shall be unconcern'd at what the Grave and the Precise shall say.*

Pascitur in vivis livor: Post fata quiescit,
Tunc suis ex merito quemque tuetur, honor.
Ergo etiam cum me supremus adusserit ignis,
Vivam: Parsque mei magna superstes erit.

THE

THE CONTENTS.

Vol. I. Book I.

TO *the God of Love. A Pindarick* Page 3
Elyzium, or the Kingdom of Love, A Poem, (*Addreſs'd to* Amaſia) Containing 9
Paſſionate fondneſs 12
Deſpair 16
Admiration 19
Addreſs 21
Parting 22
Abſence 24
Jealouſy 25
Platonick Love 26
Elyzium. 28

Book II.

THE Miſtreſs of Love, *being ſome Copies, written on Occaſions to* Amaſia, *by her own Command.*
To Amaſia, *on her drawing her own Picture* 39
To Amaſia, *holding a drawn Sword in her hand* 40
To Amaſia, *tickling a Gentleman.* 41
To Amaſia, *playing with a Clouded Fan* 42

To

To Amasia, *asking me if I slept well after so Tempestuous a Night as the last was, when we parted, and desiring me to describe it* p. 43
To Amasia, *speaking an* Extempore *Verse.* 48
To Amasia, *still promising to Sing, but never performing* ibid.
Meeting Amasia *at a Young Lady's Funeral* 50
To Amasia, *on her recovery from a fall* ibid.
To Amasia, *holding a Burning-glass in her Hand* 51
To Amasia, *looking at me, tho' a Multiplying-Glass* 52
To Amasia *Singing, and sticking Pins in a Red-Silk-Pincushion* 53
To Amasia, *on her Correcting a line of Mr.* Waller's, *as she read it* 54
To Amasia, *troubled with a redness in her Eyes, on her saying she would Charm me with them* 56
To Amasia, *on the falling of her Terras-Walks* 57
The Dream, beginning with the Description of Night, Written to Amasia 59
To Amasia, *who, while I awfully admir'd her at her Window, withdrew, and sent a Black in her Place* 63
To Amasia, *Dancing before a Looking-Glass* 64
To Amasia, *on the burning of her Flower'd Muslin-Nightrail, which took Fire, while she was asleep, and yet she was her self unhurt* 65
To Amasia, *who having prick'd me with a Pin, for a subject to write on, accidentally scratch'd her self with it, when in my Hand afterwards* 68
Instructions to a Painter to draw Amasia, *with some Reflections on the Artist's skill, resolving to describe her my self, much better with my Pen.* 69

Book

The Contents.

Book III.

THE Addreſs of Love. *An Epiſtolary Poem. Written to* Amaſia, 79
Female Epiſtles of Love. *Containing*
Deidamia *to* Achilles 95
A Lady to her Lover 99
Scylla *to* Minos. 110

TO

TO
SYLVIUS,
ON HIS
AMASIA.

I *Read; and all your Works my wonder raiſe,*
Thou gav'ſt me Pleaſure, and I'll give thee Praiſe.
With Wit ſo Charming thy ſoft Paſſions move,
Minerva *now ſhould grow the Queen of Love.*

Sylvius———

———*To thee a double Fame is due,*
Both as the Poet, and the Lover too.
She too grows doubly fam'd, whom Sylvius *wooes,*
Amaſia, both the Miſtreſs and the Muſe.
If thou haſt Lov'd, and thy Complaints be Juſt,
I pity thee,---and every Woman muſt.
She's dead---our Sex's glory, and their ſhame;
Could ſhe be Mortal, yet deſpiſe thy Flame!
If thou haſt Lov'd, but half as thou haſt writ,
(But oh! Who Loves, with ſuch a World of Wit,!)

The

The Maid, the Cruel Charming Maid you Sung,
With darts by Death, not Cupid, *should be stung.*
Death has absolv'd thee of thy Constant vow;
Forget the Maid, Fame be thy Mistress now.
Fame, which you Court not, to your Arms will flee;
The World will give, but take it first from me.
In vain---she gives you Fame, whom you adore,
Your Passion gives you that, but gives no more.
Such nat'ral turns in all your Numbers roll,
Were there no sense, the strain would move the Soul.
Their force is such as is in Musick found,
We should be Charm'd, by the bare Power of sound.
Tho' none can better write, do you write on,
You can be only by your self outdone.
All other Poets, reading thee, Despair,
And grieve to think thou hast so vast a share.
Asham'd of their own labours may they grow,
Whilst from thy Pen whole Helicon *does flow.*
Thy growing Laurels spread above us high,
Spring thro' the Air, and mounting, reach the Sky:
When Eccho'd from the Stars by sounding Fame,
A lasting glory shall secure thy Name.
Go on, and let thy thoughtful, wand'ring Muse,
Ravisht with Love, no other subject choose.

Let

Let thy soft numbers still employ thy Pen,
Thy Muses Works *surpass the Works of Men.*
In after Ages may thy glory thrive,
And may thy name great Dryden's *name survive.*
Thou dost our Souls with thy soft Passions move,
Thou Art a Poet, like the God of Love.
You and the God of Love Amasia *mourn,*
The God of Love and you are Poets born.
Hold, I'm your Friend, and I must need advise,
Be wise, yet e'er it be too late, be wise.
Nor from the Press, nor the ingrateful Stage,
To your own ruine, Charm a thankless Age.
Amasia's *dead— some solid good pursue,*
Since every Muse has done a task for you;
Merit scarce ever meets reward——— Adieu.
Yet hold; if still you would your self excel,
Leave off----so Wicherly *did more than well.*

Urania.

AMASIA,

OR, THE

Works of the Muses.

Containing

ELYZIUM,

OR, THE

KINGDOM of *LOVE.*

Vol. I. Book I.

Non mihi mille placent; nisi sum desertor amoris:
Tu mihi (si qua fides) cura perennis eris.

TO THE *GOD* of *LOVE*. A PINDARICK.

Sine Numine nihil.

(1)

SOme loſe themſelves to gain a laſting Name,
(of Fame:
And ſhun thoſe Rocks which bar the Coaſts
Art does the skilful Pilot ſit,
To guide in the full Sea of Wit,
The Poet flies with fancy's Sails,
Fame's wanton Breath affords him Gales,
A mighty Voyage now he takes
The Muſes *Indies* muſt be ſought,
The choiceſt Oare muſt thence be brought,

Whole Floods of Senſe upon him rowl,
Behold, what wondrous way he makes!
His courſe will ſoon be run,
Tho' adverſe Winds controul,
And rudely toſs a while his Soul,
He Sails about the World of thought,
And Journies like the God of Wit, the Sun.
Me Love ſhall guide, tho' Love be blind,
To thee alone thy Poet flies,
Thy Mother ſprung from Seas we find
Thou, little, Infant God, behind,
No Winds but gentle Sights ſhall riſe,
I'll ſteer my courſe by my *Amaſia*'s Eyes,
Amaſia lies the Golden Coaſt,
Which I ſhall reach at laſt, or in the Search be loſt.

(2)

Fam'd by their Muſes flights let others prove,
While I am Born upon the Wings of Love.
Some climb the Poets Hill with pain,
Yet to no height arrive,
Like *Syſiphus* his ſtone, in vain
Roll'd up, to be thrown down again,
When tir'd, at length, they ceaſe to ſtrive,
And on the barren plain dejected lie and live,

Me

Me my Ambition only leads
Beneath the Hill to ſeek out pleaſing Groves,
The Charming Muſes haunt the ſhades,
And there in Lawrel Bow'rs I would reveal my Loves.
Congreve, and *Wicherly* are great,
Upon *Parnaſſus* tops they ſit,
Not raiſ'd by Fortune, but by Fate,
Their Praiſe is to their Merits late,
They lord it o'er the World of Wit,
The Mighty *Dryden*, o'er their Heads,
Like a vaſt cloud appears,
Gilt with late Sun-beams, wide he ſpreads,
And grateful dew upon them ſheds,
Fruitful, yet ſhining too in Evening Years.
His fancy ſtill ſwift does in Light'nings fly,
And loudly rowling Words run Thundring from (his Sky.

(3)

Behold his Lawrels ſcatter'd from him far,
Thoſe Wreaths not proof againſt the Bolts of War.
The Godlike, great *Naſſaw* is Crown'd;
A while we Martial noiſes hear,
Shrill *Clangors* Eccho thro' the Air,
The Muſick of ſoft Numbers drown'd.

Branches that deck the Conqu'rour's brow,
Made wet with Blood, ſtill blooming grow,
The Poet now that hopes to be renown'd,
Should his Juſt Praiſe, loud as his Trumpets, Sound.
Alcides, when an Infant, ſtrove
With Serpents which againſt him roſe,
His Cradle prov'd his claim to *Jove*,
He ſmil'd to ſee them gayly move, (Foes,
And in their own bright Folds he chain'd the hiſſing
His Praiſe by mighty labours came,
In Paths of Glory ſtill he trod,
His weighty Club beat out the Road,
His own great Pillars rais'd his Name,
High, ſoaring Praiſe he drew
From the *Stymphalides* he ſlew,
Their gawdy Plumes Feather'd the Wings of Fame.
His great Exploits ſuch vaſt Applauſes bore,
The Lyon which he kill'd ne'er could ſo loudly roar.

(4

Godlike *Naſſaw* the bloody Field has won,
Herculean labours have by him been done,
No Club does this great Hero weild,
Yet drives vaſt flying Legions far,

He

He makes no Monſters skin his Shield,
Himſelf's the dreadful Thunderbolt of War.
The giddy Goddeſs, Fortune Kneels,
Fond of her Conqu'rour's Love,
Joys in the Raviſhment ſhe feels,
Secure upon her Chariot Wheels, (move.
Fixt with his weight of Glory, they want Power to
The bliſs of Heav'n no living Man can know,
But Love to me, gives all the Joys below.
In the loud Field nor Arts, nor Arms I uſe,
I only Am'rous Battles fight,
Thee, little Boy, my chief I chooſe,
I live, and die in vaſt delight,
The Gods gave me a Miſtreſs, and a Muſe.
In Beauties Camp alone I lead,
How ſure of Triumph muſt I grow
When taught to Conquer by the Maid
Who is alone my Foe?
Love is my War, Love is the Train that lies
To be blown fondly up by my *Amaſia*'s Eyes.

(5)

Proud as the Heav'ns, ſhe ſees us clouds below,
We Weep, and drive, when e'er her Tempeſts blow,

Her Smiles, like Radiant Sunſhine, play,
She makes our Days appear,
Or Gloomy, or Serene and clear,
Each Glance ſhe gives, like Light'ning cuts her wa
And, with one Angry word, ſhe does like Thunder, ſlay,
Thou, God of Love, doſt Merit Fame,
Greatneſs, and Honours are but Toys,
Compar'd with thy more real Joys,
A while the Bubbles gay appear,
Gaz'd at, they break, and ſcatter in the Air,
They yeild but Smoak, while you give warmer Flame.
The Thund'rer may unenvy'd ſway,
And rule his Powers above,
As they his Laws, ſo he does thine obey.
How truly great would be the name of *Jove*,
If both the God of Thunder, and of Love!
Whene'er you Pleaſe to Smile or Frown,
His Bolts fall to the pavement down,
Your Flames more fiercely than his light'nings fly,
You make him quit his Heav'n, & lay his Godhead by.
He has his Bolts, *Sol* has his Silver Bow,
Nuptune is for his Trident fear'd, and for your Qui-
(ver, *you*.

ELY-

ELYZIUM,

OR, THE

KINGDOM of *LOVE.*

A

POEM

Addreſs'd to

AMASIA.

YOU Wilds, and Plains, you Groves, and (grateful Woods,
You pleaſing Streams, and you delightful (Floods
To your bleſt ſhades a Love-Sick Swain retires,
Be you the Scenes of my neglected Fires.
A gen'rous Friend till now poſſeſt my Soul,
But now *Amaſia* has uſurpt it whole.
A real Friendſhip our deſires can move,
Yet ſtill there's ſomething more Divine in Love.

Driv'n by her Scorn, and by my own deſpair,
I ſeek your ſhades, yet ſhe purſues me there.
Her Beauteous Image in my Thoughts appears,
And every Form, I think of, borrows her's.
Wildly I run thro' all the Thickeſt Groves,
And in deſpairing Accents tell my Loves.
To Fair *Amaſia* I am doom'd to pray,
Though Deaf as Winds, and Raging as the Sea.
Proud as the Heav'ns, and Brighter than the Sun,
Like that, for Men to fix their wonder on.
To Sing of War once *Sylvius* try'd in vain,
His Numbers fail'd him, and his lofty ſtrain.
To peaceful Reeds his Martial Launces turn,
It is the buſineſs of his Muſe to Mourn.
From *Naſſaw*'s Camps She Sings *Amaſia*'s Charms,
Her Eyes, are Conqu'ring as the Hero's Arms.
I with *Amaſia* only wage my War,
And only wiſh that I may Triumph there,
The World be his, let me but Conquer her.
She Wounds my Soul, yet can't my Flames approve,
She wont be bought with Poetry or Love.
Here, Mourning here, then will I ſadly Sing,
And bleſs thoſe Eyes from which my ſorrows Spring.

Here,

Here, all consum'd, all languishing I'll lie,
And speak of her in the sad honour I die.
My latest Breath shall beg the Gods by pray'r,
To make my Mistress their peculiar care.
Not *Delia* shall, *Amasia*, vie with thee,
You excel her, as *Sacharissa*, she.
O that I now could write in moving strains,
Soft as her *Daphnis* does, when he complains,
His Charming Courtship so her Soul could fill,
That she was pleas'd to hear him wooe her still.
In after times your Praise shall Lovers move,
With Fonder Passion than their present Love.
Thro' eating Ages safe your Fame shall fly,
Ne'er shall *Amasia*, nor her *Sylvius* dye.
Both by my Poem shall immortal grow,
I for my Love, as for your Beauty you.
Whilst Wit and War give some a lasting Name,
I from my Flames shall draw a brighter Fame.
In glorious Arms the Thund'rer shines above,
Cæsar, and greater *Nassaw* come the next to *Jove*,
I am the *Cæsar* here ——
I am the *Nassaw* in the Field of Love.
Tho' not my Verse, all shall my Passion praise,
It is from thence I shall my Trophies raise.

Love's

Love's mighty *Phœnix*, I my ſelf ſurvive,
Thoſe Flames that kill me, make me ever live.
Mine ſhall be fam'd, when vaſter labour dies,
(have Eyes.
While Swains have hearts, and Charming Maids
In all my Lines they ſhall ſuch ſoftneſs ſee,
That the whole World ſhall Learn to Love of me.

Paſſionate Fondneſs.

MY Paſſion ſure might be enough to move,
The tend'reſt pity in the Queen of Love.
But ſhe her ſelf, not ev'n ſhe can know
The racking Pains that I endure for you.
My Flames are more than I my ſelf believe,
I know I Love, but know not if I live.
My Paſſions far beyond my Thoughts extend,
Soon ſhall my Life———
But Oh! my Conſtant Love ſhall never end.
Pity your *Sylvius*, dear *Amaſia*, do,
That wretched Youth, whom you have render'd ſo.
Oh! you can Cure me, who have Pow'r to kill,
You muſt relent, my Fair,—I know, you will.

Your

Your Thoughts are ſoft, but I want Arts to Charm,
I can't expreſs how my deſires are warm.
Who ſpeaks hisFlames ſhews they but faintly ſhine,
His Love ne'er flew to ſuch exceſs as Mine,
The Paſſion *Sylvius* feels Mounts all Divine.
Oh! could you, but one Moment, know my Pain,
Know all the tedious ſuff'rings of your Swain,
Be well convinc'd how I ſincerely Burn,
Sure you at laſt would make me ſome Return.
Reward your *Sylvius* with a Mutual Love,
Both will be happy as the bleſt above.
How does the thought thro' all my vitals run!
How does the very thought tranſport alone!
That were it ſelf, but Oh! it haſts to flee,
That were it ſelf reward enough for me.
For you I live, to you alone I pray,
And your Lov'd Name is all that I can ſay.
Thy Dear Idea ſtill my fancy Frames,
Thou art the Charming *Phantom* of my Dreams.
Thro' Clouds of Night thy Beauteous Image flies,
And wantons looſly where your Lover lies.
You are my Dearer ſelf, my Life, my Soul,
Sylvius is only yours, you have him whole.

Whene'er

When e'er you ſpeak, my Senſes wait your tongue.
And they are all on each Dear accent hung.
There lives a Charm in ev'ry thing you do,
Whom e'er you hate, I hate extreamly too,
And Love, with Paſſion, all belov'd by you.
You are alone all I deſire to ſee,
For I have all the World in having thee.
While you are ſafe, I no miſfortunes know,
Nor am I well, but when *Amaſia*'s ſo.
You, you alone are all I wiſh to pleaſe,
And when you die, ſhall *Sylvius* being ceaſe.
What mighty dangers could I brave for thee,
If but thy pity the reward might be.
What could I ſtand at, if deſir'd by you!
What could not *Sylvius* for *Amaſia* do.
Inſpir'd with Love, my Soul ſits rais'd on high,
And Burns with Noble rage, when you are by.
From you my Thoughts, from you my Actions flow,
'Tis you create all I can think or do.
'Tis you can give me an Eternal Name,
And make it bright, and glorious as my Flame.
With thee alone I would deſire to live,
Had I but thee, what could I more receive.

In

In Sandy deſarts I could dwell with thee,
Bleſt, where no Creature ever ſtept, but we.
Nor Woods, nor Wilds, nor Seas could make me fear,
Where'er you are, there is a *Tempe* there.
Loſt in ſome Iſle, where raving Oceans roar,
And daſh the rocks upon the barren ſhore.
Where breaking Waves make all the place reſound,
And Eccho Thunder the whole Iſland round.
Where Monſtrous Fiſh thro' all the Surges play,
With Voices louder than their Mother Sea.
Where Billows Foam, laſht by the raging Tide,
And nought but horrid Salvages reſide.
With thee, *Amaſia*, I could there be bleſt,
With thee, my Love, were I of thee poſſeſt.
My great concern would be to guard thee there,
To ſave my Miſtreſs ſhould be all my care.
Secure from Storms, and every Beaſt of prey,
Tho' thou art ſure more cruel far than they.
A Scene not very diff'rent here I chooſe,
A place Convenient for the Mourning Muſe.
To dark Receſſes, and to Groves I run,
But carry with me all I wiſh to ſhun,
You ſhoot thro' Thickets, like the Noon-day Sun.

Well might I fancy thee Divine to be,
For thou art every where alike to me.
O could I think that I were ſo to you,
That I were always with *Amaſia* too.
Here, a long exile from my Love I bear.
Repeated ſlights thus drive me to deſpair.

Deſpair.

DIſtracted now thro' every den I rove,
Search each receſs, and viſit every Grove,
Swift thro' confuſion to find out my Love.
Thro' Woods, and Wilds, in Caves I Search in vain,
To Heav'n I look, and thro' the Fields complain,
But all unkindly anſwer not again.
Next, to ſome Brook; or ſhady Vale I fly,
Thinking my fair may in ſome grotto lye.
In vain! alaſs! my weary Limbs I bear,
I only find thou art a ſtranger there.
Then, ſtung with Paſſion, and o'ercome with Pain.
To Heav'n I loudly of my wrongs complain.
The panting Beaſts which th.o' the Foreſts rove,
Have now no longer any Power to move,
But ſtand amaz'd to hear my tale of Love.

Then

Then, all confusion, all despair, I rise,
And throw my Arms to the regardless Skies.
Thence to the Ocean's Sandy banks I run,
View both the rising, and declining Sun.
Like that, my Thought a constant motion bears,
And when I rest, I set in Seas of Tears.
Rais'd with my griefs, and overcome with woes,
I sadly sigh to every Wind that blows.
Wild with despair, I view the Billows round,
Thinking some wave may with my love be crown'd,
While my complaints o'er all the shores resound.
Tell me, I cry, ye Surges, tell me true,
Is not *Amasia* hid in some of you ?
No thought alas! can my Mind's Storms appease,
No second *Venus* will arise from Seas.
Then, fierce as Whirlwinds on the strands I Walk,
And loud as Thunder to my self I talk ;
When from my Eyes I shed a gentle show'r,
And lay those Tempests I had rais'd before.
Rack'd with my griefs, my Anxious Soul survives,
Dash'd like a ship which with the Billows drives.
Thence, to the plains my fainting Limbs I bear,
Lost still in Love, and lost in Errour there.

In a deep Vale, where a thick Covert grows,
I fondly ſtrive to be at ſoft repoſe.
But there I find, nor Sea, nor Cave, nor Wood,
Nor Stars, nor Heav'n it ſelf can do me good.
Wild Thoughts diſtract me in thoſe grateful bow'rs;
I take each gentle Breeze's Voice for yours.
Whilſt by Succeſſion day and night return,
I, greatly curs'd, muſt never ceaſe to mourn.
Yet Groves like theſe did once the Joys improve,
Of bleſt *Adonis*, and the Queen of Love.
So might I rifle my *Amaſia*'s Charms,
And claſp my Goddeſs in my burning Arms.
How ſtrangely bleſt might ſhe her *Sylvius* ſee,
And make her ſelf more happy, bleſſing me.
Securely cloſe, and from all Cities far,
Remote from tumults, and the noiſe of War.
In ſecret ſhades ſhe might my Paſſion crown;
There my *Amaſia* might be all my own.
As boiſt'rous Storms endear the diſtant ſhore:
And hardſhip always ſhews our Joys the more.
So ſhould ſhe make me Court her even there,
And e'er ſhe bleſt me, let me taſt deſpair.
Whilſt peaceful ſilence Reigns thro' all the bow'rs,
And ev'n no Whiſpers can be heard, but ours.

There

There we ſhall ne'er fear any watchful Spies.
None but the Moon ſees where *Amaſia* lies.
Such Thought as theſe my waking wiſhes fly,
Tho' none, *Amaſia* loves ſo fixt as I.
Ev'n tho' you hate me moſt, I Love you ſtill,
Nor would be cur'd of my Tormenting ill.
My very pain yields me ſome pleaſure now,
I joy to ſmart, ſince 'tis impos'd by you.
A greater bleſs Lives in my deep deſpair,
Than in the Smiles of any other Fair.

Admiration.

FIrſt when I ſaw you! how all chang'd I grew!
My Blood thrill'd quick, and light'ning pierc'd (me thro.
I view'd, all raviſhment, your Charming Pow'rs,
When my Eyes dazzled with the ſight of yours.
Still'd I look'd on, and pleaſingly was fir'd,
I gaz'd, and gaz'd, and as I gaz'd, admir'd.
My kindling Flames your ſunny glances fed,
And your each motion made them rage and ſpread.
Strange, unknown Paſſions wrought my fancy high,
Rais'd with deſires, when I beheld you nigh.

I long'd extreamly, Charm'd at every view,
While to excess my eager wishes flew.
When e'er you stept, how brightly did you move!
You were all Charms, and made my Soul all Love.
What Beauteous awe in all your form was seen!
And Oh! how Sweet, how taking was your mien!
No fancy'd Goddess does so brightly shine,
Oh! you were all, all ravishing Divine.
No Pencil here, were it a task assign'd,
Could Paint your Face, no Pen describe your Mind.
Believe your Swain, by thy Dear self 'tis true,
Thy self I Love, and I Love only you.
I prize thee high as fancy'd Joys above,
I would not quit thee for the Queen of Love.
No, not to sway the Scepter of the Skies,
For you can give me more than Monarchs Joys.
In thee the Pow'rs made all their wonders shine,
They made thy Form, they made thy Breast Divine,
Could it but Pity all the Pains in mine.
How hard alas! is your lost Lover's Fate,
How oft did I for your admittance wait?
Deny'd the freedom to reveal my ill,
And shew the racking Tortures that I feel.

To tell how much the wretched *Sylvius* burns,
Fondly to tell, but meet no kind returns.
To ſtand all languiſhing beſide my fair,
To move the trueſt, and the tend'reſt Pray'r,
Gently to preſs her hands, to melt, and ſwear.

Addreſs.

ONce at your Feet you ſaw your *Sylvius* Kneel,
Unmov'd with anguiſh he was doom'd to feel.
You hear'd his Sighs, you ſaw his Tears run down,
You ſaw them all, but you return'd him none.
How ſhall I now my ſwelling Paſſion tell,
Which beſt my ſilence did ev'n then reveal?
Your Charming form kindles exceſſive Fires,
And ſomething wond'rous as it ſelf inſpires.
In looks, and ſighs, I faintly ſpoke my Soul,
Nought but Poſſeſſion could expreſs it whole.
While on your Knees the ruin'd *Sylvius* hung,
Imperfect Words fell from his faulc'ring Tongue.
In ſighs and wiſhes loſt, did *Sylvius* lye,
And his ſick Soul lay melting in his Eye.
Faſten'd with longings on your Charming Face,
And ſcarce he roſe to the laſt dear embrace.

In vain, in vain, was all his Paſſion mov'd,
The wretched Swain muſt never, never be belov'd.

Parting.

PArting I felt moſt Mortal pangs, and ſmart,
I felt your ſcorn, and I reſolv'd to part.
Think! think, *Amaſia*, with what pains I ſtrove
My long fixt Eyes from thy dear Face to move.
Not Men condemn'd with deadlier anguiſh go,
To meet their fate, than I to part from you.
Yes, I remember, too, too well I may,
When my deſpair deny'd my longer ſtay, (away.
And urg'd me from my ſelf, and thee more dear,
With forward ſteps to ſeek my fair I ran,
Reſolv'd to part, reſolv'd to part a Man.
Reſolv'd no more to be a Slave, and pine,
But be my ſelf, and be no longer thine.
Onward in haſt to thy abode I flew,
To ſee, to leave, and not to Love thee too,
But with dry Eyes to bid a long Adieu.
To thy Apartment boldly now I came,
And hop'd, and fancy'd that I felt no flame.

Not

Not as a Lover I approach'd thee near,
Ask'd what Commands you had for me to bear.
Scornful you Smil'd, and anſwer'd you had none,
Then, fixt I ſtood, a perfect Lover grown.
With ſilent Admiration there I gaz'd,
The more I look'd, I grew the more amaz'd.
My awful, trembling, wiſhing Eyes I drew,
I took them off, but to look on anew.
On thy dear Face fond glances ſtill they caſt,
They look'd, to ſee when they ſhould look their laſt.
With wakeful Eyes ſo have I often lain,
Expecting Sleep to eaſe my Mortal pain,
But Expectation made the bleſſing vain.
Thus, he who ſees thee, and expects to go,
Stands ſtill expecting, and may ſtill do ſo.
With wat'ry Eyes I ſtrove in vain to ſee,
Take the laſt ſight, ſince that the laſt muſt be.
That I no more muſt thy dear Beauties view,
Made ſtreaming Tears flow from my Eyes anew,
Denying then the Pow'r of ſeeing too.
Strait, ſtagg'ring on, as to Salute, I bow'd,
And ſtumbled near you, and you laugh'd aloud.
With ſlow approaches, to your Lips I came,
While your Eyes ſparkled with diſdainful flame.

A glance so fierce rob'd me of all my Sense,
It did no Sun-shine on your Lips dispense, } thence.
But blasted the dear Fruits I should have gather'd
Leaving no Kiss lodg'd on thy Lovely Face,
I totter'd feebly from the wish'd Embrace.
My Heart beat thick, and now alarm'd me whole,
Alarm'd my Senses, and alarm'd my Soul.
It's motions rose, to call me thence away,
But ah! that very motion urg'd my stay.
By slow degrees from thy lov'd sight I drew,
I sigh'd, and stood, to take another veiw,
Turn'd often back——
And gaz'd, and gaz'd, but could not bid adieu.

Absence.

Like wretches banish'd where no Sun appears,
Your hopeless Lover all his suff'rings bears.
Darkness and horrours spread before my view,
I knew no light, since here remov'd from you.
Yet still thy Image in my Breast I bear,
Spight of my Soul, I find you always there.
Would to my Thoughts you might be absent too,
My Thoughts alas! do all my Pangs renew.

My

My fancy brings thee to my ravish'd Eyes,
But ah! thy form ev'n from my fancy flyes.
O 'twere some ease to all the pains I feel,
If I knew when I could remove the ill.
But to the damn'd revolving Ages prove
A Hell of Absence, not a Heav'n of Love.
Eternal Racks, and Tortures must I bear,
And know no change, but to more deep despair.
Unhappy *Orpheus*, of his Wife bereft,
With sad remorse the gloomy Mansions left.
Lethe's dark streams he did to light prefer,
Yet, spight of *Lethe*, he remember'd her.
On those sad Banks the tuneful Poet mourn'd,
And with regret back to the World return'd.
Worse far than his my fated ills I find,
'Twas Hell he left, but I leave Heav'n behind.

Jealousy.

GReat are the griefs which in my absence move,
And still my Jealousy torments my Love.
Tho' I my self must ne'er thy Charms possess,
'Tis Death to think you should another bless.

O let my Rival's flames be ne'er return'd,
'Tis Hell enough that I in vain have burn'd,
For envy rages in a Passion scorn'd.
Now, now perhaps some fav'rite Youth is blest,
And clasps thee panting to his ravish'd breast.
Hark, how he speaks, and sighs! —
He Kneels, and Bows, and languishes the rest.

Platonick Love.

HOW with *Amasis* could I wish to live;
The dearest blessing that the Gods could give.
What Heav'n of Joys, what Raptures would be mine,
Were you my darling, and were I but thine!
What vast delight your Passion would disclose,
He, who with transport sees it, only knows.
How sweet's the Balm which from your Lips distills,
The ravish'd Man, who gets the blessing, feels.
Whose Love's return'd, who hears your tender Sighs,
And sees kind looks from your relenting Eyes.
Who now no more must languish all in vain,
But makes his pleasure what was once his pain.

Receives

Receives vaſt bliſs for his orerated Toils,
Views all his Heav'n Serene, and dreſt in ſmiles.
Secures you gently in his longing Arms,
And is all Joys, as you are all o'er Charms.
Preſſes your hand, and ſlowly ſteals a Kiſs,
To ſhew conſent, you ſoftly too preſs his.
He hears ten thouſand moving Words from you,
You think, *Amaſia*, his Words moving too.
With oft repeated tranſports, you expreſs,
Great as his Paſſion is, yours is not leſs.
Such tender things you ſpeak, ſo much they move,
His Soul lives yours, and ev'ry pulſe beats Love.
In vaſt *Elyziums* of delight he feeds,
No other bliſs, no other Heav'n he needs.
He feels your fragrant Breath, ſurveys your Air,
Views all the Charms of his tranſporting fair.
Beholds the taking Beauties of your Face,
And ſtruggles inwards to a near Embrace.
Rais'd by peculiar glories which ſurprize,
With ſofteſt glances from your kinder Eyes.
Such as you ne'er to any Mortal ſhow,
But him alone who is belov'd by you.
Still new Delights, new Pleaſures always Crown
That Happy Man, whom you could call your own.

What

What Heav'nly Joys, what vast, what Sacred bliss,
Could be exprest, or thought of, more than this!
That is the point, where circling Pleasures move,
When Happy Lovers have returns of Love.
Such Sweets can scarcely be by Death destroy'd,
Where, not the Body, but the Soul's enjoy'd.
Such blest delight I was not born to feel,
For I adore too truly, love too well.
Yet, when from hence, to darker Groves I go,
And view the Shades, and Fragrant Bow'rs below.
When griefs no more, but lasting Joys appear,
There in some Grotto shall I find my Fair. (Breast,
Freed from those pangs which long have rack'd my
None shall be there more Happy, none more blest.
Since here my Passion was all o'er Divine,
My Lov'd *Amasia* will be only mine.

Elyzium.

LOW in the thought that pleasant Kingdom lies,
Which is o'erflown, and Hemm'd around with Joys.
Bright, Silver Gates lead to it's peaceful Lands,
Round which a Wall of lofty Chrystal stands.

The

The Happy Dwellers here are ever young,
And flowing pleasures gently rowl along.
No chilling Winter, no cold Frost is here,
But Spring, and Summer make up all the Year.
No Stormy Night show'rs gloomy Terrours down,
Fair Morns and Ev'nings here are only known.
Here Thousand Flow'rs of divers sorts are found,
And Nature's hand paints all the Gawdy ground.
The blushing Roses here for ever bloom,
No hurtful Blasts to their soft Beauties come.
But tender Winds their pleasing Odours bear,
And breath them sweetly in the Fragrant Air.
Thro' all the Meads clear, Liquid Chrystal Glides,
And softly twines by the Banks flow'ry sides.
Silent it runs, where it delights to stray,
And gently cuts it's rich, enamel'd way.
Here, the bright Field a Shining Harvest bears,
The Corn has Silver stalks, and real Golden Ears.
The glorious Trees a Sparkling Lustre show,
With Glitt'ring Jewels, which they bear, they bow.
Of these, the blest, bright Crowns and Bracelets wear,
And every Lover Walks in transport there.
Just o'er their Heads there hangs a Silver Sky,
And painted Clouds above them slowly fly.

Each

EachBeauteousMaid does herSwain's flames approve,
And all are Happy here in Poetry, and Love.
Harmonious Musick plays thro' every Shade,
O'er which their Wings Cœrulean Turtles spread.
To grateful Groves the blessed Pairs retire,
With Charms still new, and ever fierce desire.
In Shining bow'rs, which Silver leafs adorn, (born.
They reap those Joys, for which their flames were
There, in those Mansions I shall shortly move,
And *Halcyon* Days shall Crown my fated Love.
All o'r in tansport shall I meet my Fair,
And offer then another tender Pray'r.
Sighing my flames, all prostrate shall I fall,
And, kneeling to her, softly whisper all.
'Till forc'd, at length, for her own ease to tell,
Since thro' her scorn the wretched *Sylvius* fell,
She knew he Lov'd, and owns she Loves as well.
Then, hand in hand, where'er our pleasure leads,
We walk together thro' the flow'ry Meads.
When both with heighten'd raptures full expreſt,
Vent all our Passion in each other's Breast.
Then shall *Amasia* to her Swain declare
Her Flames were here reserv'd, to shew them there.

Such

Such Love is ſubject to no Anxious fears,
Too bleſt for troubles, too Serene for cares.
There ſhall we all our tender Thoughts expreſs,
Her's Will be wond'rous, nor can mine be leſs.
Raviſh'd with Joys, in Extaſies we move,
And think, and talk of nothing elſe but Love.
Revolving Days ſhall Crown your Swain, and you,
And both our pleaſures ſhall ſeem always new.
Whilſt all the bleſt with Admiration ſee
No pair ſo Happy in thoſe Shades as we.

The End of the First Book.

AMASIA,

OR, THE

Works of the Muses.

Containing the

MISTRESS of *LOVE.*

Vol. I. Book II.

Est quoq; carminibus meritas celebrare puellas
Dos mea.

TO THE

Right Honourable

THE

Lady *SANDWICH.*

MADAM,

AS your Great Father Reign'd our Monarch in Wit throughout all its Spacious Regions, but Resided most in the most Flowry Fields of Poetry, I, who am a Tenant, (tho' a Poor one) of the Muses land he sway'd, claim thence a Subject's right of throwing my self into your Ladyship's Protection. And as there is no Salique Law impos'd the Throne of Wit, permit me to salute your Ladyship the Muses Queen; the Crown is yours by

True Descent, and Just Succession; but why should I, rais'd to no Eminency in Verse, pretend to make the Declaration, when the World already has Proclaim'd you so. Your Ladyship's Character of Wit sits Crown'd by the Universal Admiration, as well as the Universal Consent of Mankind. And had not this noble Empire of the Soul devolv'd on your Ladyship by Birth, Succession must have been excluded, and by Election you had been courted to receive the Scepter. But 'tis your Ladyship's by Descent, as well as by Desert; so equally by both, I find my self at a loss to determine, whether your Ladyship receives more glory by the World's acknowledging the late, and ever admirable Earl of Rochester, *your Father; or his Memory, by the World's boasting the incomparable Lady* Sandwich *his Daughter.*

Thus, Madam, your Ladyship and your Father become Rivals in Fame: And indeed, none besides, can without Arrogance pretend

pretend any Claim, where such a Candidate as your Ladyship appears. Your Father sway'd the Heaven of Poetry, at once the awful and the Youthful Jove, *his Judgement, and his Fancy, were the Light'ning and the Thunder which he brandish'd. Thus great he rul'd, ----- and all his Attributes are yours. Your Ladyship lives the* Minerva, *and seems the charming Off-spring of the very brain of* Jove. *'Tis your Ladyship's to be beauteous, but yet to be above it. Your Ladyship's Soul transcends all outward form, your Wit's the truest* Venus; *not like the light, fictitious Goddess, sprung from froth, but from the noblest Fountain, the very Helicon of Poesy. Your Ladyship thus deriv'd, I would insinuate thence the freedom of this Address, and turn my presumption to a Duty; for every Poet stands oblig'd to approach, and to revere the Streams which flow immediate from the Muses Spring. 'Tis part of the Muses Works I here presume to pre-*

sent your Ladyship, and if there shall be any offence to be conceiv'd at the present, it cannot be because I offer this, but because I withhold the rest, for all the Works of every Muse are yours. The Mistress of Love *lies a suppliant at your Ladyship's Feet; at the Feet of the Mistress, and the Queen of Wit; and,* (ever *fond of his inseperable* Amasia,) *with her, lies prostrate too,*

MADAM,

Your Ladyship's Most devoted

Humble Servant,

Sylvius.

THE MISTRESS of LOVE.

Being ſome Copies, written on Occaſions, to Amaſia *by her own Command.*

To Amaſia, *on her drawing her own Picture.*

SO juſt a form you to your Picture give,
So like your own, that it appears to live.
Your very ſhadow Charms beholders more,
Than any real ſubſtance could before.
O view it not, ſuch is its Pow'r to move,
Narciſſus like, you may your Image love.
So wond'rous lively is the ſhade you drew,
That Heav'n alone could finer Painting ſhew,
In one fair Piece, when it had finiſh'd you.
In me your skill does fond deſires create,
And Painted fires, I find, can cauſe a heat.
If to your draught my Paſſion life could give,
I, like *Pigmalion* ſoon ſhould make it live.

Great as *Prometh'us* his, your Work appears,
And from your Eyes it got the fires it bears.
Juſtly you knew no other's hands could draw,
The killing Charms which in your Face you ſaw.
Painting your light'nings, any elſe would prove,
Like him, who flaſhing from his Bridge above,
Fell by thoſe arms which he aſſum'd from *Jove.*
He will with *Phaeton* dire hazzards run,
Who dares attempt the Chariot of the Sun.
'Tis you alone have Pow'r to play with fire,
And not like Mortal *Semele* expire.
Her Lover, here, if in your paths he trod,
Had been inflam'd, tho' the great thund'ring God.
He, whilſt attempting what by you is done,
Would have felt light'nings fiercer than his own.
This, like Saints pictures, with deſign I view,
To raile my Zeal, when I would Worſhip you.

To Amaſia, *holding a drawn Sword in her Hand.*

THus like deſtroying *Angels* do you ſtand,
Brandiſhing vengeance with your Charming (hand.
Thus with your flamingSword do you appear
To guard that Paradiſe Heav'n planted here.

Thus

Thus are you like the Ruler of the Skies, (Eyes.
With thunder in your hands, and light'ning in your
Attempting you, Man would worse rashness prove,
Than *Capan'us*, who brav'd the mighty *Jove*.
All Mortals sure must with this sight be charm'd,
A *Venus* Naked, and a *Pallas* arm'd.

To Amasia, *tickling a Gentleman.*

METhinks, I see how the blest Swain was lay'd,
While round his sides your nimble Fingers (play'd
With pleasing softness did they swiftly rove,
Raising the Sweet, Delicious pangs of Love,
While, at each touch, they made his Heart strings (move.
As round his Breast, his ravish'd Breast they crow'd,
We hear their Musick, when he laughs aloud.
You ply him still, and as he melting lies,
Act your soft Triumphs, while your Captive dies.
Thus, he perceives, thou, Dearest, Charming Fair!
Without your Eyes, you can o'ercome him there.
Thus too he shews what's your unbounded skill,
You please, and charm us, tho' at once you kill,

Lodg'd

Lodg'd in your Arms, he does in transport lie,
While thro' his Veins the fancy'd light'nings fly,
And, gush'd with vast delights, I see him hast to die.

To Amasia, *playing with a Clouded Fan.*

WIth such resistless grace your Fan you weild,
'Tis now your Sword, and 'tis, when spread, (your Sheild.
In your Fair hand so great a Pow'r there's found,
You guard your self with what may others wound.
This, your Fam'd Ensign, to the World does prove
You Queen of War, as well as Queen of Love.
Yet, by your charming skill, you make it show
A greater force than is in *Cupid*'s Bow.
For, from your art my growing Passion came,
And what cools you, has set your Slave on flame.
That Windy Wing, on air it causes, flies,
And wafts bright glories from your radiant Eyes.
But should it now bestow me all its aid,
It would but make those fires, it kindled, spread.
To what excess must you Victorious grow,
If, when you cool us, you can burn us so!
This Fan may you from the Sun's Beams preserve,
But 'gainst your Eyes no such slight shade can serve.

Not

Not all those Clouds the pitying Artist drew,
Can bar those brighter rays, which dart from you.
From your dear Face, as from a fairer Sky, (fly.
Thro' the thick painted Fogs, swift, shining glances
So like true light'ning is the flashing flame, (came.
As if, from those dark Clouds, not from your Eyes it
The fatal Sword, which Paradise did guard,
With threat'ning fireMankind from blessings barr'd.
The dreadful Engine with hot Vengeance burn'd,
And with wild Danger, as it flam'd, it turn'd.
But from your Toy thick Clouds of smoak arise,
While in the Cheat much a worse ruin lies,
Hiding the flames of your destructive Eyes.
In all things else, it does like that appear,
And 'tis a Cherub too that does this Weapon bear.
Almost for the same ends they both were giv'n,
To fence from Par'dise that, and this, from Heav'n.

To Amasia *asking me if I slept well, after so tempestuous a Night as the last was, when we parted, and desiring me to describe it.*

YES, Dear *Amasia*, I slept Heav'nly well,
Not Poets raptures could my blessings tell.

Not

Not *Jove* himſelf ſlept more a God than I,
Tho' at thy door I did dejected lie.
He on a flying ſtate-bed richly made,
Rock'd by young thunder, is in tranſport lay'd,
Where little Gods ſit ſmiling o'er his head.
A gawdy Cloud for his gay quilt he wears,
With Sun-beams fring'd, and ſtudded o'er with Stars.
A little Heaven his Canopy above,
Where the pale Moon with her Attendants move.
The watching lights in drowſy twinklings peep,
And wink by turns, as if they wanted ſleep.
There, painted dreams round his lull'd temples Swarm
And Cluſter'd fancies break in Forms that Charm.
Whilſt profound ſilence fills the Heav'nly round,
And the Night ſeems in it's own darkneſs drown'd,
In purling ſtreams the Chryſtal Water flows,
And by its murmurs ſeals his ſoft repoſe.
Thus *Jove* lay, truly *Jove*———
I had a dream, O moſt Cœleſtial ſweet,
Which but to think of, yields me tranſport yet:
Mars in poſſeſſion of the *Paphian* Queen,
Felt no ſuch Extaſies as mine have been,

Such

Such heights of rapture but in thought can lie,
There they will live, but would in Speeches die,
And the glad Winds would with their accents fly.
Not that I dream't I fought, or conqu'ring, rode
In a Triumphant Chariot like an Earthly God.
No, my *Amaſia*, the big breath of Fame
Could not puff me beyond what now I am.
Soon as I found you could no longer ſtay,
I walk'd near half the lonely Night away.
The Night, which ſeem'd in gloomy ſhades to Mourn,
And put on ſadneſs till your bright return.
With me, it ſeem'd your abſence to deplore,
When you, all ſparkling luſtre, ſhin'd no more.
The Silver Moon, with Joy, while here you ſtay'd,
(As if from you her borrow'd ſtores ſhe had,)
Shone at the full with more than uſual Light,
And, ſwell'd with Pride, reign'd Empreſs of the Night,
O'er all Heaven's Vault ſhe rode in Pompous ſhow,
As if ſhe glory'd to be ſeen by you.
But when thou, Faireſt charming Sun, wert gone,
She put her darkeſt, cloudy Mantles on;
No gawdy Star appear'd thro' all the Skies,
But they wept dew, till they loſt all their Eyes.

Why

Why ſhould thoſe lights remain, ſince after thee
There is no object worth their while to ſee. (flew,
From the ſcorch'd Heav'ns large flakes of light'nings
The very Heav'ns have ſuffer'd flames for you;
For on the Gods your Eyes have flaſhes thrown,
More bright, and far more Conqu'ring than their own.
Ev'n *Jove* himſelf for thy loſt preſence hurl'd
His flaming Bolts o'er all the frighted World.
Thus did He once for *Semele* deplore,
And ſpeak in thunder——She is now no more.
In mildeſt flames he that loſt Miſtreſs Mourn'd,
But in more fierce for bright *Amaſia* burn'd.
His Skies have twice a mighty hazzard run;
By one before, now by a brighter Sun.
The ſleeping flowers did their gay Beauties hide,
As if their paint ſhould be no more deſcry'd,
And hung their heads, rob'd of their blooming Pride.
The Mourning *Spheres* did with ſlow motions rowl,
And groans of thunder ran from Pole to Pole.
Themſelves the Clouds with pangs of anguiſh tore,
With their ripe Birth of Vengeance firſt they roar,
Then fly, as frighted at what late they bore.
The wondring Eccho from the hollow ground,
In fearful Voice return'd the thund'ring ſound.

The

The angry Winds wrought up the Ocean ſo,
The flaſhing Seas appear'd to lighten too,
Where curling Clouds of roaring Billows drew.
Then, while I lay, rock'd by the thund'ring Night,
I ſoon beheld my Scene of vaſt delight.
Thy dear Idea to thy Lover came,
And I embrac'd thee in a Charming dream.
Our bliſſes flew not in the Common road,
You were all Heav'n, and *Sylvius* all a God.
As when in trances raviſh'd Infants lie,
They ſee the boundleſs Bleſſings of the Sky,
So, at that time, that happy time, did I.
Alas! how weak's their Judgment, and how poor,
Who call Death ſleep, but on a longer ſcore,
For I did ne'er ſo truly live before.
Oh! that the Night could have for ever ſtay'd!
Ah! too, too ſoon it's fleeting glories fled;
When lovelier far, than was the Faireſt Day,
Her Shield of Clouds to pointed rays gave way,
And on her Wings bore thee, and all my Joys away.

To Amasia *speaking an* Extempore *Verse.*

YOU shoot such darts they cannot fail to hit,
You Charm with Beauty, and you Charm with Wit.
Thus by your Art you raise my envy more
Than all your Charms could my desires before.
Minerva's strife with the Fair *Venus* ends,
Both join'd in you, the Goddesses grow Friends.
Sweet is your form, and in your Verse we find,
The lovely Notions of as Sweet a Mind.
So softly smooth your Charming numbers flow,
Scarce can your own Fair Bosom smoother show.
You, like creative Heav'n your Labours Frame;
You spoke the Word, and at your Breath they came.

To Amasia, *still promising to Sing, but never performing.*

(1.)

A*masia* wrongs me of my Song,
Yet is not much to blame,
She knows my fate hangs on her Tongue,
She knows her breath would spread my flame.

(2.)

(2.)

With ſounds as pleaſing as the *Spheres*,
The lovely Fair denies,
To Charm my Soul into my Ears,
And ſing the triumphs of her Eyes.

(3.)

Mean tho' ſhe thinks the prize ſhe won,
Her Slave not worthy of that Grace,
Yet knows by what he was undone,
An Angel's Voice, an Angel's Face.

(4.)

Your every Breath does Muſick bear,
A Song from you might kill;
I only now deſire to hear
You ſweetly thus deny me ſtill.

Meeting Amaſia *at a Young Lady's Funeral.*

YOU mourn the Nymph deceas'd, mourn *Sylvius* (too,
For ſince forgot, ſure I am dead to you.
Theſe gloomy Torches, *Hymen*, hence remove,
And from their fires light thy fair Lamps of Love.

To Amaſia, *on her Recovery from a fall.*

UNhurt, undaunted at the Impious ground,
You only ſtruck, that you might higher bound.
The Am'rous Clay, that it might cloſer cleave,
Sunk down ſo deep, that it appear'd a Grave.
But long it could not the lov'd burthen bear,
Not you, but it's own hopes lay buried there.
The ruder ſtones, with tremblings, looſer grew,
And felt a ſoftneſs, when but touch'd by you.
Oh! had you lay'n, ſoon all the Winds would Jar,
And, making Love, they would have made a War.
But your recov'ry, from the danger, ſhows,
You fell like thunder, and like light'ning roſe.
No *Atlas* here of your lov'd weight is proud,
This Heav'n can't fall, tho' it has lately bow'd.

To

To Amasia, *holding a Burning-Glass in her Hand.*

WHilst in your hand this Chrystal Glass I view,
It seems almost to be as bright as you.
Whilst your Eyes dazling glories on it run,
You make me fancy 'tis another Sun.
This Glass an Emblem of your coldness proves,
For that encreases, and inflames my Loves.
So, when on me your snowy hand you turn,
The solid Ice you hold, boasts Pow'r to burn.
I now believe the Sun in Oceans lies,
Here, on a frozen Sea, we find *Amasia*'s Eyes.
Ah! charming Fair, you seem, while thus you stand,
Like Heav'n's dread thund'er arm'd, with light'nings (in your hand.
Flashes from thence must vain, and useless prove,
For, who but once sees you, feels fiercer flames in Love.
The proud *Salmon'us* ne'er such light'nings threw,
As from your Silver Cloud are cast by you.
He had with that been thought a God below,
But, had he your fair Eyes, he had been truly so.
His Sky of brass had the vast Heav'ns excel'd, (repell'd.
And the great thund'rer there, had been by him

'Tis he the real Deity would prove
Thy Beauty's flaſhes would have kindled Love,
And, worſe than *Jove* did him, he would have
(blaſted *Jove*.

To Amaſia, *looking, at me, thro' a Multiplying-Glaſs.*

BY the ſtrangePow'r, which in thisGlaſs is ſhown,
You view a thouſand Slaves, yet all your own.
Juſtly, ſo many Lovers do you ſee,
For there is Love enough for all in me.
Thus may you find, before your ſight diſplay'd,
Almoſt as many, as your looks have made.
No wonder ſtill I lov'd thoſe Eyes, before,
By whoſe bright rays this Cloud is Silver'd o'er.
Thus, by your Art, the World your Pow'r deſcrys,
You make this Glaſs more Fair than others Eyes.
Strange ſeems this Charming skill of yours to me,
How can this Winter with your Spring agree!
What rigid Coldneſs in your Breaſt muſt lie,
When all this Ice dwells ſolid at your Eye!

To

To Amaſia, *Singing, and ſticking Pins in a Red Silk Pincuſhion.*

(1.)

AS the vex'd Tyrant, when for Blood deſign'd,
Stabs the dull ground, and Murthers in his (Mind
So, Fair *Amaſia*, with a Barb'rous skill,
Piercing the Cuſhion, ſhews how ſhe would kill.

(2.)

All this you do, to prove what Pow'r you have,
The Cuſhion ſeems to Bleed, ſuch Wounds you gave;
Whilſt I, in Emblem, all my tortures ſee,
Your Pins pierce that, as your Eyes wounded me.

(3.)

This flaming Mount with *Ætna* may compare,
Here, *Cupid*'s ſhafts, there are the Arms of War;
Sure then Love's *Ætna* muſt be only here,
That, holds *Jove*'s thunder, this, *Amaſia*'s Spear.

(4.)

See now, with how ſmall force her Launces fall!
Juſt with ſuch careleſneſs, ſhe wounds us all.
To kill, no toil to her, the Tyrant Joys,
And *Syren* like, ſhe Sings, while ſhe deſtroys.

(5.)

Orpheus his lyre did Ancient Woods remove,
None e'er, but you, with Muſick ſet a Grove.
Your Silver Elms come dancing to your hand,
And, where you place them, there they rooted ſtand.

To Amaſia, *on her correcting a line of Mr.* Waller's, *as ſhe read it.*

IN reading *Waller*'s, ſo your Wit is ſhown,
That, what he wrote, is moſt eſteem'd your own.
If you ſhould think, what might we hope from you,
Who can ſo careleſly ſuch wonders do!
Juſt ſo, your Beauty's ſhown in Charming ways;
You are admir'd, yet, take no pains to pleaſe.

At

At once obliging, you at once offend,
You ſpoil the Poet, and the Poem mend.
If in his Age you had adorn'd the Iſle,
He had preferr'd you to his lov'd *Carliſle*.
Carliſle and you had been in all he writ,
For Beauty ſhe, you fam'd for that, and Wit.
Amphion like, from a diſorder'd heap,
You make harſh Words in Beauteous numbers leap.
Your Work ſhall laſt, when his is wholly gone,
More firm than that, tho' 'tis compos'd of ſtone.
High as his *Theban* Walls, your ſtile appears,
Yet, like the Plains, a Fruitful crop it bears.
Thro' confus'd letters ſo your fancy ſhines,
Like the Sun's Rays, it lightens *Waller*'s lines.
His Senſe, like ſome rude, unform'd *Chaos* lay,
In gloomy Night till you Commanded day.
From your creating Breath it's form it drew,
His diſcord is made Harmony by you.
So, jarring ſeeds, and undigeſted, came,
By Heav'en's ſtrange Pow'r, to an Harmonious frame.
His happy Verſes, tho' obſcure a while,
From your Fair Eyes put on new looks, and ſmile.
Such Charming force in your each Glance I ſee,
As they light them, they cauſe a heat in me.

All muſt admire your Num'rous Pow'rs to move,
The Queen of Wit, and yet the Queen of Love!
We, in your Verſe tranſporting Beauties find,
The Muſes moſt to their own Sex are kind.
Since Charming *Daphne* to a Laurel turn'd,
For whom ſo long the young *Apollo* burn'd.
When brighter Fires ſhot from her Radiant Eyes,
Than thoſe his Chariot bears thro' Summer Skies.
E'er ſince that time, for none ſo much ſhe grew,
With bending boughs, as ſhe does now for you.

To Amaſia, *troubled with a redneſs in her Eyes, on her ſaying, ſhe would Charm me with them.*

(1.)

THoſe threats, which once I fear'd, will prove
A Fatal truth, I ſee,
Thy Eyes ſo ſcorch'd with flames of Love,
Muſt quickly kindle me.
Thoſe Sp'rits, which chain'd to Circles, now I view,
Will quite deſtroy me, when let looſe by you.

(2.)

(2.)

By their own Radiant Glances fir'd,
Your Charming Eyes themſelves did wrong,
But, when their light'nings are expir'd,
Aſſume the thunder of the tongue.
Now *Cupid* claims the *Salamander*'s fame,
Bask'd in your Eyes, he's nouriſh'd ſo in flame.

(3.)

But whilſt you thus would others Charm,
And make your Conqueſts full,
Perillus like, your ſelf you harm,
And try, the firſt, your burning Bull. (would find.
The wond'ring World, ſhould you want ſight,
The Queen of Love, like her fam'd Son, were blind.

To Amaſia, *on the falling of her* Terras-Walks.

SUch was *Amphion*, ſo his Airs could move,
That the ſtones danc'd to his ſoft Songs of Love.
Could I like Pow'r in Charming Numbers uſe,
(Charming indeed, ſince you inſpire my Muſe,)

Soon

Soon ſhould your lofty Walls delight our view,
Like their Fair Miſtreſs, high, and pleaſing too.
Then ſhould my Verſe in ſofteſt meaſures flow,
Soft as thoſe ſtreams which gently glide below.
My Thoughts ſhould like their Silver Fiſhes ſhine,
With quick, bright glitterings thro'each moving line.
Then might theſe Walks afford a Noble Theme.
When like the lovely *Paphian* Queen you ſeem,
Preſiding here o'er your own Native ſtream.
Then might I ſing how from theſe Walls, afar
Your Guns, and Eyes ſubdue in Love and War.
Sing, how we might along your dreaded ſhore,
Your light'nings view, and hear your thunder roar.
How, like a Goddeſs, from theſe Walls on high,
You ſee your Floods beneath ſpread out a watry Sky.
How juſtly thoſe tranſcend the Silver *Thames*,
How your bright Eyes play on them with their (Beams,
And ſo Love's Fires riſe from the Silver ſtreams.
How they would ne'er flow o'er the flowry meads,
Or any paths where their Fair Miſtreſs treads.
Thus might I ſing what thoughts the proſpect yields,
Nymphs in the Rivers, *Sylvans* in the Fields;

Deſcribe

Deſcribe the flow'ry Banks, and ſpreading Groves;
Where Swains, and Virgins, tell their Mutual Loves.
But that the Walks, fond of what once they bore,
When they were Crown'd with your dear Feet (no more,
Fell, to complain along the murm'ring ſhore.
And yet ſuch greatneſs in their ruins lies,
Their fall, methinks, but makes my fancy riſe.
So, when your Beauties (if that time can come)
Shall loſe the Sweetneſs of their preſent bloom,
Ev'n your decays ſhall raiſe our wonder more,
Their Ebbs ſhall ſhow the vaſtneſs of their ſtore,
Which Charm'd Admirers Eyes who ſaw their (tides before.

The Dream, beginning with the Deſcription of Night.

Written to Amaſia.

AN awful ſilence, like a full ſwol'n main,
Does in deep Pomp o'er the Creation Reign.
The quiet night it's gloomy darkneſs ſpreads,
O'er all the Plains, o'er all the flow'ry Meads,
And ſits in diſmal triumph o'er the Shades.

Diſſolv'd

Diſſolv'd in ſilence all the World appears,
As if entranc'd for many thouſand Years.
The ſullen Heav'n no dusky twilight yields,
But thick, damp Fogs lie heavy on the Fields.
Thro' all the Lawns no fleeting ſhadow flies,
So drowzy now, they have not Pow'r to riſe.
No Golden drops of light the Skies adorn,
Nor ruddy Eaſt diſplays a riſing Morn.
The gather'd Heaven it's dull Creation Shrowds,
And drooping Mountains lean their Heads on Clouds.
The bending Trees, with full grown Fruits appear,
As ſo at firſt they had their being here.
The Ripen'd Corn with it's own burthen preſt,
No longer Nods, but ſeems unmov'd, to reſt.
The very Winds no further diſcord keep,
For they have Sung, and ſigh'd themſelves aſleep.
The abſent Moon ſeems now no Pow'r to know,
Nor are the Oceans heard to Ebb or flow.
No longer now the raving Billows roar,
But ſofteſt Breezes lull them on the ſhore.
The Brooks no more the Woods with Murmurs fill,
But, huſht with purlings, as their fiſh, are ſtill.
All this great Landskip of one Colour ſeems,
As if the Shining Sun ne'er painted it with Beams.

When

When rack'd with griefs, which from my pangs
I ſeek my Bed, expecting there repoſe. (aroſe,
Methought, while Night thus kept her perfect Noon,
And no faint light came from the watchful Moon,
You, lov'd *Amaſia*, bleſt your raviſh'd Swain,
You fill'd my Soul in a delightful Scene.
On a calm, ſilent, Silver ſtream we rode,
Whilſt thouſand *Tritons* on the Waters trod,
You like a *Venus*, I, the *Ocean's God.*
The River's Banks were with tall Mirtles crown'd,
And ſpreading Groves, and Shades grew all around.
The tuneful Birds their ſweeteſt Voices rais'd,
As if they knew whom their ſoft ſtrains had pleas'd.
And the tall trees did all their branches bow,
Not with their weight, but with reſpect to you.
Our guilded Barge was by Young *Dolphins* drawn,
Juſt like a Chariot o'er the flowry Lawn.
Trappings adorn'd with Pearls, and Gemms, appear,
And Plumes of Coral their ſtrong Heads did rear.
Our painted Seats bright, ſhining Beauties bore,
Which Gods might, (if not Charm'd with thee) adore.
Our Silver Oars, ſoft, ſmiling *Cupids* held,
While, fill'd with Pride, our Silken Topſails ſwell'd.

The

The Iv'ry Maſts ſuſtain'd Cœrulean Doves,
Which coo'd, and murmur'd in tranſporting Loves.
With wanton Gales blew Flags in furlings roll'd,
And Scarlet ſtreamers flew, wrought o'er with Gold.
All o'er divine did the great Pomp appear,
The Watry Gods on Shells were ſounding there,
And Sea-Nymphs dancing in ſoft meaſures here.
All the Attendance, Charming bright, like theſe,
The *Paphian* Queen has on her Mother Seas.
At the rich ſtern we ſat, and all the while,
As if delighted, you appear'd to ſmile.
I ſaw your Eyes fixt on the Chryſtal ſtream,
And with new longings mine were fixt on them.
Trumpets *Marine* did at a diſtance ſound,
And all the Virgins ſoftly Sung around,
For then our Joys, Juſt then were to be Crown'd.
The gentle *Zephyrs* in mild Breezes flew,
And the waves danc'd, as they were joyful too.
The ſtately Canopy above our head,
Shone with the blaze which glowing Roſes made.
Strew'd all beneath, they in their bluſhes lay,
Like ſetting Skies in a Fair Summer's day.
When, O ye Gods! You dear, You darling Fair,
Look'd ſuch kind looks as quite diſpell'd my care,

All

All o'er in tranſport, with a guſh of Joys,
On me you caſt your lovely, loving Eyes.
Ruſh'd to my Arms, and did my Neck entwine,
While I with Extaſies hung faſt on thine,
And claſpt thee cloſely, as a circling vine.
O all ye Pow'rs! our raptures were above
The vaſteſt heights of any Mortal Love.
Not in the vulgar way did we enjoy
Where ſhort Fruition does the Sweets deſtroy.
To a more Sacred height our wiſhes flew,
And our Souls mixt, as others Bodies do.

To Amaſia, *who, while I awfully admir'd her at her Window, withdrew, and ſent a Black in her place.*

(1)

LOng ſtood I gazing where my Fair was plac't,
While my bright Sun ſhone radiant in the Eaſt,
And Beams Divine fir'd all my raviſh'd breaſt.
Then, like adoring *Perſians*, often bow'd,
But the gay Viſion fled, the Sky was all a Cloud.

(2.)

(2.)

Perſiſt not thus deluſively ſevere,
Let not for ever ſmoak purſue the Fair,
Nor when Heaven vaniſhes, let Hell appear;
Whilſt thus you vanquiſh me, your Conqueſts prove,
You triumph here in horror, not in Love.

To Amaſia, *Dancing before a Looking-Glaſs.*

THus you in Num'rous meaſures ſport, and play,
Like the Sun dancing to it's Glaſs, the Sea.
Strange! how you move in Air! if I have Eyes,
If I have any Senſe the fleet *Amaſia* flies.
All here ſubdu'd, your Glances now are hurl'd,
To raiſe new Trophies in this Chryſtal World,
The fam'd *Pellæan* Conqu'rour bravely won
All lands, and Seas by his bold Arms o'erun.
The Spacious Globe he triumph'd nobly o'er,
But, that ſuffic'd not, and he wept for more.
Here, in this Icy Ocean he might view,
What yet no Mortal Conqu'rour could ſubdue,
Here he had wept again, o'ercome by you.

A triumph here had added vastly more,
To his loud Fame, than the whole World before.
O'er all the Earth his spreading Laurels grew, (too.
But, were *Amasia* won, Heav'n had been Conquer'd

To Amasia, *on the burning of her Flower'd Musling-Nightraile, which took fire, while she was asleep, and yet she was her self unhurt.*

(1.)

WHile gentle slumbers close your Eyes,
As you all soft, and Charming lay,
The Am'rous Flame towards you flies,
And would around your Body play,
But strait you wake, and as you view the fire,
Your glancing Beams make it's weak light expire.

(2.)

While Flames encompass you about,
And with their close embraces twine,
Ah! who should strive to put them out,
Since you encrease, and nourish mine?

By their own light, theſe your Fair form have ſeen,
Your form without, but ah! none ever went within.

(3.)

The Flames your Snowy hands ſurround,
And ſeem to beg they might not go,
And tho' your nimble Fingers wound,
They kiſs them ſtill at ev'ry blow.
Forc'd from your outworks, they at laſt retire,
And in a ſad, and gloomy ſmoak expire.

(4.)

Like Lambent Fires they did appear,
Nor did they mean you any harm,
Gentle as thoſe which Lovers bear,
They would your tender Boſom warm.
Angels of light, when Poſting from the Sky,
Look juſt like you, while the flames round you fly.

(5.)

(5.)

With all their Wings they ſoar'd above,
  And to your Beauteous Face they drew,
'Till near your radiant Eyes they move,
  And aim to get new light from you.
As if they could, when they had loſt their own,
Like *Veſta*'s Fire, draw luſtre from the Sun.

(6.)

Or elſe their tow'ring may declare,
  Their envy to you ſo appears,
Seeing your Eyes Exceſſive fair,
  With brightneſs far ſurpaſſing theirs.
But you, like *Jove*, ſaw your Skies round you fir'd,
And ſhew'd no fear, but the raſh act admir'd.

(7.)

Whate'er your fancy pleas'd to yield,
  If Birds, or Beaſts, or Trees you made,
In your new planted, ſnowy field,
  Tho' wrought by you, they are decay'd.

So, at the laſt, muſt the Creation burn,
And what Heav'n form'd, to Duſt and Aſhes turn.

To Amaſia, *who having prick'd me with a Pin, for a Subject to write on, accidentally ſcratch'd her ſelf with it, when in my hand afterwards.*

WHY, Cruel fair one, did you wound me ſo?
Too well o'er me your mighty Power you (know.
Thus ſure you thought not to have Conquer'd more,
Whom your Pin enter'd, your Eyes pierc'd before.
Perhaps, you did it with deſign to ſee
How ſmall a touch of you prevails on me.
Your harmleſs Weapon has your wonders ſhown,
You wound our Sex with what adorns your own.
This little Blood without a wrong you drew,
For all I have I would expend for you.
Yet here by chance, a full Revenge is found,
And thus at leaſt, you feel a Mutual wound.
The Juſter Spear againſt its Miſtreſs turns,
And points revenge for which the Actor mourns.
Your Finger bluſhes for the wound it gave,
Far deeper that which made me firſt your Slave.

Your

Your precious Blood with mine is juſtly paid,
For my Heart bleeds for what my hands have made.

Inſtructions to a Painter to draw Amaſia, *with ſome reflections on the Artiſt's skill, reſolving to deſcribe her, my ſelf, much better with my Pen.*

LEaſt future Ages ſhould my Paſſion blame,
And think my Miſtreſs worthleſs of her fame;
Leaſt daring Lovers ſhould preſume to raiſe
Some other fair to my *Amaſia's*, praiſe;
And with an impious boldneſs proudly boaſt
Their Conqu'rour greateſt, and her Charms the moſt;
Leaſt of their Chains grown fond, they ſtrive to prove
That theirs excels my vaſt exceſs of Love;
Painter, exert your utmoſt Pow'r and Art,
To draw *Amaſia* juſt in every part,
As ſhe is drawn here in her *Sylvius* heart.
Still in my Breaſt you may her image ſee,
(O would her Image could be truly *She!*)
Nay, in my Soul you may her Picture find,
Love drew it there, but drew it ſoft and kind,
For Love Paints always beſt, tho' Love is blind.
The famous Artiſt, that his Work might move,
That he might juſtly draw the Queen of Love,

Had ſeveral Beauteous Nymphs before his view,
And ſomething Charming from each Feature drew;
But ah! no Mortal can *Amaſia* draw,
Unleſs ten thouſand *Venus'es* He ſaw.
O that ſome God would Work his fancy o'er,
To paint her Beauties true, he cannot paint them
Not *Phœbus* ſelf could draw her juſtly bright, (more.
Tho' for his Pencil he us'd rays of light.
But you, good Arteſt, Summons all your skill,
Her Charms will raiſe your Pow'r, I know they will.
Draw her, ah! draw her moſt Divinely Fair,
Soft, Charming, Sweet, and with a taking Air;
Draw her all Heav'nly, Affable, and Free,
Haughty, yet Courteous let her Carriage be,
O draw her as ſhe is, that all may know 'tis *She*.
Yet hold———
For ſure her Beauties would be loſt in Paint;
My Pen muſt draw her, ſince the Pencil can't.
— You are a Species, Lovely fair, alone,
A Godlike ſomething in your Face is known;
Which can't by Pencil, or by Pen be ſhown.
Such are the Charms of your Attractive mien,
They only are expreſt by being ſeen.

Gods!

Gods! how ſucceſsful would that Painter be
That could make Pictures look Divine like thee!
Who could thoſe Eyes with all their motions draw!
Alas! it cannot be——
Unleſs, like thee, the very Picture ſaw.
What Paint, what Image can with thee compare?
Ev'n our Idea ſhews not ought ſo fair.
Could fancy bring ſome form before my view,
All wond'rous bright, and charming ſweet as you,
I with that form would be Enamour'd too.
What reaſon could I for my Paſſion give,
Did any equal to *Amaſia* live?
The World will own, all who your Beauties ſee,
I am not blind as other Lovers be,
For 'tis the Faireſt only that can Vanquiſh me.
Believe, *Amaſia*, ſince you Cruel prove,
It is thy Beauty, 'tis not thee I Love.
Beauty, which, like the Veſtal Fire, may boaſt,
You the World's Empreſs, till it's flames are loſt.
Beauty, which I ſo lively will diſplay,
Mankind ſhall yield to your Imperial Sway,
And every Am'rous Youth, like *Sylvius* ſhall Obey.

So shall I Charm, by telling my desires,
All shall feel Flames from the reflected Fires.
And when the World thus shall your Picture see,
Your Sex at once shall wonder at, and envy thee.

The End of the Second Book.

AMASIA,

OR, THE

Works of the Muſes.

Containing the

ADDRESS of *LOVE.*

Vol. I. Book III.

——Nil hic niſi triſte videbis,
Carmine temporibus conveniente ſuis.

TO THE

Right Honourable

THE

Lady *Mary Edgerton*,

Eldest Daughter

TO THE

EARL of *Bridgwater*.

MADAM,

THE *Fair and the Young, the Poet and the Painter, are equally proud to draw; the Pencil, or the Pen, may be happy in those Draughts; but the Beauties of the Mind, not the Sun himself, whose light Paints the whole Scene of the Creation, ev'n with a Pencil made of Beams, can represent in their Meridian Lustre. The more they shine, the more they*

they are perceiv'd, the less can they be shadow'd; hence 'tis the Poet finds his the harder task to describe your Ladyship's Vertues, than the Painter's to do you Justice in your Person; yet, Madam, that Painter (if any can) who does you Justice in your Picture, plays there the Poet too; for the Sweetness of your Temper, the Sweetness of your Face displays. Instead of the rude sketches of my Pen, your Ladyship's Picture, prefix'd to this Poem I present you, had been the most agreeable Dedication; for that would give the World the truest Image of your Character: But doing your Ladyship that imagry of Justice, the Patroness would be read more than the Poet; the Reader would hold his Eyes fixt there, and look no further for Amasia. *There would he find both Love and Poetry, both Charming, both Divine, and never regard the* Works of the Muses, *but gaze with silent Admiration on the Fairest Muse. Your Ladyship, the bright Original, Nature in all her Bloo n-*

ing

ing Colours has already drawn, ſhe has not only giv'n your Ladyſhip Beauty, her common Gift to the Fair Sex, and that in an uncommon meaſure, but ſhe has given you a Mind ſo Charming, that your Face is a true Emblem of your Soul, and thence it ariſes your Ladyſhip appears ſo every way agreeable. As Beauty is beſt expreſt in being ſeen, Vertue is ſo too; for tho' the Original can't be equal'd, your Ladyſhip may by your Converſation draw fair Copies in the Minds of others; thus may your Affability, Generoſity, and ſeveral other Graces, which your Ladyſhip is adorn'd with, and adorn, appear Conſpicuous to the World, as the Splendor of the Sun (tho' all Mankind isConſcious that it ſhines) cannot in it ſelf be view'd, but may however be Admir'd in thoſe pieces of the skies it guilds.

I am,

MADAM,

Your Ladyſhip's Moſt Obedient

Humble Servant.

Sylvius.

THE *ADDRESS* of *LOVE*.

AN Epiſtolary POEM.

Written to AMASIA.

YOU are ſurpriz'd, I know you bluſh, and (frown,
You tear the Paper, and you hurl it down.
O blame not me, but your own Conqu'ring Eyes,
For, from themſelves their preſent troubles riſe.
Let them not then, thou dear, prevailing Maid,
Blindly refuſe what they have wrote to read.
See here what always in my looks you ſee,
And mark the Paſſion that I feel for thee.
The Paſſion will not a deſcription bear,
Look in my Soul, 'tis fully written there.
My preſs of Thoughts no way for ſpeech affords,
It can't break out, and ſcatter into Words.

With

With no relation will it Juſtly hold,
I tell it moſt, to ſay it can't be told.
Verſe after Verſe will all but fruitleſs prove.
Verſe after Verſe can ne'er declare my Love.
Did I Love leſs, did I not Love ſo well,
Then I, perhaps, might all my ſuff'rings tell;
But oh! I burn to ſuch a high degree,
I ſcarce have Pow'r to beg a ſmile from thee.
So, Zealous Men, when in their Souls ſincere,
From Meditation cannot fall to pray'r.
Think of the Love I did already ſhow,
Think that the Love will be for ever ſo,
Think, while I live, that I ſhall Love thee ſtill,
Think it! Be ſure; for, by thy ſelf, I will.
Spight of your ſcorn, tho' you contemn my flame,
Still ſhall I own that from your Eyes it came.
Why need I tell you, ſince too well you know
That I admire you, and muſt ſtill do ſo.
Spight of my Soul, ſpight of all Manly Pow'rs,
Spight of my Self, I find that I am yours.
Vain is all force, I muſt your Captive be,
I muſt be thine, ev'n in deſpight of thee.
For this, you think of no return to make,
Becauſe I give, what you refuſe to take.

O ſtill be harſh, the bliſs no Man could bear,
If you ſhould grow as kind as you are fair;
If your diſdain and ſcorn ſo much can move, (Love!
How would you Charm with Tranſport, could you
That would o'ercome me with ſurprize of bliſs,
Too great for Monarchs, by their Crowns, it is,
Yet would I fain to dazling ruin run,
Like the raſh Youth, who dar'd attempt the Sun;
Daring as his, does my Ambition fly,
Full of thy Fires, I would run o'er my Sky,
Purſue my great attempt, tho' thunder'd till I Dye.
Proud in the Spicy neſt your Boſom frames,
I, *Phœnix* like, would ſet in glorious flames.
But you are great in Fortune, and will ſhow
Eſteem for none, but who like you are ſo.
Like the Sun's Beams, your radiant Glances hold,
Fixt on no place, but what may turn to Gold.
You have Eſtates, and I, you know, have none,
I ask them not, they ſhall be ſtill your own.
They ſtand beneath the bent of my deſires,
For Gold's Reflection makes but ſeeming fires;
I ſcorn all ſuch as would for int'reſt ſue,
My ſoaring wiſhes fly at nought but you,
Believe—I Love your ſelf, for, by your ſelf, I do.

Relent then quickly, O thou Charming fair,
And liſten kindly to your Lover's Pray'r,
For elſe—you Mad me, Kill me, with Deſpair.
Forgive me, Faireſt, for I muſt complain,
How can a wretch, like me, forget his pain,
And loſe his torture, while he drags his Chain?
All the unhappy may have leave to grieve,
Deſpair does in the deepeſt ſorrow live.
Fruitleſs my cries, fruitleſs are all my moans,
Fruitleſs my riſing ſighs, and my diſtracted groans.
In vain alas! To move your Soul I try,
In vain alas! I Pine, and Bleed, and Die.
Without redreſs I bear your proud diſdain,
Eccho and you return thoſe Words——*in vain.*
Can nought this coldneſs from thy Breaſt remove,
Soften, and melt thee into warmer Love!
O if you felt my pangs, or if you knew
But half thoſe ſuff'rings which I bear for you,
Sure, you would pity, and would Love me too.
What pleaſures then, what raptures ſhall I boaſt,
If your Compaſſion be not wholly loſt!
Believe me, Charmer, by thy ſelf I ſwear,
By thy dear ſelf, and thou art all that's dear,

For

For thee alone I bear my fierce deſires,
And burn, and rave, wild with my raging Fires.
How can true Paſſion, ſuch as mine, be born!
How can I live, and you make no return!
No,—Scorn'd! henceforth, I will not ſtoop to live,
But ſlight that Life, which you deny to give.
Yet, unreveng'd, I will not poorly fall,
For then, my Rival would engroſs thee all.
No, by my hopes of happy Joys above,
No other Mortal ſhall poſſeſs thy Love,
No meaner Soul deſerves the mighty bliſs,
I boaſt a Spirit nobler far than his;
While he, ſhould he poſſeſs thee, would be cloy'd,
And ſlight thoſe Charms which he had late enjoy'd,
My Tides of Paſſion ſhould for ever rowl,
And with new-ſpringing floods o'erflow thy Soul.
'Tis I alone ſhould have the Pow'r to move,
If Love be Merit in the claim to Love.
O could the wretch but keep his wiſhes warm,
And ſigh, as long as you have ways to Charm,
Such is my Paſſion, ſuch my ſacred flame,
Could he but bleſs thee, I ſhould quit my claim;
Full of thy image would I haſt to go,
Thoughtful of thee, to gloomy Groves below;

Still ſhould my wiſhing Soul thy Charms purſue,
Ev'n in Oblivion's ſhades rememb'ring you.
But think, ah! think, thy Charms by me poſſeſt,
How we might both be to a wonder bleſt!
O could your Soul exceſſive fondneſs ſhow,
O could your Paſſion for me freely flow,
Eternal Joys would every ſmile purſue,
And you, while bleſſing me, ſhould be tranſported too.
Such are your Charms, ſuch is your Pow'r to move,
I Love you ſtill, and ſtill muſt urge my Love,
The Paſſion grows no greater than before,
For it was boundleſs, and could ne'er be more,
Theirs that encreaſes, and can hourly flow,
As well may Ebb, but mine can ne'er do ſo;
I, like a Watch, to a vaſt height am wound,
In which no ſlow, no erring motion's found,
But while Life's Wheels ſhall laſt, they ſhall run (ever round;
Still in one conſtant courſe of Paſſion move,
From various Figures ſtill to thee I'll rove,
But ne'er, I fear, point out the hour of Love.
To thee I'll write in everflowing ſtrains,
You ſhall be ſung in all the Flow'ry Plains,

And

And tender Maids, ſhall, where thy Fame is born,
Admire thy Beauty much, but more, thy Scorn.
Where any Wit in all my Verſe ſhall ſhine,
You are my Muſe, and it is chiefly thine.
When to a pitch my Tow'ring fancy flies,
My Soul's Emotion with my ſtile muſt riſe.
And Judge, *Amaſia*, by my fonder flight,
That I feel all, and more than all I write. (Pow'rs,
You cauſe ſoft Thoughts, and all their Charming
'Tis your bright Rays produce thoſe Blooming flow'rs;
Like Summer's Sun, thro' all my Clouds you ſhine,
And with your Beams, enlighten every line;
You, by ſtrange Pow'r, my young invention move,
Thro' all my Verſe there is an Air of Love;
That makes me write, and write alone of you,
Yours is the Poem, and the Poet too.
To you alone does my whole fancy rowl,
You poſſeſs all the flowings of my Soul.
Only by thee ſhall I acquire a name, (Theme;
While Love, Eternal Love, ſtands my continu'd
Thy wond'rous coldneſs, which my Paſſion blames,
Still Fires me more than any other's Flames.
Tho' I muſt ne'er poſſeſs the Charms I ſee,
I'll ſmile on Fortune, while ſhe frowns on me.

I ſhall another wretched *Midas* prove,
And turn what e'er I touch, to the rich Metal, Love.
If I deſir'd leſs fondly than I do,
Then might I all that I have ſuffer'd ſhew,
But to that height, that mighty height I burn,
I cannot hope for any kind return.
'Tis you alone urge my conceptions on,
All but ſoft Notions from my Mind are gone.
To you alone do all my fancies fly,
Thoſe ſcatter'd Wings which bore me once ſo high.
Now all my flights but weak, and flutt'ring ſhow.
Not reaching you, they do but flag below.
Such are your Beauties, ſuch your Pow'r to Charm,
Your Eyes burn Hearts, which others cannot warm.
I thro' my Love am ſo ſubmiſſive grown,
You call my Crime, what is my chief renown;
Unhappy Paſſion! which my Soul has mov'd,
And makes me hated, where I would be lov'd.
Now all my Geſtures, fond, and humble ſhow,
My Eyes revolt, when Beauty is my foe,
Rack'd with your ſcorn, let me no longer lie,
Raiſe me to Life, or urge me on to die.

You

You, my bright Sun of Beauty, light me here,
Juſt as you make them, all my Days appear,
Like you, when Clouded, or like you, when clear.
For, ſtill of lov'd *Amaſia* ſhall I ſing,
With thy dear Name ſhall all the Vallies ring,
To you alone ſhall all my Numbers flow,
And all my Verſe ſhall be adorn'd with you;
To you no Mortal can due Trophies raiſe,
Above my Thoughts, much more above my praiſe;
You ſhall be fam'd, wherever Swains can read,
In ev'ry City, ev'ry Flow'ry Mead,
And you ſhall live, when many Ages dead;
Whilſt I, my ſelf, ſhall likewiſe deathleſs grow,
Eſteem'd for Love, Immortal Love of you;
For that alone I ſhall be nam'd aloud,
For 'tis thro' that, I riſe above the Crowd.
Me Fortune plac'd not with her wealthy heirs,
Yet ſure my Soul ſits as Sublime as theirs.
With bold Ambition I to greatneſs move,
For only you ſhall e'er my flames approve,
I am not poor, who have a World of Love.
The haughty Tyrants, and the humble Swains,
In ev'ry Court, and throughout all the Plains,

Bleſt with my Verſe, ſhall ſoft Emotions find,
And every Beauteous Virgin ſhall be kind.
With me no Man ſhall ever equal be,
No Mortal Lover ſhall be great, like me.
On Love's bright Throne I ſhall in Triumph ſit,
Like mighty *Dryden* on the Throne of Wit.
O'er Earth and Seas our laſting praiſe ſhall fly,
The greateſt Poet, He, the greateſt Lover, I.
While Winds ſhall blow, & while the Seas ſhall roar,
Whilſt Billows beat againſt the foamy ſhore,
Till Day, and Night, and all things are no more.
While Heav'n and Earth ſhall laſt, while Stars ſhall (ſhine,
Thy conſtant Lover ſhall be ever thine.
Such Love, ſo great, can't be by Mortal born,
How then, *Amaſia*, ſhall I bear your ſcorn!
Above all thought my wond'rous Paſſions move,
Hear, good and gracious Pow'rs! all Pow'rs above!
For I am Sick, quite Mad, and Loſt in Love.
When e'er from thee my ſuff'ring Heart is giv'n,
May I by Dæmons to deſpair be driv'n, (Heav'n.
Daſh't againſt Rocks, and ſtruck with bolts from
O thou Regardleſs, Happy, Charming fair,
You can't imagine how belov'd you are,

Nor

Nor know I how to tell you, but I know,
I Love, as never Mortal Man lov'd ſo.
I Love you, for (by Love it ſelf 'tis true,)
Above what e'er Romantick Lovers knew,
I Love you now, as I ſhall ever do.
My Flames are ſuch as to the Gods are giv'n,
I Love *Amaſia* as I Love my Heav'n.
How could I wiſh you would Love *Sylvius* ſo!
That you would this return of Paſſion ſhow, (you.
That you would Love him---Juſt as Heav'n Loves
Oh! when you know but half my mighty ill,
You may relent, *Amaſia*, yes, you will.
When once my racking griefs are underſtood,
You will relieve me, for I know you good,
When you but find what thro' your ſcorn I bear,
You will the bleſſings of a Goddeſs ſhare,
You will be Heav'nly kind, as Heav'nly Fair.
Then, you no more will uſe your *Sylvius* ſo,
To doubt thoſe truths, which, well as Heav'n, you
No room for falſhood my deſire affords, (know.
You rule my Thoughts, then ſure you rule my words.
Speak, is my Paſſion unſincere believ'd,
Or can you think you can be e'er deceiv'd!

You

You all my tender Declarations blame,
And you deny that I have felt a flame,
Deny at leaſt, that from your Eyes it came.
'Tis then decreed, that I muſt rack my Mind,
To prove my Paſſion, when you prove unkind.
Believe, *Amaſia*, who does truly Love,
Can't by expreſſions half his Paſſion prove.
True Flames can never, never be expreſt,
He, who ſpeaks moſt imperfect, ſpeaks them beſt.
How ſhall I, all my racks, and ſuff'rings ſhew?
You know I Love you, and Love none but you;
Love you! Like truth—I Love you Heavenly well,
How, not my Tongue, no, nor my Eyes can tell:
If it could be that Man could Love you more,
Feel fiercer pangs than I have felt before,
O I would ſpend an Age, to tell the ſtory o'er.
Heav'n Witneſs for me what my flights ſhould be,
All made of Love, and all adorn'd with thee, (*She.*
'Till Ecchoing Hills proclaim that thou alone art
As ſome poor Youth, who, by his Parents croſt,
Submits himſelf to be by Billows toſt,
Submits to all the threatnings of the Sea,
For thoſe, he knows, are leſs inrag'd than they:

Howe'er,

Howe'er, concern'd, he thinks on Friends behind,
Weeps with each ſhow'r, and ſighs with ev'ry Wind;
His Native ſoil with ſad remorſe he leaves,
A ſoil, leſs ſafe than the tumultuous Waves;
When firſt he hears the dreadful Oceans roar,
And Tempeſts louder than he fear'd before,
With wat'ry Eyes he views the leſſ'ning ſhore.
So, I, when urg'd by your unkind diſdain,
In abſence hop'd to find a Calmer Main,
But Storms of Thought thus drove me back again.
Think! How we parted, we did ne'er embrace,
I ſpread no balmy Kiſſes o'er your Face.
Preſt not your hand, nor did I ſigh, or ſwear,
I did not ſpeak, for oh! You would not hear.
I ſhould have look'd, and gaz'd, and talk'd a while,
Murmur'd, and Kiſt, and then receiv'd a ſmile;
I ſhould have melted, when my ſilence broke,
Farewel—farewel—with fonder looks have ſpoke.
In ſofter Voice I ſhould thoſe Accents tell,
And bid a thouſand, thouſand times, Farewel;
With tremblingLipsI ſhould have drawn from you,
With tremblingLips,and withEyes trembling too,
Forc'd my fixt feet, and groan'd a long Adeiu.

Sure,

Sure, lov'd *Amaſia* will my Flames approve,
Sure you will make me ſome returns of Love.
How happy then muſt raviſh'd *Sylvius* be,
Who now is fill'd with Anxious Thoughts of thee!
Thy Beauteous form ſtill dances in my ſight,
By day in Viſions, and in Dreams by night.
Oft my wild Thought thy darling Image frames,
Oft do I ſee thee wanton on the ſtreams.
Where you look always ſo divinely Fair,
Where, in ſuch Charms you to my view appear,
You ſeem a brighter *Venus* riſen there;
O'er the calm Floods with Wings of Rays you fly,
An Angel poſting thro' a Cloudy Sky.
My flames more raging from the Waters grow,
And while I ſee the Dear, Deluding ſhow,
I bleſs my ſelf that I could fancy ſo.
Oft, when alone, and in my ſilent Bed,
I think, Ah! whither is *Amaſia* fled,
Where is the Beauteous, Lovely, Fatal Maid.
Then, thro' my Curtains, ſtrait I ſee you come,
And fill, with ſhinings, all the gloomy room.
With airy flights, and with deluding Eyes,
You looſly dance where your fond Lover lies,
And I, to ſeize you, all in Tranſport riſe.

Then

Then how I catch! then, how I rave to find,
That you could go, and leave me there behind,
I ſpend my Breath, and rack my troubled Mind.
Like ſwelling Waves, my Thoughts come raging on,
A ſecond riſes, e'er the firſt is gone,
They rowl, and daſh me, when their rowling's done.
Then, mad with all my Anxious griefs and pain,
I lie dejected on my Bed again,
And gaze to find you, but I gaze in vain.
Then, do I ſtrive, but no repoſe can take,
For, Thoughts of you my ſhort'ned ſlumbers break,
And rack me equally as when awake.
Reſtleſs I drag each tedious Minute there,
For all my Joys are vaniſh'd with my Fair.
'Tis too much Love has wrought my Rigid fate,
And do I Love you? Is that cauſe for hate!
Command me all things, and your lover prove,
Command me all,——but to forbear my Love.
That is the only thing I cannot do,
And that alas! is all requir'd by you.
Believe, *Amaſia*, Cruel fair believe,
I ſhall die yours, ſince yours I cannot live,
And this is all I ask you now to give.

While

While glimmering Tapers light myDarken'd room,
And my near Friends to ſee my end are come,
While now, all pale, and in my pangs I lie,
I beg, *Amaſia* may ſit Mourning by;
Ev'n then, my Paſſion will be Nobly great,
My flames more raging, tho' in fainter heat,
Not riſing brighter, than they then ſhall ſet.
I ſhall embrace you in my trembling Arms,
And there admire your lovely, fatal Charms,
Thoſe Faireſt Eyes, which I eſteem Divine,
Thoſe Fatal Eyes, which do ſo brightly ſhine,
And have ſuch Pow'r to rule the looks of mine.
All over Rapture, while all over pain,
I'll look, and ſigh, and then I'll look again,
Still will I gaze, with raviſhment, on thee,
And thy dear, lovely Face ſhall be the laſt I ſee.

Female

Female Epiſtles
OF
LOVE.

Deidamia *to* Achilles. *Epiſt.* I.

The ARGUMENT.

Achilles, *having lain a long time diſguis'd like a Woman, in the Court of* Nicomedes, *King of* Bythinia, *ſo carrying on the better his Amours with* Deidamia, Nicomedes *his Daughter, was at laſt by the ſubtilty of* Ulyſſes, *(who put a Sword into his Hand, which he wielded too Dexterouſly for a Woman) betray'd, and carry'd to the* Trojan War, Greece *having been warn'd by the Oracle, that* Troy *ſhould never be taken, unleſs* Achilles *aſſiſted at the Siege. Thus, while he continu'd in the* Grecian *Camp,* Deidamia, *impatient of his abſence, Writes him the following Epiſtle.*

READ this *Achilles*, and be griev'd to ſee
How *Deidamia* Mourns, and Mourns for (thee,
Read, and then think who muſt the Author be.

Who

Who, but fond I, would the weak Paſſion tell?
Fond, fooliſh I, who Love you, too, too well.
You ſeem to doubt, and in amaze you ſtand,
Having my Heart, you needs muſt know my Hand.
What here you find, my dear deſires indite,
Ah! kindly read, what I too kindly write.
Nought but her tender wiſhes thus could move
Thy *Deidamia* to confeſs her Love.
Nor need I bluſh the nobleſt Flame to own,
I boaſt I yielded, ſince to thee alone.
To thee, whoſe Charms, wound tender Virgins far;
O may you ſo be proſp'rous in the War.
May you Victorious, and Triumphant be,
And Conquer all, as you have Conquer'd me;
But let no Laurel ſhades about you riſe,
To bar the glances of my longing Eyes,
Their ſacred wreaths can free from thunder live,
But not from flaſhes Beauty's light'nings give.
I'll think you not a Lover, while I ſue,
But call you Warriour, the Name's dear to you.
Ah! then, be gen'rous to the yielding Foe,
I have ſurrender'd to your Arms, you know.
Proud of ſubmitting to *Achilles*, more
Than all the Conqueſts I had gain'd before.

When

When I was gaz'd at by a Noble Crowd,
And other Princes with Submiſſion bow'd.
When, all around, far as my Eyes could ſee,
There was no Youth but would my Captive be,
Then, then it was, I gave my Heart to thee.
I gave thee that, I gave thee all my Soul,
Gave *Deidamia*, you poſſeſs'd her whole.
My Virgin ſpoils I offer'd to thy Arms,
The Thought alas! My tender Boſom warms,
You rified all my Beauties, all my Charms.
My dereſt Treaſures, and my Richeſt ſtores
Were all your own, and I was wholly yours.
To my lov'd Bed, full of a Vig'rous flame,
Dreſs'd like a Woman, oft *Achilles* came.
Your publick Geſtures ſtill did Female ſhow,
But, when in private, ſure they were not ſo.
My Maids of thee were in no ſort afraid,
For they believe thee, like themſelves, a Maid.
Think, in what ſweet, what ſoft, and wanton play,
Lock'd in my Arms, you paſt the Hours away!
Alas! My Love, writing theſe tender Words,
The very Thought ſome Extaſies affords.
Some faint Emotions of my Soul it frames,
All our paſt Pleaſures now appear but Dreams.

Ah! Lovely Youth, oft in my Widow'd Bed,
I think of you, and wonder why you fled;
Admire, that War ſhould ſo delightful be,
To make it's Horrours be prefer'd to me.
I thought myVoiceBreath'd far more pleaſing Ayres,
Than the ſhrill Trumpets could Proclaim in theirs.
Why ſhould you raſhly Combat in the Field?
And ſlight ſuch ſpoils as I would gladly yield.
There you muſt hazard, and buy Conqueſt dear,
When all your buſineſs was to triumph here.
Ah! Come again, once more, my Life, return,
To comfort me, who now extreamly Mourn.
How ſhould I Joy to hear what you have done,
To hear of Battles by your Valour won!
To hear your ſelf, in my Embraces, tell,
How ſuch a Hero in the onſet fell.
Then would I claſp thee cloſely to my Breaſt,
And Sigh, and Kiſs thee, more ſecurely preſt,
And, ſtill endearing, lull you ſo to reſt.
Haſt then, *Achilles*, from the Battle flee,
And join in Combat with no Foe, but me.

A *Lady to her Lover.* Epist. II.

The ARGUMENT.

A Lady, forsaken by her Lover, to whom she had not deny'd even the last favours, having been newly recover'd out of a Violent Sickness, which, 'twas believ'd, he occasion'd, and hearing he was gone to be Marry'd to another, and to take Shipping soon after in the North, having with him her Fortune, which she had intrusted him withal, according to the various transports of her Passion, Writes him this following Epistle.

TO you, (false Man) I make my suffrings known,
Whom once I thought I could have call'd my own.
'Tis only you, who should these lines receive.
Who us'd to Mourn, when I had cause to grieve.
Scarce can my Life of this sad change allow,
When you torment, who shall redress me now?
How many Lovers have I scorn'd for thee,
And is your falshood my reward?——
Speak, thou ingrateful Man!——It cannot be.
When you at first your greater Rivals knew,
And how the meanest far exceeded you,

Full of Deſpair, lay'd Proſtrate at my Feet,
You cry'd, ah! Can you, Can you Love me yet?
No, you will Titles, and their Lords receive,
An honeſt Love is all that I can give.
The great are falſe, but I ſincerely true,
Ah! Treach'rous Man! Who is ſo falſe as you?
Who could have thought this wond'rous change to (ſee,
How can you live ſo far apart from me!
Here, my Companions think my Mourning ſtrange,
And wonder whence proceeds the diſmal change.
Hiding my Sorrows, they their cauſe explore,
So, by concealing, I reveal them more.
How do they rage, when they the ſtory know;
Yet then, ev'n then, I ſpeak excuſing you.
I firſt Condemn you, call you falſe, and then
I fondly plead in your behalf again.
Thus arguing for you, I impeach you more,
And make your guilt ſeem Blacker than before.
Then, in my Soul ſtrange wild diſorders move,
With anxious ſtruglings between grief and Love.
A new Confuſion in my looks appears,
And, Naming you, I ſtrait diſſolve to Tears.
My ſwimming Eyes can then no object view,
What ſhould they look at, ſince depriv'd of you!

Since

Since to the North from all your Vows you flee,
And left the City, but to haſt from me.
To that cold Air you fled with juſt deſign,
A place moſt fit for ſuch a Breaſt as thine.
It's Chilling coldneſs I unjuſtly blame,
And fear it's Froſt leſs than a New-Born flame.
Ye Northern Beauties, his Embraces ſhun,
Or yield, like me, to be, like me, undone.
Laugh at his Sighs, and tell the Cheat he lies,
Curſe his falſe Tongue, and his deluding Eyes.
Too late alas ! We our Misfortunes ſee,
There are no Oaths he has not Sworn to me,
Ye heedleſs Maids, I charge ye, ne'er believe,
He makes it all his buſineſs to deceive.
Leaſt my Misfortunes other Virgins prove,
O let them ne'er confeſs Exceſſive Love.

My ſelf I blame that I did e'er believe,
For in all Ages your whole Sex deceive.
The Treach'rous *Jaſon*, baſely perjur'd, fled,
From the Fair Miſtreſs, whom he firſt did Wed,
And left her's falſly, for *Medea*'s Bed.
Spight of the Winds, which bore his Sails away,
He was more Faithleſs in his Flight than they.

The injur'd Princeſs, who firſt ſhar'd his Love,
Should by her Rival's Death her wrongs remove,
And to *Medea* a *Medea* prove.
She, by her ſpells, did the fierce Serpents tame,
And ſtill her Charms for Triumph were the ſame,
She Conquer'd him, as he the Bulls o'ercame.
But ſoon, from her did the inconſtant run,
She found her ſelf, ſpight of her Arts, undone;
She could the Dragons baleful Fires aſſwage,
But Fires more fatal in her Breaſt did rage,
With Poppies Juice in vain ſhe ſteeps her Eyes,
In vain thoſe ſpells, which made them ſleep, ſhe (tries,
All eaſe, all quiet with her Lover flies.
Proud, and Triumphant, he forſook the ſhore,
A monſter, worſe than thoſe he ſlew before.
The wand'rer next was by *Creuſa* fir'd,
Like thee, falſe *Jaſon* to new Flames aſpir'd;
With his rich prize the Villain falſly fled,
And ſcorn'd *Medea*'s, for *Creuſa*'s Bed.
So, am I left abandon'd to deſpair,
And your *Creuſa* is your preſent Fair.
He, bore a glorious purchaſe from the Coaſt,
But of what Golden Fleece have you to boaſt?

In

In vain you with my ſlender Fortunes flee,
Alas ! I loſt them all, in loſing thee.
Gemms I deſpiſe, I can ſuch trifles ſcorn,
But 'tis my much priz'd honour that I mourn,
For that's a Jewel thou can'ſt ne'er return.
O may no Virgin be o'ercome by Love ;
Man, ſhould he ſtrive, can never Conſtant prove.
More than I ought, I would thy ſhame rebate,
And lay my wrongs, not upon you, but fate.
Fame ſpeaks of Nymphs by their falſe Lovers loſt,
Men firſt ſubmit, but after, Triumph moſt.
I could an hundred inſtances renew
Of Treach'rous Men, but none ſo baſe as you.
With Vows *Achilles* did *Briſeis* pleaſe,
But Vows as Faithleſs as his Mother Seas.
While *Phaon* to hot *Ætna*'s Mount retires,
His *Sappho* waſted with as ſcorching fires.
Fair *Dejanira* of her Lord complains,
Griev'd that the Victor wore his Captive's Chains.
Alcides once put Women's Garments on,
When his vaſt Club he to a diſtaff ſpun;
The Lyon's rugged skin his Miſtreſs wore,
She Conquer'd him, as he the Beaſt before.

Æneas, ſure, from Rocks, or Oceans came,
His Breaſt ſo cold, it could not feel a flame;
By the falſe Wretch fond *Dido* was undone;
Love's Mother could not ſure bear ſuch a Son:
In vain to *Cupid* did the Queen complain,
She pray'd him pierce his Brother's Heart in vain:
Got by a Tempeſt, and on Billows born,
He would, in haſt, to his Lov'd Seas return.
Falſe Men ſhould fear the loud, inſulting Tides,
The Queen of Love roſe thence, and there preſides.
Why ſhould his Gods, as if by curs'd decree,
In Waters ſink, when from the fires got free?
He had a Deity to guide his way,
The ſame, no doubt, that ſteer'd him on the Sea.
With that pretence, he left her ſlighted Coaſt,
But of what guiding God have you to Boaſt?
Yes, 'twas a mighty Pow'r your will controul'd,
A Pow'r which Reigns o'er Men, Immortal Gold.
And now another Virgin you have won,
That other Nymph muſt be, like me, undone.
I wiſh my Rival could foreſee her fate,
Alas! She will repent, when 'tis too late,
So much I pity her, I cannot hate.

She

She ſoon, (Poor Innocence!) by ſcorn oppreſt,
Will grow as Wretched, as ſhe now ſeems bleſt.
Soon will you leave the Sighing Maid behind,
Her Sighs, alas! will but encreaſe the Wind.
Methinks, I ſee you fly with Treach'rous Gales,
Loos'ning your Vows, Juſt as you looſe your Sails,
You, the proud Sun of Love, a while Shine bright,
Then, ſet in Seas, and leave behind you Night.
But, Ah! beware what watry Courſe you Steer,
Shun *Scylla*'s Rocks, nor dare to venture near,
Ingrateful Men ſhould ſtill her Vengeance fear.
And let me warn you, (for the time is nigh,)
When you ſhall falſly from my Rival fly,
Take leave at leaſt, nor uſe your treach'rous tongue,
Juſt as you did, when round my Neck you hung,
And long-breath'dKiſſes meant your ſtaying long.
Tell her how loſt ſhe is, your flight declare,
Be honeſt once, and tell how falſe you are.
Tell her ſhe never can from care be free'd,
Never, Ah! never, that's Deſpair indeed.
Oh! Could you know, falſe Man, what I have born,
Tho' Man you be, you would at laſt return;
In want, and Sickneſs I have ſpent my days,
Not Heav'n, or Earth, but *you* can give me eaſe.

In

In a hot, raging Feaver have I lain,
But why, unkind! ſhould I to thee complain!
Thou wilt rejoice, and Triumph in my pain.

The fierce deſeaſe Burn't me with ſcorching Heat,
It was thy coldneſs did it's Fires Create.
Yet not ſo Wild were the laſt Flames I bore,
As thoſe you kindled in my Breaſt before.

My Am'rous Fires, ſpight of your ſcorn, could lay
Their Sicklier rage, and make their warmth decay.
Where were you then? Where was my Lover fled?
Who ſhould have ſat all penſive by my Bed,
And in my Boſom lay'd his Mournful head.

His Weeping Eyes ſhould pour ſuch Conſtant ſtreams,
As ſhould have force to quench the inward Flames,
Feeling my Pulſe, you, Languiſhing, and Pin'd,
Should have from thence of your own Health Divin'd.

Like me, *Cydippe* in a Feaver burn'd,
But her's rag'd leſs, for ſhe had ne'er been ſcorn'd.

Her Beauteous Cheeks conſum'd, and livid grew,
Her Colour ſuch, as ſhe before did view
In the Fair Apple, which her Lover threw.

Ah! Could it be, that you could Faithful prove,
I ſhould no Feaver know——but that of Love.

And

And could I find where my dear Traytor flies,
My flames ſhould dart like light'ning thro' my eyes,
And melt the Ice, which round your Boſom lies.
So far at leaſt I know my Charms could move,
That I could force you to Diſſemble Love.
But now, alas! no more muſt I receive
Thoſe flowing Joys, which you ſo well could give.
No more my bliſs, no more my Life I boaſt,
When I loſt thee, all that was dear I loſt.
Where any Nymph becomes ſo curs'd as I
The only buſineſs of her Life's to die.
About my Neck I'll caſt a Silken twine,
That Neck, oft claſp'd by thoſe dear Arms of thine.
My lofty Poſts my Wretched weight ſhall bear,
For thee I'll offer up my lateſt pray'r,
And hang the Trophie of thy Conqueſt there.
Yet, I ſhould live, for if my Doom were paſt,
Heav'n would ſhow'r Vengeance on thy Head at laſt.
Ah! Perjur'd Man! my eaſe, my Peace reſtore,
Give me my Heart, and I demand no more.
Return my own, I ſhall not vainly ſue
To be again belov'd, and dear to you.
Yet, know (falſe Wretch!) if e'er you dare to wed,
My Ghoſt ſhall haunt you in your Nuptial Bed.

No

No other Fair one ſhall a ſharer be,
Of that dear bliſs you once enjoy'd with me ;
Tho' you all Love, and ſhe all over Charms,
You ne'er ſhall claſp her in your Burning Arms.
Whilſt Vengeance Prompts me, its effects I'll ſhew,
Great as the wrongs I have receiv'd of you.
And ſure thoſe Pow'rs which heard you falſlySwear,
Will now redreſs me, when I make my pray'r ;
Their Names prophan'd, what Miſchiefs may you
Curs'd, while alive, they will torment you dead. (dread!
Should I avert the Juſtice they deſign,
It were my pity, no deſert of thine.
Ah! Lovely Traytor ! ſhould you yet be true,
I could, methinks, bear an Eſteem for you.
One Look, one Sigh, would yet my Paſſion move,
And Fan the faint, expiring Sparks of Love.
Ah ! Where's the hope ? I am to write forbid,
Your ſelf forbid me, it was you that did.
Void of a tender Senſe to know the pain.
Of abſent Lovers, when they wait in vain,
And all their Anxious Thoughts, till met again.
Thy lateſt Words, hence (thou ingrateful !) know;
Yours I depart, to return ever ſo.

Nay

Nay more, you Wept, by Heav'ns, the haughty you,
(you threw,
Whliſt round my Neck your Treach'rous Arms
And Wip'd my Eyes, for I was Weeping too.
Think on thoſe things, thoſe tender things you ſaid,
Thoſe Oaths you Swore, to Cheat an eaſy Maid.
When, all the Night, lock'd in my Arms you lay:
And paſt, in tranſports, the ſhort Hours away.
Baſe, Sordid Soul! Which nought that's ſoft could
No dear Remembrance can recall your Love. (move,
When, for Heav'n's ſake, you beg'd me Crown your
I was not ſure, deſpis'd, as now I am. (Flame,
How many Curſes did you wiſh for then,
If you could ever think one fair again!
When at that time (you perjur'd ſlave!) I hear,
You had, and lov'd a Miſtreſs, where you are.
One, by whoſe Gold your Heart is made her prize,
Nor are her Slaves the Trophies of her Eyes.
'Twas Gold that did your ſordid Soul ſubdue,
And that, which hires her Servants, Conquer'd you.
Whilſt I, more Nobly, ſcorn'd ſuch Empty gain,
Nor Sold my Love for leſs than Love again.
I thought I did ſo, but too late I know,
I both am Cheated, and deſpis'd by you.

My

My right you give to her you now adore,
And Swear again what oft to me you Swore.
She too, like me, will soon complain of you, (too.
The same, ingrateful Man will make her Wretched
Then, tell of all the Conquests you have won,
Speak to the wond'ring Crowd, where'er you run,
And name two tender Maids, by your damn'd Wiles
But tell not how they slight, and hate thee too, (undone.
And, if they live, will be reveng'd on you.
No Fiend in Hell can such a Fury prove,
As a wrong'd Woman, one that's wrong'd in Love.

Scylla to *Minos.* Epist. III.

The ARGUMENT.

Minos, *to Revenge the Death of his Son, landed on the Coast of* Lelegia, *where he lay'd Siege to a Fortress held by* Nisus, Scylla, *Daughter to* Nisus, *falls in Love with* Minos, *during the time of the Siege, and writes him the following Epistle.*

(see,

HEnce Triumph, Warrior, hence new Conquests
Tho' not our Forts, yet, you have Vanquish'd me.
I am subdu'd by *Minos* Godlike Charms,
And you may Triumph in your Captive's Arms.

It

It is my fate to Love my Father's Foe,
I had not known him, had he not been ſo.
Oft have I ſeen you Marching from afar,
Wielding your Sword, then reſting on your Spear,
While your Cask's Nodding Feathers threatned War.
Oft I beheld you in the duſty Field,
And was alas! with every Geſture kill'd.
On our High Walls oft do I wiſhing ſtand,
And bleſs the Launce Graſp'd in your vig'rous hand.
Your ſhining Arms the longing *Scylla* views,
And likes and praiſes all that *Minos* does.
Well might your Mother's Charms a God ſubdue,
If ſhe knew ever how to Charm like you.
The Thund'rer ſure had his *Europa* won,
Had he but ſeem'd like her too Beauteous Son,
By whoſe dear Eyes poor *Scylla* is undone.
Oft, as I ſat on our fam'd Tow'rs on high,
Often, My Lord, has *Scylla* wiſh'd to fly
To your dear Arms, when I beheld you nigh.
How, How alas! ſhall I be e'er reſtor'd?
Or how ſhall *Scylla* e'er enjoy her Lord?
Mad with deſires, I think in what diſguiſe
Shall I find out the Tent, where *Minos* lies;

How

How meet the dear diſturber of my eaſe,
And tell the Charmer whom his Beauties pleaſe.
Fain would I now betray the Gates to you,
And yield my Country to a potent foe;
Alas! Poor *Scylla* knows not what to do.
I fear in War dear *Minos* ſhould be ſlain,
For, Oh! I doubt he has not Pow'r to gain.
Our Brazen Gates will all his glories bar,
Not to be ſtorm'd ev'n by the God of War.
Oft have I wiſh'd I were your Captive made,
And the dear Bribe for your Alliance paid.
Then might rough War, and barb'rous ſlaughter ceaſe,
Minos be bleſt with *Scylla*, and with Peace.
But ah! too much, I doubt, my Hero dares,
Nor fears Misfortunes in revengeful Wars,
Oh! tho' he does not, yet his *Scylla* fears.
Tell me, My Lord, my dearest *Minos*, tell,
Declare to me, who Love you too, too well,
If, for my Country, for my Virgin-Bed,
My Father's Hair, Nay, for my Father's Head,
For Shrines, for Temples, tho' the ſeats of *Jove*,
Will you, Dear, Charming *Minos*, Crown my Love?

FINIS.

AMASIA,

OR, THE

Works of the Muſes.

A

Collection

OF

POEMS.

In Three Volumes.

By Mr *John Hopkins.*

VOL. II.

Adde manus in vinela meas (meruere catenas)
Dum furor omnis abeſt, ſi quis amicus ades.

LONDON,
Printed by Tho. Warren for Bennet Banbury,
at the *Blue-Anchor* in the Lower-Walk
of the New-Exchange, 1700.

To her GRACE
THE
Dutchess of *BOLTON.*

May it Please your Grace,

THE Poet in Addressing your Ladyship feels all the Poet's ravishment and transport; Your every Charm Fires every Thought so fast, the labouring fancy struggles for a Passage. Your Youth, your Beauty, Affability and Wit, when seperately consider'd, seem each to be the greatest Excellence, 'tis impossible any Writer can determine which of those Rivals boast the Preference; but every Writer may thus far be certain, that all of them excel. Shall I say (and yet speak properly) I am lost in a Cloud of Beauty? But 'tis a Glorious, 'tis a Golden Cloud, made Lustrous by the Soul which shines within. Can I, without growing old before my task's Accomplish'd, undertake to

deſcribe your Youth in its full Springing Bloom? Should I not grow proud of my own Performance, could I diſplay you at the height to which you riſe by your Courteous, Condeſcending Affability? Or ſhall I dare to think that I have Wit enough to venture on the praiſe of yours? No, Madam, all my Muſes *can perform no* Works *like theſe. Thinking on your Grace's Endowments, I find my ſelf bewilder'd in a maze of Vertues; loſt, like ſam'd* Theſeus, *in a Labyrinth; a Labyrinth, whence no thread of thought can free my wand'ring ſenſe. Strange! that Perfection ſhould ſeem as intricate as Errour! But Night with over-ſhadowing Darkneſs ſcarce blinds the Eyes ſo much, as an inſufferable Flood of Light. With all ſubmiſſion, Madam, I muſt own I incline voluntarily, (tho' guiltleſs) to make a Confeſſion, which yet no guilty Poet ever made. I would flatter your Ladyſhip, if poſſibly I could, and boaſt the Glory of a Work ſo exquiſitely difficult; but 'tis impoſſible: All Art falls infinitely ſhort of*

Nature

Nature here: Were it not ſo, the raviſhing Charms which Fire me now to think I ſhould attempt it, would then ſeem leſs, and Conſequently cool me from the Enterprize. Long may your Grace ſtand thus ſublimely Admirable, Long may your Vertues ſoar beyond the tow'ring Muſes reach,-----Long, till at laſt, (and may it then be late) they mount yet higher, to their Native Skies, and ſhine a Conſtellation there.

I am

(May it Pleaſe your Grace)

Your Grace's moſt Devoted, and moſt

Obedient, Humble Servant.

J. Hopkins.

THE PREFACE.

SOME Readers turn over Prefaces, as things impertinent; those few who serve not this after the like manner, I fear, will be impertinent Readers. I scribble at present, more for the sake of Fashion, than any thing else, and I think all who write Prefaces, do so. If the World is pleas'd to like a Book 'twill scarce find fault with the want of a Preface, and if the World is pleas'd not to like a Book, the best Preface in the World will never recommend it. A Poem and a Preface may be liken'd to a Face, and fine Cloaths; a good Face, 'tis said, needs none, and a bad one deserves none, but some now, perhaps, may say I have set my Simile with the heels up, for they would have it, by all means, that the Preface must be the Face of the Book, but in Answer to such, they who will be positive in that Opinion are such as are apt to make Faces. I thought in this to have said something of the Original Occasion of writing these Poems, and so to have touch'd a little on the discovery of the real Person meant by Amasia, *but I consider my Book will expose Me sufficiently, without my exposing Her---and a certain Verse which I have read in honest* Martial *(who knew the fleering Malice of Mankind) deters me from it.*

Et pueri Nasum Rhinocerotis habent---

THE

THE CONTENTS.

Vol. II. Book I.

HEro, *Priestess of* Venus. *A Poem, Paraphrastically imitated from the Greek of* Musæus. Page 1

Book II.

THE Forest of Love. *Being some Copies written to* Amasia, *on particular Occasions.*

To Amasia, *who made a present of a Studying-Cap variously Beautified with Trees and Flowers of Needle-Work* 43

To Amasia, *on her filling a Glass with Water, whereon she had Painted Stags, and Birds and Trees* 44

To Amasia, *invested with a Muslin Nightrail, variously beautified with Birds and Beasts of Needle-Work* 46

To Amasia, *wearing a Muslin Apron wrought with Trees and Beast of Needle-Work* 47

To Amasia, *on the beautifying the Lining of her Gown, with Trees and Groves in Needle-Work* 48

To Amasia, *sticking Gardens cut in Paper, on a large Glass* 49

Poems on several Occasions.

To three Ladies who presented me their Verses written in praise of one another, and, in return for my Judgment, told my Fortune 50

The Contents.

On a Fly that flew into a Lady's Eye, and there buried in a Tear p. 51
To a Lady, desiring a Visit 54
Seeing a fair, young Lady Just a dying. 55
A Dialogue between a living Nymph *and a* Youth *who was Drown'd. Written thus at the request of a Lady* 56
To Amasia, *who Commanded me to avoid her presence whenever she appear'd* 58
The Description of the Palace of the Sun, and Conflagration of the World, partly imitated from Ovid 59
To the Lord Sy--ney, *Created Lieutenant of* Ireland, *about the time his Majesty went to* Flanders 63
To a Lady, Lamenting her Lover, who was drown'd 64
On a Bee inclos'd in Amber 68
On a China Cup fill'd with Water, round the sides of which were Painted Trees, and at the bottom a Naked Woman Weeping ibid.
The Description of a Tempest and a Fight at Sea 69
To a Lady, who presented me an Orange 72
To a Lady, presenting her a Box of Patches 73
To the same Lady having found a Silver Penny, the first thing she touch'd, among the Patches, I presented her 74
To Amasia, *off'ring me a branch of gilded Laurel* ibid.
To a very Charming Lady, with an unpleasing Name 75
To a Lady, whose Maid, having given her a Manuscript, I sent her, and being ask'd from whom she receiv'd it, reply'd ——— from the Conjurer himself, *she thought* 76
To a Lady saying she knew I Lov'd her 77

To

To a Lady, who, (while endeavouring to tye up some Linnen with a Ribbond, a little of the shortest) being ask'd how she would menage, if she Lov'd a Gentleman without a Fortune, reply'd, I'll show you—— *(and so drawing harder) made the ends meet* p. 77
To a Lady Singing frequently these Words, Youth and Beauty 78
To a Lady, who, with a Charming Air of Negligence, frequently, when spoken to, reply'd—Yes, Sir, 79
To Amasia, *having dreamt of me* ibid.
To Amasia, *on the accidental falling of her loose Garments, which discover'd to my view her Breasts* 81
To the admir'd Mrs Cr----fts 82
To a Lady having lost three Kisses on a Wager with me, and refusing to pay them 84
Reflections on the Picture of Cupid, *imitated from* Propertius 86
To Amasia. 87

Book III.

Letters of Love
To Amasia, 1. 97
To Amasia, 2. 99
To Amasia, 3. 101
To Amasia, 4. 103
To Amasia, 5. 106
To Amasia, 6. 108
To Amasia, 7. 110
To Amasia, 8. 113
To Amasia, 9. 115
To Amasia, 10. 117
To Amasia, 11. 119
To Amasia, 12. 122

To

To Amasia, 13. 125
To Amasia, 14. 128
To Amasia, 15. 130
To Amasia, 16. 133
To Amasia, 17. 135
To Amasia, 18. 138
To Amasia, 19. 140
To Amasia, 20. 142

HERO,

HERO,

Prieſteſs of *Venus.*

MUſe, Sing the Torch which did ſo uſeful (prove,
To Light the Lover on his way toLove;
That Friendly Torch, which o'er the Billows ſhone,
And nouriſh'd Fires, far brighter than its own.
Sing him, who purchas'd an Immortal fame,
And boldly ventur'd o'er the ſwelling Stream,
Nor could it's rowling Surges quench his Flame.
Thro' the rough Seas, and riſing Waves he goes,
To Joys tumultuous, and as high as thoſe.
Exalted Joys, which can no Ebbings know,
But in vaſt Tides of mighty Raptures flow,
And where no Winds, but Am'rous breezes blow.
He need not tremble when the Tempeſt's near,
Nor the loud threatnings of the Ocean fear,
Who knowsLove's Beauteous Goddeſs ris'n there.

And *Venus* ſurely will Propitious be,
To ſuch fierce Flames as can o'ercome the Sea.
Methinks, *Leander* now is ſwimming faſt,
Methinks, I ſee him o'er the Billows haſt;
Now, now he cuts his proud, Triumphant way,
Where Crowding Waves around his Body play.
There he is lifted o'er the Tow'ring Flood,
And Seas are flaſhing from the breaking Cloud.
Methinks, the Torch upon the Tow'r I ſee,
By *Hero* plac'd, and almoſt bright as She.
Blown by rude Winds, I hear it's flaring Light,
Which ſputt'ring, Sparkles in the Gloomy Night;
That Torch, the Burning Emblem of their Love,
Which the Immortals ſhould from thence remove,
To ſhine like Stars, and be a Star above.
Where it will more than uſual kindneſs ſhow,
In guiding Lovers, and their Loves below.
Such was it here, 'till the rough Winds aroſe,
For tender Sighs, Ah! Too unequal Foes,
For Am'rous murmurs, and ſoft Gales as thoſe.
Fiercely they rag'd, and ſoon they overcame
That of the Torch, and then *Leander*'s Flame.
Two Neighb'ring Towns, tho' ſmall, are greatly (fam'd,
Abydos one, the other *Ceſtus* nam'd.

Each

Each had the view of the Adjacent Lands,
Oppoſite plac'd upon the lonely Strands.
The Ocean's Waves between them Foam, and Roar,
Waſhing the Borders of the Patient ſhore.
But Love, Bold Love, will no ſuch Bars allow,
When ev'n for Gold, the raving Seas we Plow.
Rarely, Ah! Too, too rarely is it prov'd,
That Maids will Love as they have been belov'd;
But here a Beauteous, Charming Fair we find,
Was wond'rous Conqu'ring, yet was wond'rous kind.
Leander's Praiſes thro' *Abydos* rung,
He was alone the talk of every Tongue.
That was the Place, was bleſt with his abode,
Renown'd as much as he had been ſome God,
For Men who can like him ſuch Paſſion ſhow,
Are ſure Divine, and muſt Immortal grow.
Near *Ceſtus Hero* liv'd, from thence ſhe came,
From her *Leander*, did receive his Flame.
Thus ſhe the greatneſs of her Pow'r diſplay'd,
Who at ſuch diſtance ſuch a Wound had made.
From a long Line of Noble Blood ſhe Sprung,
And *Venus Prieſteſs*, in her Temple Sung.
Cloſely retir'd, and near the Boiſt'rous Sea,
In a tall Tower that other *Venus* lay.

Its Stately Ruines may as yet be ſeen,
Which ſhew Spectatours what it once has been.
On it's High Top with her bright Torch ſhe ſtood,
To Guide her Lover thro' the Obvious Flood.
The Waters now roll Mournful to the ſhore,
And, as they did *Leander*'s Fate deplore,
They curl their Melancholy Brows, and Roar.
The Beauteous Maid all wanton Sports deny'd,
Extreamly modeſt, yet untoucht with Pride.
To publick Balls, and Maſques ſhe would not go,
Reſerv'd her ſelf, and thought all others ſo.
She did the wits, and cens'ring Beauties ſhun,
Would from fond Youths, and from their Court-
(ſhip run,
If ſhe were Lov'd, ſhe thought ſhe were undone.
With earneſt care, and pure deſires ſhe ſtrove,
To pleaſe her Goddeſs, and her Son to move.
Now would ſhe Songs of her *Adonis* ſing,
And odo'rous Wreaths of bluſhing Roſes bring.
With thoſe ſhe oft the hov'ring *Cupids* Crown'd,
And ſtrew'd freſh Flow'rs along the Painted ground.
In vain ſhe thought to make the God grow kind,
For guifts are loſt, where the receiver's blind.

Now

Now was the time when *Venus* Yearly Feaſts,
For her dead Lover ſummon'd all the Gueſts.
A grateful time, when every Charming Fair,
And Am'rous Youth does to her Shrine repair.
Drawn to that place by an uncertain Fame,
All of each Sex from *Thrace*, and *Cyprus* came.
Cythera then ſcarce could one Virgin boaſt,
All it's Young Men *Abydos* too had loſt.
On *Venus* Altar they their Off'rings lay,
But their chief Vows to the bright Ladies pay.
A Pow'r there is which every Soul beguiles,
In killing Eyes, and ſoft, ſeducing Smiles.
Of all the ſhining Beauties, not a Maid,
Not one there was, that in the Temple ſtay'd,
But was more pray'd to, than her ſelf had pray'd.
Before each Charmer's Feet ſad Hearts were found,
In their own Bleedings panting on the ground,
For the blind God there gave each Youth a Wound.
He near his Mother's Image laughing ſtands,
And ſhoots, and Wounds, with his unerring hands.
But now bright *Hero* thro' the Fane appear'd,
Whom all the Youth at once both Lov'd and fear'd.
New riſing Paſſion in their Breaſts began,
Their Eyes, their Hearts, their Souls on *Hero* ran.

Soft, tender Sighs from their warm Boſoms flew,
And from each look a pleaſing pain they drew.
They came, they ſaw, and they were there undone,
O'er her dear Face their eager Eyes would run,
They wiſh'd, and gaz'd, and ſigh'd, ſtill wiſhing on.
Richly attir'd, in ſparkling Garments gay,
Fit for the Duties of the Pompous Day.
Glorious ſhe paſt through the admiring Crowd,
Each gave her way, and as ſhe ſtept, they bow'd.
An air Majeſtick in her Face did ſhine,
HerCloaths, herDreſs did with her looks combine,
Her Mien was Sweet, and ſhe was all Divine.
Her Beauties darted many Thouſand ways,
As the Noon-Sun which all his Beams diſplays,
She with her Glances warms, and he, his rays.
While all the Maids, (in other places Fair)
Seem'd but like Clouds which ſhe had Silver'd there.
The Ancient Lovers but three Graces knew,
But *Hero*'s Face did many Thouſands ſhew,
From her each look, and every Glance they flew.
In wanton play around her Conqu'ring Eyes,
A guilded Hoſt of hovering Graces flies.
O Lovely Prieſteſs, who ſo much can move!
Extreamly worthy of the *Queen* of Love!

You

You who can thus each raviſh'd Youth ſubdue,
May ſeem the Prieſteſs, and the Goddeſs too.
With boundleſs Charms you Conquer every Heart,
And Maid to *Venus*, thou a *Venus* Art.
The Captiv'd Youths upon her Beauties gaze,
She both Fires them, and makes the incenſe blaze.
Whilſt the Lov'd Virgin at the Altar ſtands,
She Acts her Conqueſts with Triumphant Hands.
The fond Spectators Worſhip her, much more,
Than ſhe the *Queen*, whom ſhe does there adore.
For her they Burn with purer Flames by far
Than thoſe ſhe offers to her Goddeſs are.
In vain the Love-Sick Wretches check their Eyes,
In vain alas! They would their pain diſguiſe.
From her dear Charms, and her Attractive Mien,
They turn their ſight, yet ſtrait gaze on again.
Her dear Idea every Lover drew,
For with their Souls, their very Souls they view.
Each glance from her their raging Flames did aid,
And every motion fann'd the Fires ſhe made.
While one of all the wond'ring Crouds around,
Thus ſpoke his Paſſion, and declar'd his Wound.
O'er *Sparta*, fam'd for Beauties, did I rove,
Yet ſtill, 'till now, I was untouch't with Love.

Like *Hero* ne'er did any Charmer Shine,
Never did Mortal ſeem before Divine,
The Graces only are at *Venus* ſhrine,
In her alone do all perfections meet,
So wond'rous awful, and ſo wond'rous Sweet!
Long have I gaz'd, yet wiſh to gaze again,
At once delighted, yet at once in pain.
On her I look, and 'tis with Raptures ſtill,
The Sight of her, like Heav'n, Allures my will.
Oh! I could Smile, and thouſand Tortures dare,
Could I at laſt enjoy this Conqu'ring Fair.
In *Hero*'s Arms let me in tranſport lie,
And then good Gods! I ſhall all ills defie,
Give me but her, and I ſhall never die.
Would ſhe but favour my Ambitious Flame,
I were exalted from what now I am.
Had I but her ſafe at my own abode,
I would not loſe her to be made a God.
Not to be *Jove* would I my Joys Forego,
But here poſſeſs a real Heaven below.
But you, bright Maid, do not my ſuff'rings ſee,
Oh! You are ne'er to be enjoy'd by me.
Some blooming Youth with more prevailing Charms,
Muſt preſs thee melting in his raviſh'd Arms.

Some

Some Happy Swain, who ſhall deſerving prove,
Of all thy Beauties, and of all thy Love.
Grant me, O *Venus*, this is all my pray'r,
Since of thy Sacred Prieſteſs I Deſpair.
Grant me ſome other Fair one to prefer,
Some Loving Nymph that may reſemble her.
Thus ſpoke the Youth, thus made his Paſſion known,
And ſtirr'd new Flames, while he reveal'd his own,
For ev'ry hearer was his Rival grown.
And now ſome other, who a Wound ſuſtain'd,
Thought to declare the Conqueſt ſhe had gain'd.
In doubts, and fears the Youth had ſtrugled long,
But had not Courage to unlock his Tongue.
Cloſe in the Crowd his fond deſires he bore,
And hidden Fires rage ever more, and more.
At laſt, *Leander* did the Virgin ſee,
None Lovelier there, none Loving more than he.
Oft had he heard of Am'rous griefs and pain,
As oft been told of Woman's coy diſdain.
He therefore Vow'd, he would not only feel
His racking Pangs, and his Tormenting ill,
Vow'd, he would boldy urge his ſuff'rings high,
He would not fondly, and in ſilence die.

Like

Like ſimple Swains, who haughty Nymphs adore,
Content with that, and never ſue for more.
He, with ſoft Murmurs, and ſubmiſſive Sighs,
Would tell her where her greateſt Conqueſt lies,
And ſhew the ſpoils of her Victorious Eyes.
Declare the wounds, which with her looks were made,
Thoſe Wounds, which ſhe, and only ſhe muſt aid.
Bravely the Youth with ſuch reſolves was fill'd,
But Oh! How little are true Lovers skill'd!
One Glance from her, would his late Thoughts
Turn his weak, ſickly reſolutions round, (confound,
And caſt his Eyes all baſhful on the ground.
In hopes, and doubts the Anxious Youth remains,
In pleaſing Joys, yet in perplexing pains.
Unuſual Symptoms in his Face appear,
Of new diſorders, and of growing fear.
Shame, and amaze do there confus'dly move,
The ſure Effects of that ſtrong Poyſon, *Love.*
Now Dark, ſad Thoughts obſcure his Cloudy Mind,
No Glimpſe of Joy can any entrance find.
In hideous forms they lie revolving there,
Dreadful they ſeem, and he grows all deſpair.
Then, in his Breaſt feels Infant light begin
To caſt bright rays, and cheriſh all within.

T hen

Then, glorious Images of Bliſs he frames,
Vaſt Floods of pleaſures in Immortal ſtreams,
And Swims to Heav'n in fancy's Golden dreams.
Raviſh'd all o'er with the Tranſporting tides,
On Tow'ring Seas of Extaſies he rides.
In ev'ry Vein a Liquid Fire does Glow,
And ſwift deſires in mighty Torrents flow.
Now, with a ſeeming boldneſs does he preſs,
To eaſe his Griefs, and make his ſuff'rings leſs.
Thro' Crowds of gazing Rivals he appears,
But as he comes to *Hero*'s ſight, he fears.
With looks aſtoniſh'd, and with folded Arms,
He views his Miſtreſs in her ſhining Charms,
She ſees him too, and as ſhe ſees, ſhe warms.
With wiſhing Glances, and with longing Sighs,
He meets the glories of her Conqu'ring Eyes;
Perceives them darting wand'ring Beams that way,
Gliding by him did their ſwift Sun-ſhine play,
As if they wiſh'd, but were afraid to ſtay.
He, all the while, ſtands ſilent on the place,
And Feaſts his Eyes all o'er her Beauteous Face.
Sometimes, themſelves they would in pain withdraw.
For Oh! he fear'd leaſt ſhe ſhould know he ſaw.

Yet he looks on, all raviſh'd with the view, (purſue,
Freſh Thoughts, freſh Doubts, and freſh Deſires
He's more inflam'd, and then he Sighs anew.
Now the Glad Maid *Leander*'s ſuff'rings ſees,
And all his Torments do the Virgin pleaſe.
A ſecret Joy the Charming Tyrant moves,
She Veils her Beauties, Since ſhe knows he Loves.
For what ſtrange ends are Souls of Women made!
They grieve for Lovers in Romances dead;
But a true Paſſion, and a real pain,
Meets only coldneſs, and their harſh diſdain;
No more that Female ſoftneſs will they ſhow,
Their ſcornful Eyes enjoy the killing woe.
They are all mov'd, when painted Flames they ſee,
Yet burning Lovers ſhall unpity'd be.
This Charming Fair, howe'er, her Mind betray'd,
Leander found vaſt kindneſs from the Maid.
Swift, tow'rds him oft a wand'ring Glance ſhe ſent,
A mighty gain, tho' but a Moment lent.
Then, on a ſuddain, ſnatch'd her Eyes away,
Ah! Too, too modeſt, for they wiſh'd to ſtay.
Such cruel kindneſs do the Skies allow,
Which Lighten'd lately, and grow Darker now.

Yet the fond Youth conceives an inward bliſs,
And hopes her Fires will riſe, ſublime as his.
Now, as he wiſh'd, the Grateful Ev'ning came,
And he reſolv'd he would reveal his Flame.
The ſcatter'd Crowds to their abodes repair,
And leave the Virgin, and her Lover there.
All *Venus* off'rings, and her Feaſts were done,
And he beholds his Goddeſs left alone.
The growing Darkneſs does his Courage aid,
And now he ventures to addreſs the Maid;
Firſt, bowing low, ſubmiſſively he ſtands,
Then look'd, and ſigh'd, and gently preſt her hands.
She at the firſt, diſſembled all her Mind,
Forc'd to grow Angry, leaſt ſhe ſhould grow kind.
She made no Anſwer, but in ſcorn ſhe flew,
And from his hold her Lovely Hands withdrew,
Yet look'd ſo fond, ſhe made him hope anew.
With Loving Eyes ſhe did invite his ſtay,
And all Reſentments, which were feign'd, betray.
To the glad Youth her wav'ring Thoughts were (known.
As well he knew them, as he knew his own.
Half frowning now, ſhe all her weakneſs ſhows,
For now ſhe ſmiles, and more *S*erene ſhe grows.

The

The Tortur'd Lover all Deſpair appears,
Dejected ſeems, and ſheds unmanly Tears.
No wonder Waters of ſuch ſort diſtil,
When raging Fires his Breaſt with burnings fill.
Fondly again he does approach his Fair,
With hated force both to himſelf, and her.
Seizes her Hand with a more eager preſs,
And now Conducts her to a cloſe receſs.
The trembling Virgin ſeem'd, at firſt, affraid,
And an unwilling, Faint reſiſtance made.
She ſeem'd to check him, nor was ſilent long,
And ask'd him why he offer'd ſuch a wrong.
Pray'd him deſiſt, and give his rudeneſs o're,
Strugling with him, but with her ſelf much more.
How, Sir, ſhe cry'd, can you ſuch boldneſs ſhow,
Is this your Paſſion, this the Love you owe?
How do you dare to uſe a Virgin ſo?
A ſpotleſs Maid ſhould not be thus purſu'd,
But with pure Words, and awful Homage woo'd.
Be gone, reply not, but from hence repair,
All your raſh Acts, and looſe deſires forbear,
Such Crimes my Kinſmen are too Juſt to ſpare.
I thought my Office, and my Goddeſs Shrine
Might have deterr'd you from your foul deſign.

But

But if you ſtill ſhould urge your Paſſion on,
I ſhall ſhriek out, and force you to be gone.
Such Words as theſe did not *Leander* move,
He hopes ſuch threats are the effects of Love.
Maids are like Soldiers in beleaguer'd Towns,
With Warlike Pomp they ſhow their Bulwark'd (grounds.
They ſound their Trumpets, and they beat the Drum,
And to the Ramparts all their forces come.
Fiercely they Fire on the prevailing Field,
But if they find this fail them, then they yield.
The Lover now did all his Loves unfold,
Fond were his Thoughts, which he as fondly told.
A thouſand things he ſpoke to move his Fair,
With pleaſing Voice, and with a taking air.
Deeply he ſigh'd, and by the Gods he *Swore*,
By all the Gods that he did e'er adore,
He Worſhip'd them, but her he Worſhip'd more.
In Words like theſe, he did his griefs explain,
With wiſhing looks told all his Anxious pain,
He Vow'd, and ſigh'd, and then he gaz'd again.
Goddeſs, he ſays (for thou art ſure Divine)
No Mortal e'er had any Charms like thine.

Forgive

Forgive thisPaſſion, which your Beauty moves,
For none can ſee you, but of force, he Loves.
And if you would not be reputed dear,
Your only way is, you muſt ne'er appear.
Whate'er my Actions, and my Geſtures be,
They all are caus'd by my deſires for thee.
If, I have err'd, from you my error ſprung,
You guide myHeart,as myHeart guides my Tongue.
And ſure your goodneſs will not Vengeance ſhow,
And Damn the Sinner, when you made him ſo.
Your Office too in my behalf I move,
Who are the Prieſteſs to the Queen of Love.
You cannot Duty to your Goddeſs pay,
Nor, while a Virgin, her Commands obey.
Prieſteſs, and Maid, a Contradiction cauſe,
You are not her's, till you perform her Laws.
If you for *Venus* any honour have,
You ſhew it moſt, when you admit a Slave.
For your own ſake, I beg a ſoft return,
You may provoke her with a further ſcorn.
Fair *Atalanta* was unkind, like you,
She ſtill deny'd to hear her Lovers ſue,
But the Juſt Goddeſs, for her haughty Pride,
Took full Revenge for all the Youths that dy'd.

Pity

Pity me, *Hero*, nor my Flames deſpiſe,
Flames, that were kindled at your Radiant Eyes.
So high they blaze, with ſuch a pure deſire,
Brightly they ſhine, as Elemental Fire.
By Nature always do they upwards move,
A Juſt excuſe for my Ambitious Love.
Beneath the Concave of the Moon they lie,
But mine, more bold, diſdain the lower Sky,
To you, my Sun, from whence they came, they fly.
Still Tow'ring up, they ſomewhat great purſue,
And aim at nothing leſs than Heav'n, or you.
Hot, Fiery bolts will by the Gods be hurl'd,
And wond'rous burning will conſume the World;
At that dread time, when all the Seas ſhall roar,
With ſcorchings, louder than with Winds before.
Ev'n then, my Fair, the Earth more eaſe ſhall find,
Than there is now in my Tormented Mind.
Believe me, Charmer, by your ſelf I ſwear,
You fill my Mind, and you are all my care.
While Life ſhall laſt, while I have any Pow'rs,
Your true Adorer ſhall be always yours.
Honours, nor Empires, nor the Joys above,
Shall thy dear Image from my Breaſt remove,
The higheſt bliſs that is in Heav'n is Love.

For thee, my Paſſion is exceſſive great,
I ſuffer more than Man e'er ſuffer'd yet.
I love you, Faireſt Maid, to that degree,
I cannot live, unleſs poſſeſs't of thee.
This, and much more in pleaſing Terms he ſpoke,
And all the Virgin's reſolutions broke.
With baſhful Eyes, fixt on the Earth, ſhe ſtands,
And now, uncheck'd, ſhe lets him Graſp her hands.
His eager preſſes run thro' every Vein,
Which ſhe almoſt wiſh'd to return again.
A conſcious Bluſh her Beauteous Face o'er-ſpread,
Which ſhew'd her Coyneſs, and her ſcorn were fled.
White Flags hang out, when Warlike places yield,
But 'tis the Red ſurrenders Beauty's Field.
Leander's Words poſſeſs her raviſh'd Ears,
And every accent all anew ſhe hears.
Charm'd with his Voice, and it's bewitching ſound,
Each Word he ſpeaks does all her ſenſes Wound.
Soft, pleaſing pains, and gentle heat ſhe feels,
They fill her Breaſt, and ſhe perceives their ills.
Her vertue now, that Frozen Snake, does move,
Warm'd by the Fires of a new glowing Love.
Her fonder Paſſions, and her doubts engage,
Confus'dly met in an Inteſtine rage.

Her

Her Hopes, and Fears, her Thoughts, and Wiſhes
And fiercely ſtrive in an uncertain War. (Jar,
By diff'rent guſts of an unſetled Mind,
Like a Poor Ship toſt by each threatning Wind,
Now to this point, and now to that inclin'd.
By each Tempeſtuous blaſt ſhe's wildly toſt,
Daſht by each Wave, and in an Ocean loſt.
One while, ſhe thinks of Honour, and of Fame,
And the Priz'd bleſſing of a ſpotleſs Name.
Then, ſhe contemns what ſhe before deſir'd,
For the Sweet Youth again the Virgin Fir'd,
She ſaw his ſhape, and as ſhe ſaw admir'd;
Was with his Geſtures, and behaviour mov'd,
And pity'd kindly, and now kindly Lov'd.
Her pain renews, and every Glance he gives,
Augments his own, and her dear Flames revives.
Each ſigh Exaſperates her fond deſire,
Whiſpers ſoft Thoughts, and Fans the raging Fire.
Thus, Love and Vertue did divide the Maid,
He ſaw the War, and for the Conqueſt pray'd.
While now all baſhful, and in ſtrange ſurprize,
Faſt on the ground ſhe caſt her wiſhing Eyes.
His in vaſt tranſport, wond'rous pleaſures felt,
For, on her Neck, her Beauteous Neck they dwelt.

Then the bleſt *Epicures* had Richer Feaſts,
They ſaw the riſings of her ſwelling Breaſts.
Seated, like Gods, upon thoſe Snowy Hills,
They ſport, and play, at their own wanton Wills,
And every look the raviſh'd Lover Kills.
They Swim in Pleaſures, which in Torrents run,
But ah! How ſoon is the ſhort *Ever* gone!
The Virgin's Love all further bars denies,
(And Flames by Nature ſtill will higheſt riſe.)
Soft, fond Emotions had o'ercome the Maid,
A ſweet Confuſion o'er her Face was ſpread,
And all in Bluſhes theſe kind Words ſhe ſaid.
Who, ah! who taught you this great skill in Love?
Such Charms as theſe the very Rocks might move;
The coldeſt Rocks, daſht by the roaring Seas,
Might ſure be warm'd, with ſuch bright Flames as (theſe.
Such cunning Arts, and taking ways you ſhow,
Too well, I fear, how to deceive you know.
You are a ſtranger, and are learnt to cheat,
And now would Practiſe but ſome new deceit.
Alas! (and then ſhe bluſh'd) why came you here?
I cannot Love, and you are loſt,——I fear.
Would you had never ſeen me, O ye Power's!
Not ſeen my Face, nor I have look'd on yours.

Suppoſe,

Suppoſe, Sweet Youth, I ſhould return your Flame,
I muſt be ſtill the ſame, as now I am.
My Parents will not grant that I ſhould wed,
And ſo you never can enjoy my Bed.
And ſecret Pleaſures I will ne'er allow,
Againſt ſtol'n Joys I made a ſolemn Vow.
And ſhould I grant them, it would ſoon be known
In every Village, and Cenſorious Town.
Tho' Fame flies ſwifter than the Eaſtern Wind,
She leaves no ſtory, no report behind.
But gathers ſomething, wherefo'er ſhe goes,
And oft tells more, than what ſhe Juſtly knows.
Howe'er, your Name, and your abode declare,
Tho' not ſoft Paſſion, I can Pity bear.
In yonder Tow'r, with my old Maid I lie,
None elſe inhabit there but ſhe, and I.
The Foaming Waves beneath its ramparts flow,
They are the only Viſitants we know.
The Whiſtling Winds do with the Waters Jar,
And with loud noiſe Proclaim a dreadful War.
No Nymphs, or Youths do to our Borders come,
We live all Friendleſs, and alone at home.
No ſound of Muſick does my ſlumbers break,
The roaring Billows all my Muſick make.

No People Travel our deſerted ways,
No Neighbours near us, but the Neighbouring Seas.
Thus when ſhe ſaid, the Maid again withdrew,
And hid her Face from her *Leander*'s view,
Which now with Bluſhes was o'erſpread anew.
She thinks ſhe too much fondneſs has expreſt,
And fears her Language has her Flames confeſt,
For, much ſhe told her ſelf, and Bluſhes told the reſt.
Each Word ſhe ſpoke her tender Lover mov'd,
Her every look declar'd how well ſhe Lov'd.
And now the raviſh'd Youth, with longing Eyes,
By ſlow degrees, Charms ſtill, and thus replies.
Thus, with Attractive Mien, his ſilence broke,
And, humbly bowing, languiſh'd, as he ſpoke,
Shall Airy nothings our Delights o'erthrow,
Without the forces of a real Foe?
Let Fame, and Honour unregarded be,
Thoſe Shaddows never ſhould diſcourage me,
Who with my Flames dare venture thro' the Sea.
Not Heaven's bright Flaſhes o'er the Waves ſhall fly,
With greater ſafety, or more ſwift than I.
Tho' big with dangers every Billow ſwell,
And tumble down to a low depth, like hell.

Tho'

Tho' the whole Ocean with loud tempeſts roar,
And Barks lie ſcatter'd on the foamy ſhore,
I ne'er ſhall meet with any dreadful harms,
Steering my Courſe to thoſe Lov'd, happy Arms.
The hardſhip only will encreaſe the bliſs,
(If ought encreaſes what Immortal is.)
I would ſcorn Joys got in the common road,
For thee, my Heav'n, I would outdare a God.
Yes, every Night, I will *Abydos* leave,
And all the Terrours of the Ocean brave,
Outface each Wind, and every faithleſs Wave.
But this (O Life of Love!) you needs muſt grant;
(For 'tis a kindneſs I ſhall greatly want.)
Let a bright Torch ſhine from your Tow'r afar,
While I, Love's bark, make that my guiding Star.
For you, my Fair, the Helleſpont I'll Plow,
With his own Arms ſhall your bold Lover Row.
For you I burn with ſuch a fierce deſire,
That I would ſwim to thee thro' Seas of Fire.
I need not beg you of the ſtorms beware,
For, if you Love, you will extreamly fear,
And who, Ah! who would loſe the bleſſing near!
Now, dereſt Maid, ſince you my Name would know,
It is *Leander* that adores you ſo.

Theſe, and ten Thouſand other things he ſaid,
Soft moving things, which melted down the Maid.
'Till *Hero*'s Flames to ſuch a height were grown,
She ſays alas ! She is no more her own.
In conſcious Bluſhes her conſent appears,
In riſing ſighs, and in new falling Tears.
Whilſt the fond Youth drank up the trickling dew,
To all her Conqueſts ſtill ſhe added new.
Cloſe to her glowing Cheeks his own he preſt,
How happy then, how greatly was he bleſt !
She tells him now, ſhe will a Torch prepare,
And Crys, dear Youth, ah ! Deareſt Youth, beware.
Not her own Life will ſhe more ſafely guard,
For Oh ! Her Life is not to his prefer'd.
With taking fondneſs, and in ſofteſt ways,
The Lovers languiſh, and each other pleaſe.
To him her grant did riſing Joys afford,
He Kiſs'd, and ſtopt her at each broken Word.
In tender Murmurs he declar'd his bliſs.
While their Souls met, at every eager Kiſs.
Ten thouſand now o'er all her Face he ſpread,
He Kiſs'd, and Mark't her, with his Kiſſes, red.
With willing Lips ſhe the Embrace allows,
And raviſht, he grows laviſh of his Vows.

Oft

Oft by the Sea, which he must trust, he Swore,
Oft by the Goddess, whom the Ocean bore,
And wish'd, if false, he might not reach the shore.
Without repulse, he would enjoy the Maid,
But with endearments she his suit declay'd.
With interfering Kisses, which she gave,
His bliss was such, he could no greater crave.
Such are the taking ways, which Women shew,
They make their Charming fondness always new,
And that, which raises, can appease us too.
With cunning Arts, our ful-spread Fires they blow,
We inward burn, and a pure brightness show.
His high desires could not have e'er been born,
Had she repay'd them with a killing scorn.
Such rigid coldness would inrage him most,
We feel worst scorchings in the hardest Frost.
But she, kind Beauty! Made a fit return,
And with like Passion, as himself, did burn.
Whene'er the Youth her hand with presses warm'd,
She grew all ravish'd, all o'er-joy'd, and Charm'd.
Vast were Pleasures, nor could his be less,
She gave him Kiss for Kiss, and press for press.
Thus took they earnest of the wish'd delight,
Which she defer'd, till the next happy Night.

Often

Theſe, and ten Thouſand other things he ſaid,
Soft moving things, which melted down the Maid.
'Till *Hero*'s Flames to ſuch a height were grown,
She ſays alas ! She is no more her own.
In conſcious Bluſhes her conſent appears,
In riſing ſighs, and in new falling Tears.
Whilſt the fond Youth drank up the trickling dew,
To all her Conqueſts ſtill ſhe added new.
Cloſe to her glowing Cheeks his own he preſt,
How happy then, how greatly was he bleſt !
She tells him now, ſhe will a Torch prepare,
And Crys, dear Youth, ah ! Deareſt Youth, beware.
Not her own Life will ſhe more ſafely guard,
For Oh ! Her Life is not to his prefer'd.
With taking fondneſs, and in ſofteſt ways,
The Lovers languiſh, and each other pleaſe.
To him her grant did riſing Joys afford,
He Kiſs'd, and ſtopt her at each broken Word.
In tender Murmurs he declar'd his bliſs.
While their Souls met, at every eager Kiſs.
Ten thouſand now o'er all her Face he ſpread,
He Kiſs'd, and Mark't her, with his Kiſſes, red.
With willing Lips ſhe the Embrace allows,
And raviſht, he grows laviſh of his Vows.

Oft

Oft by the Sea; which he muſt truſt, he Swore,
Oft by the Goddeſs, whom the Ocean bore,
And wiſh'd, if falſe, he might not reach the ſhore.
Without repulſe, he would enjoy the Maid,
But with endearments ſhe his ſuit declay'd.
With interfering Kiſſes, which ſhe gave,
His bliſs was ſuch, he could no greater crave.
Such are the taking ways, which Women ſhew,
They make their Charming fondneſs always new,
And that, which raiſes, can appeaſe us too.
With cunning Arts, our ful-ſpread Fires they blow,
We inward burn, and a pure brightneſs ſhow.
His high deſires could not have e'er been born,
Had ſhe repay'd them with a killing ſcorn.
Such rigid coldneſs would inrage him moſt,
We feel worſt ſcorchings in the hardeſt Froſt.
But ſhe, kind Beauty! Made a fit return,
And with like Paſſion, as himſelf, did burn.
Whene'er the Youth her hand with preſſes warm'd,
She grew all raviſh'd, all o'er-joy'd, and Charm'd.
Vaſt were Pleaſures, nor could his be leſs,
She gave him Kiſs for Kiſs, and preſs for preſs.
Thus took they earneſt of the wiſh'd delight,
Which ſhe defer'd, till the next happy Night.

Often

Often they ſigh'd, and many looks they caſt,
Each one of which they did deſign their laſt.
Another ſtill did the fond Lovers crave,
Another yet, and yet another laſt they gave.
Gazing he went, and took a diſtant view,
Then ſtepping ſhort, look'd back, and gaz'd anew.
Till in fond wand'rings from her ſight he ſtray'd,
Then, in Idea he beheld the Maid.
Frequent remarks he on the ways did make,
Leaſt the next Night he ſhould the road miſtake.
And now on Board, he ſaw the Active Oars
Plow the rough deep, as they remov'd the ſhores.
That tedious Night he at *Abydos* lies,
And fancies *Hero* ſtill before his Eyes.
In broken ſlumbers now he Claſps his Fair,
In Dreams he Courts her, and Embraces there.
Thus the Night flies, on ſlow-Wing'd Clouds away,
But oft he curſes the long, ling'ring Day.
The Sun ſtands ſtill to him, nor does he know,
How to divert himſelf, or where to go.
With folded Arms, he wanders up and down,
Then, finds Acquaintance in his Native Town.
He, thoughtful ſtill, no talk to Friends affords,
And hears, unnotic'd, all their Pleaſant Words.

Whate'er

Whate'er he did, or whatſoe'er he ſaid,
His Mind ſtill ran upon the Charming Maid.
But now the Night it's uſual Darkneſs ſpreads,
O'er all the Seas, and o'er the flow'ry Meads.
Each Breaſt it did with Pleaſing Calmneſs fill,
Which was a ſtranger to *Leander* ſtill.
And now he Walks, upon the ſtormy ſhore,
Slights all the Billows, when he hears them roar,
Impatent grown, and longs to venture o'er.
Fancies, he now has ſtemm'd the furious tide,
And is already at the farther ſide.
Fancies, his *Hero* on the Strands appears,
Conceives, the Marks her tender Paſſion wears,
And meets her ſmiling, yet all o'er in Tears.
Again he doubts ſhe may be grown unkind,
Or fears to truſt him to the Faithleſs Wind.
A thouſand wild Conjectures does he make,
And ſtill the old one, for ſome new, forſake.
But now the Maid, who could not brook delay,
Lights the bright guide, to call her Love away.
Now, to the Tow'r his longing Eyes he caſt,
And ſees the Torch, his Nuptial Star, at laſt.
To him, it ſeems Juſt from the Seas to riſe,
Appearing fixt in the far diſtant Skies.

The

The grateful object did new Thoughts Create,
And Planet like, as well as light, ſhot heat.
It made his Extaſie of pain the more,
And now, his Veins in boiling rage run o'er.
In other things, whatever Stars may do,
The Stars of Love, 'tis ſure, vaſt Pow'r can ſhew.
Howe'er, concern'd, the roaring Waves he hears,
The winds raiſe them, and with them, riſe his fears,
And each ſunk Sea, like a deep grave appears.
Between two ills did the fond Lover move,
The Ocean's ſtorms, and the worſe ſtorms of Love.
Which ſhall he choſe, of theſe two ſad extreams,
To die by Waters, or to die by Flames?
Flames, which the fury of the Floods ſurvive,
The Floods but ſerv'd to keep the Flames alive.
He calls on *Venus*, and repeats her Name,
Venus, he knew, from the rough Ocean came;
Venus, the Goddeſs who had heard his Vow,
To her he prays, and begs her ſuccour now.
Then, bravely Naked, he the Waves divides,
With Manly force, ſtemms the oppoſing tides,
And in proud State, like a Sea-God he rides.
His Arms his Oars, he Plow'd the ſwelling Flood,
While his dear *Hero* on the Turret ſtood.

The

Toſt with her doubts, and trembling with her fears,
His mighty toil but ſmall to her's appears.
She watch'd the Wind, and its inconſtant blaſts,
And her rich Robe round the bright Torch ſhe caſts.
Her Robe, which like ſome Beauteous Streamer flew,
And Born out from her, with each Wind that blew,
Flutter'd, and ſeem'd, as it was trembling too.
Now the glad Youth had reach'd the Seſtian Coaſt,
While the fond Virgin in her Thoughts was loſt.
But ſoon ſhe ſees him on the nearer ſhore,
She haſts, and meets, and bids him welcome o'er,
And round him caſts the Mantle which ſhe wore.
Now, now ſhe claſps him, and with kind Embrace,
She ſpreads warm Kiſſes o'er his watry Face,
And brings new Vigour, and new heat apace.
While the cold Youth ſtood wet, and ſhiv'ring there,
The trickling drops fell from his flowing Hair.
Strait, was he thence to her own Chamber brought,
Furniſh'd with Works, which her fair hands had (wrought.
She there provides ſweet Eſſences, and Oyls,
Fit to refreſh him, after all his Toils.

Scarce

Scarce yet recover'd, on the Bed he's lay'd,
And his ſtrong Limbs ſurpriz'd the raviſh'dMaid,
Which ſhe with ſilent, eager Joy ſurvey'd.
Then, all deſire, into his Arms ſhe flew,
And did ten Thouſand Marks of kindneſs ſhew,
In ſuch fond ways as made him wiſh anew.
With taking Air ſhe did beſide him lie,
WhileWords,like theſe,from her dearLips did fly;
Life's Death without thee, with thee, Life to die.
For me, my Love, what wonders have you done!
Into what Deaths, what Dangers have you run!
Had you been loſt, I too had been undone.
To ſuch vaſt heights noFlames,but yours,e'er flew,
None, none alive ſo nobly dar'd as you,
A Love, as boundleſs as the Seas, you ſhew.
Repoſe, dear Youth, your weary'd Spirits here,
Upon theſe Breaſts, if any Charms they bear.
Theſe Breaſts,—which ſoon as ſhe had ſweetly ſaid,
With a cloſe Kiſs her further ſpeech he ſtay'd.
Thus flows the dereſt, ſofteſt Night away,
In cloſe enjoyments, and in wanton play,
While ſhe ſays fondly he ſhall ever ſtay.
Sporting they lie, and look, and ſigh a while,
Then ſnatch a kiſs, and at each other ſmile.

No

No dull, untimely Mirth, or ſolemn State,
Or dance, or Muſick, on their Nuptials wait.
No Barb'rous Fool tells here his loathſom Jeſts,
Such as are uſual at the Marriage Feaſts.
Nor, while the Bride by her dear Lover ſighs,
Impertinently vex her, where ſhe lies.
No glaring Torches here deſtroy the Night,
But a ſtill Lamp affords a glimm'ring light.
Theſe ſtealths were ſeen but by the Stars alone,
The haſty Sun ſtill found *Leander* gone.
He, with regret does from his *Hero* go,
How dreadful then do all the Surges ſhow!
When her dear Arms muſt now no longer pleaſe,
Still with his own he ſeems to climb the Seas.
By day, ſhe always led a Virgin's Life,
And was, by Night, more bleſt than any Wife.
So oft *Leander* did the Ocean Plow,
That he was known to every *Dolphin* now.
Thus they a while with ſecret Joys were Crown'd,
With all the Joys ſucceſsful Love e'er found.
The changing Moon a waining viſage wore,
Yet found them conſtant, and their Flames ſtill more.
The flowing tides, which ſwell'd the riſing Main,
Embrac'd thoſe Strands, which they forſook again.

But

But still no Ebb was in their Passion known,
The Sea of Love was still the greater grown.
But Oh! How faithless Fortune's gifts appear!
He's rashly fond, who values blessings here.
Now Winter hasts, and dreadful Tempests brings,
And raging Storms on it's fierce, Windy Wings,
Impetuous blasts o'er all the Surges Reign,
And wond'rous outrages infest the Main;
(The Lovers wish for *Halcyon* Days in vain.)
On the cold shores the Sea-men trembling stand,
And scarce believe they are secure, at land.
But Oh! no danger does *Leander* Mind,
Love on this score may well be counted blind.
No Jarring Seas or Winds his Soul can move,
Their discord seems but Harmony for Love.
His fierce desire does on his Mind impose,
And nearer much the fatal Turret shows.
He sees the Torch, and he must hast away,
Tho' the loud blasts seem'd to Commands his stay,
In spight of Storms, in spight of Winds, and Rain,
He forces Waves, which dash him back again.
Oft, tho' repuls'd, with all his utmost Pow'rs,
He cuts this Billow, and o'er that he Tow'rs.

Hero

Hero, methinks, ſhould grant ſome reſpit now,
And tedious abſence for a while allow.
The tempting Torch ſhould have more cautious been,
When not one Star dare in the Heav'ns be ſeen.
It's tender Miſtreſs did no danger know,
For her hard fate, alas! had order'd ſo.
The gloomy Night a double darkneſs ſpread,
As if it Mourn'd the black Decrees were made.
Yet oft the light'nings in ſwift Flaſhes flew,
Which did the horrors of the Night renew.
While Peals of rowling thunder loudly roar,
And the big Ocean ſeem'd to thunder more.
Braving Heaven's threats, the breaking Billows fly,
Like daſhing Clouds, when Bolts have ſhook the Sky.
While the fierce Winds, and the rough Surges Jar,
Threat'ning deſtruction with their dreadful War.
The Poor *Leander* now, all hopeleſs, ſtrove,
To make the *Seſtian* ſhore, and reach his Love.
Here, ſwelling Seas, like mighty Mountains, ſhow,
There, Vallies Gape, deep, wond'rous deep below.
His frequent Pray'rs the Youth directs, in vain,
To all the Pow'rs preſiding o'er the Main.

In vain, to Neptune, whom the Flood obeys,
In vain, to *Venus*, oft in vain he prays,
Venus, much deafer than her Mother Seas.
In ſuch diſtreſs what could complaints perform?
They ſerv'd alas! But to encreaſe the ſtorm.
Yet, the rough *Boreas* he did moſt aſſwage,
Orythia nam'd, he could no longer rage.
The ſtubb'orn *Wind* did mild, and gentle grow,
And but in Murmurs, and in ſighs could blow.
But now the Youth, while ſtrugling with the tide,
Fails of his ſtrength, nor can the Waves divide.
He breaks the Seas no more with Manly toil,
In Triumph, down they bear their wretched ſpoil.
The Tempeſt ſtill grows louder in the Sky,
While the toſt Floods with angry Pride run high.
And now, a blaſt, an envious blaſt takes flight,
Prevailing ſtill on the well guarded Light.
The ſtorm's loud Malice, with ſucceſs it Crowns,
The Torch goes out, and now *Leander* Drowns.
Daſh'd with the Ocean's rude inſulting ſtreams,
Which fill his Throat, as he his *Hero* Names.
She, all the While, dreads his unuſual ſtay,
Reſtleſs, and liſt'ning, as awake ſhe lay.

Oft

Oft, her Wild fears his real Dangers ſhew,
Then, ſhe hopes fondly they are all untrue,
A fair pretence does oft our ſenſe deceive,
For, what we wiſh, we can with eaſe believe.
She thinks that then he would not venture o'er,
For new delights, and Joys unknown before.
But ſoon ſhe Starts, while her Thoughts ſtrangely rove;
And riſing cries, then are you come, my Love?
But diſappointed, ſhe more fearful grew,
And fancy'd diſmal, hideous things anew:
What cannot fancy, help'd by Darkneſs, do!
Her Sickly Mind ſhews her *Leander* come,
Shews him all wet, and ſhiv'ring in the Room.
Dropping, and Pale, he ſtands beſide her Bed,
With folded Arms, and with dejected Head;
To Tempt him ſtill with Thouſand Charms ſhe tries;
The pleaſing Image her Embraces flies.
She, ſtill perplext ſuch by deluſions, lay,
Till the approach of the ſad, conſcious Day.
Mournful ſhe roſe, and Clouded as the Skies,
And views the dreadful Sea, with Cautious Eyes.
While her fond fancy, to divert her fear,
Shews him now wand'ring there, now wand'ring here.

But ah! no more it can ſuch viſions ſhew,
It brings falſe things, but never hides the true.
The bruis'd, torn Body ſhe beholds at laſt,
Which, ſome kind Wave beneath the Tower had caſt.
The killing object was too quickly known,
And with a ſudden Shriek, ſhe leapt all headlong
(down.

The End of the First Book.

AMASIA,

OR, THE

Works of the Muses.

Containing the

FOREST of *LOVE.*

Vol. II. Book II.

Nos tibi blanda Venus, *pueriq; potentibus armis*
Plaudimus: inceptis annue Diva meis.

TO THE

Right Honourable

THE

Lady *Olympia Roberts.*

MADAM,

AFter having been a conſiderable time in Town, deficient all the while in my duty of waiting on your Ladyſhip; like a true Poet, I flatter my ſelf, that I may make my Book my excuſe; not preſuming to think it worthy to be called a Preſent. How this may paſs with your Ladyſhip, I know not, but am apt to fear, it will, at beſt, be thought but a Poetical excuſe for ſo great an Omiſſion. How-

ever, if it may be allow'd to be truly Poetical, some hopes of your Ladyship's Pardon must still remain, when I consider you, as you are, a Favourer of Poetry. While the Muse introduces me to your Ladyship, I pass securely, like Æneas *conducted by the* Sybil, *to* Elyzium. *The Golden Bough, that* Hero *brandish'd, intitled him to visit all the shady Groves, but here my Pen must fail, and I shall perhaps, be left without a Guide in Darkness, since I can hardly boast* That *for a Golden Branch. But to ascend more to the light; part of the Muses Works, Madam, are lay'd here at your Ladyship's Feet; and I am sensible, such is your quick, and Judicious Penetration, you need not be at pains to stoop, to take them up; scarce can they be read so fast, as your Ladyship can both find their Beauties, (if they have any) and their faults; but so Justly your Candour Rivals your Judgment, 'twill be hard to determine, whether you will see the former*

mer more readily, than you will Wink at the latter. Your Ladyship's Father, the late Earl of Radnor, *when Governour of* Ireland, *was the kind Patron to mine, he rais'd him to the first steps, by which he afterwards ascended to the Dignities he bore, to those, which render'd his Labours more conspicuous, and set, in a more advantagious light, those living Merits, which now make his Memory belov'd. These, and yet greater Temporal Honours, your Family heap'd on him, by making, even me, in some sort related, and ally'd to you, by his Inter-Marriage with your Sister, the Lady* Araminta. *How imprudent a Vanity is it in me to boasts a Father so Meritorious! How may I be asham'd to prove my self his Son, by Poetry, that only qualification, which he so much excell'd in, but yet esteem'd no Excellence. I bring but a bad proof of Birth, laying my claim in that only thing he would not own. These are, however, Madam, but the Products*

ducts of Immaturer Years; and riper Age, may, I hope, bring forth more ſolid Works. In the mean time, ſuch as they are, they Court your Ladyſhip's Acceptance.

I am,

Madam,

Your Ladyſhip's moſt Dutiful, and

Moſt Obedient Humble Servant,

Sylvius.

THE
FOREST of *LOVE.*

Being ſome Copies Written to Amaſia, *on particular Occaſions.*

To Amaſia, *who made me a preſent of a Studying-Cap, variouſly Beautified with Trees and Flow'rs of Needle-Work.*

HOW great's your skill, that you can here (reſtore
What your Dear Sex loſt all the World before,
Not readier, *Chaos* the ſtrange *Word* Obey'd;
You wave your Hand, and Paradiſe is made.
Your ſuddain Plants, at firſt Appearance, bloom,
And all is Spring, where'er your Fingers come.
Only that ſad *Narciſſus* fades away,
As if Self-Love made ev'n the Flower decay.
Your lofty Cedars at full growth appear;
Not ſooner Planted, than they Flouriſh here.

You

You Charm with Beauty, and you Charm with worth,
Your Needle ne'er Points to a Frozen North.
Where'er I Walk, thro' Pleasant Groves I go,
And I am blest with their dear Shades below.
Your grateful Bow'r diverting Thoughts inspires,
And my strong fancy with New notions Fires.
As, while the *Sybills* on the *Tripos* stood,
They grew inspir'd with their Prophetick God.
So, while my Head your Sacred present wears,
I boast a Knowledge, as Divine as theirs.
In polish'd Numbers all my Thoughts shall flow,
And (you my Muse) I shall Immortal grow.
While all those Beauteous, spreeding Trees I see,
Planted by your fair Fingers, seem to be
Still-blooming Laurels, in it, Crowning me.

To Amasia, *on her filling a Glass with Water, whereon she had Painted Stags, and Birds, and Trees.*

BY this, you prove your Pow'r is truly great,
You Kill at Pleasure, and you here Create.
Some of the Herd, which you so lively drew,
Neglect all Food, and Joy to gaze at you.

While

While others bow to Drink, and bend ſo near,
We wonder ſtill to ſee the Water there.
Actæon chang'd, had not been here purſu'd,
He had eſcap'd, ſecure among the Crowd;
In a fair Spring, by chance, he once deſcry'd
A Heav'nly Beauty, and transform'd, he dy'd.
And in this place, he might with wonder view
As bright a Goddeſs, and as fatal too;
In his own ſhape, he muſt have dy'd for you.
Your ſtately Stags rear high their lofty Heads,
Tall as the Trees, in thick, and fruitful Shades,
And a vaſt Grove above each Forehead ſpreads.
They, and your Foreſts, with each other vie,
Nor can I tell which ſeems more proudly high.
The Trees, freſh Life, from your late Bounty, drew,
As from the Fountain, which you pour'd, they grew,
Became more Green, and Flouriſh'd all anew.
One *Phœnix* lives, and that is ſprung from Fire,
But many ſeem to riſe from Water here.
Whilſt all your ſporting Birds prepare to fly,
And cut with gawdy Wings, a ſtrange, unuſual Sky.

To

To Amasia, *invested with a Muslin-Nightraile, variously Beautified with Birds, and Beasts of Needle-Work.*

THE wond'rous Rod set the Red Sea aside,
And here, your Finger can this white divide.
What you created, your invention saves,
You lead your Creatures thro' the Foaming Waves.
Tho' when you please, you make them Ebb, and Flow,
And stand on heaps, at the least touch of you.
A Head must be, whence all this Ocean rose,
Sure, from your Breasts this Beauteous deluge Flows.
Ambitious Waters once o'er-spread the ground,
Here, in a Sea of Milk the World is drown'd.
The wond'ring Flocks all Wisely here withdrew;
What better *Ark* could they desire, than you?
In all this Flood, give me the blest Command,
To be the Turtle, to find out the land.
I shall, I know, a happy soil descry,
A Heav'n lies hid, within this Silver Sky.
None here can err, none here can ever stray,
He's sure of bliss, that comes this Milky way.

To

To Amaſia, *wearing a Muſlin-Apron, wrought with Trees and Beaſts of Needle-Work.*

'TIS ſaid indeed, *Achilles* Launce could Wound,
And what it hurt, again could render ſound.
Your pointed Spear here Acts, with wonder, more,
And thus Creates——theſe had no form before.
Nor, could the Pen ſo well deſcribe this Field,
That, and the Sword, muſt to the Needle yield.
Your Wolf is here Cloath'd in a ſpotleſs skin,
'Tis pure without, and 'tis all ſoft within.
Your Pow'rful dart can make all Creatures tame,
That may, it ſelf, be Shepherd to the Lamb.
Thro' all your Woods, the Dogs purſue the Hare,
Thro' all thoſe Trees, you made ſo ſtrangely Fair,
To bloom, and ſpread, and ſo much Winter here!
I track their Feet, for ſure I think they run,
And hope to ſee them ſeize their Game anon.
I only fear, whilſt thro' this Field they go,
The dropping Blood ſhould Paint it's purer Snow.

To

To Amasia, *on her Beautifying the Lining of her Gown, with Trees, and Groves in Needle-Work.*

NOT *Juno*'s Bird can brighter glories shew,
That, Nature painted, this is drawn by you.
Where'er you Walk, the Airy People fly,
And, for your Groves, forsake the *S*ilver *S*ky.
With doubled Force they hasten from above,
And wonder thus to see your Forests move.
Aim, to light fast on your deluding Gown,
And flutt'ring fall, with strange amazement down.
*S*o, *Xeuxis* Birds snatch'd at false Grapes in vain,
And, fill'd with wonder, they return'd again.
Greater than his, your Charming skill we see,
For, with the Fruit he tempted, you, the Tree.
Like that of *Eden*, your Plantation spreads,
And Groves, Just set, rear high their stately Heads.
All the fair Draught does such exactness bear,
*S*o wond'rous Curious does the Work appear,
I dread, methinks, a real *S*erpent here.
This is a glorious Paradise in show,
But the true Paradise is only you.

To

To Amaſia, *ſticking Gardens cut in Paper, on a large Glaſs.*

WE ſee your Actions here are wond'rous all,
Your fruit Trees ſpread along this Chryſtal (Wall.
You make me fancy (they are all ſo fair)
A ſweet *Elyzium* in this clearer Air.
Your *Siſſers*, far the Pruninghooks outdo,
Thoſe lop off Boughs, but theſe make Branches grow,
And, if our Eyes deceive not, Bloſſom too.
Rooted in Ice, your Beauteous Gardens ſtand,
And ſhew the wonders of your Pow'rful Hand.
O may no Winter to your Beauties come,
But may they ever, like your Orchards, Bloom.

POEMS

ON

Several Occasions.

To Three Ladies who presented me their Verses Written in praise of one another, and in return for my Judgment, told my Fortune.

PARIS his Beauties must, asham'd, give way,
I Judge three Goddesses, more bright than they.
My bliss beyond what he could boast, has been,
He view'd without, but I have seen within.
Which here excell'd, not *Phæbus* self could know,
Each seems a *Venus*, and *Minerva* too.
The first I like, and I admire the rest,
Still as I read, I think the present, best.
Not any one can the whole Trophie bear,
The Apple, sure, must be divided here.
Let all hereafter on your Beauties gaze,
But none demean them, with a future praise.

Thus,

Thus, you ſhould all your own perfections tell,
As there is none ſo fair, there's none can write ſo (well.
The Nine no more ſhall be ador'd by me,
Henceforth, the Muſes ſhall be only three.
You, our Fair *Parca*, know our Fortunes too,
For, all Mankind receive their doom from you.
This Pow'r of yours, by it's own greatneſs ſtands,
You read our Hearts, Juſt as you read our hands.
A knowledge thence, let none hereafter prize,
But look their fates in your Illuſtrious Eyes.

On a Fly, that flew into a Lady's Eye, and there lay buried in a Tear.

(1.)

ABout thoſe Eyes, ſince I could move,
I flutter'd ſtill, and flew,
And always to play there did Love,
Yet more deſpis'd than you.
I die each hour, yet all the ills I bear,
Ne'er made her ſhed for me a pitying Tear.

(2.)

Yet 'twas her Pride I do believe,
Not pity, made thee fall,
Preſumptuous Wretch! you could not live,
She Loves to ruine all.
Her Tyrant pleaſure does no Laws obey,
She ſtoops, *Domitian* like, to any prey.

(3.)

The patient Taper's ſparkling light,
You might (Poor inſect) view,
But ah! her Eyes ſhine much too bright
To be beheld by you.
The Daring Fool, burnt by the blazing Sun,
Fell, from a leſs attempt, with ruine, down.

(4.)

By this, we ſee, deluded Flie,
Your high, Ambitious aim,
You, like the *Phænix*, thought to die,
And periſh in a Flame,

How

How different alas! your fate is found!
Strange! that you ſhould amidſt ſuch Fires be drown'd!

(5.)

Like *Icarus*, too high you flew,
And cut your yielding, trackleſs way,
Your Wings deſtroy'd by Sunbeams too,
You fell into a faithleſs Sea.
The Sun, I know, did often Flies beget,
But ne'er, till now, has it deſtroy'd them yet.

(6.)

So ſweetly here you reſt,
So rich a Tomb you have,
And like an *Epicure* ſo bleſt,
All are not *Stoicks* in the Grave.
Your Death bids Lovers live prepar'd for theirs,
When ſo much Cruelty is found in Tears.

To a Lady, deſiring a Viſit.

I Am unwel, and my Deſeaſe you know,
For who could e'er ſee you, and not be ſo?
Like light'ning Flaſhes your bright glances flew,
To blaſt my Sight, when I but look'd at you.
Yet wonder not that I ſhould now deſire
To ſee again, and ſo renew the Fire.
Thus, Men in Feavers, ſcorch'd, and raving lie,
And beg for Drink, tho' if they Drink, they die.
Thus, the Raſh *Semele* entreated *Jove*,
For Flames, much fiercer than the Flames of Love,
Yet, like *Achilles* Launce, your Eyes are found,
For, they can cure, what they themſelves did wound.
Come then, fair Charmer, like the breaking Day,
And drive my ills, thoſe Cloudy miſts away.
All pains,—but Love's, will from thy Preſence run,
Like flying ſhades, from the approaching Sun.

Seeing

Seeing a fair Young Lady, juſt a dying.

SEE how the Virgin Fades, like ſweeteſtFlow'rs,
Pluckt in their Bloom from their delightful (bow'rs.
Behold herEyes,ſoCharming,and ſoYoung!
See how they Dart their Glimm'ring Beams along.
In Beauteous Bluſhes now they ſet to reſt,
Like Suns diſmounting in theGoldenWeſt. (Shrouds.
Their ſparkling Lights Death's gloomy darkneſs
O'ercaſt by their bright lids, like Silver Clouds.
With pointed Luſtre on her Cheeks they play,
Like Evening rays, which ſhine themſelves away.
Thoſe Lovely Cheeks, whoſe wonted Glory's fled,
Are now ſtreakt over with a fainting Red.
The flying ſhadows hover to, and fro,
Now, faſt they Fleet, now quite away they go.
Who can enough this fatal loſs deplore,
The more I look alas! I feel it more.
In this alone, I ſome repoſe can find,
This only thought can eaſe my troubled Mind;
She will be Happy whereſoe'er ſhe treads,
In all Death's Manſions, where her fancy leads,
In Fragrant Grots, and pleaſant, flowry Meads.

Some Royal ſhade the chief of all below,
In thoſe bleſt Lands, where ſhe made haſt to go.
The nobleſt far, in the *Elyzian* Groves,
The greateſt Hero, fam'd for greateſt Loves.
Who at their Chryſtal, wide, expecting Gates,
With folded Arms, and longing wiſhes waits;
Impatient ſtill for her arival there,
To ſee this wond'rous Celebrated fair;
Now, in his Breaſt, feels riſing Joys begin,
And now, all tranſport, when ſhe firſt is ſeen,
With airy Bows, receives, and leads her in.
Whilſt all the Joyful happy dwellers ſmile,
And gaze, all raviſht, on her, all the while.
They Paint her way, with ſtrewing Fragrant Flow'rs,
And glide admiring thro' their ſilent Bow'rs. (dwell,
To thoſe bright, grateful Groves, where ſhe muſt
And that ſhe's come———
In pleaſing Whiſpers, to each other tell.

A Dialogue between a living Nymph, *and a* Youth *who was drown'd. Written thus at the Requeſt of a Lady.*

(1.)

Nymph. TELL me, Dear *Youth*, why hence you (fled?
Why ſhunn'd you mine for *Thetis* Bed?

Youth.

Touth. For me ſhe ſpreads her Liquid Charms,
I wanton in her Chryſtal Arms,
And ſhe, the watry *Nymph*, burns for me dead.

(2.)

Nymph. Ah! why would you not ſtay with me?
Am I not yielding ſoft as ſhe?
My Love, as flowing too appears,
As in its higheſt tides is her's;
Nor ſhall it ever know an Ebb for thee.

(3.)

Tho' now ſhe ſeems ſo melting kind,
You will her Ice, and coldneſs find.
She to the Sun, at Night, will flow,
Tho' not ſo vigorous, as you,
Ah! not ſo glorious, as when here you ſhin'd.

(4.)

To him too ſhe will Faithleſs prove,
For the Moon's changes change her Love.

She

She Loves you not ſo well as I,
Who to no Arms, but yours, will fly,
For as both liv'd in Fires, in Waters both ſhould (Dye.

(5.)

Not all the Coral ſhe can ſhow,
Or Jewels ought to Alter you,
Youth. Not all her Treaſures, and her Gold,
In mighty ſumms, which can't be told;
Nay, ſhould ſhe give the Sun, which makes them too.

To Amaſia, *who Commanded me to avoid her preſence, whenever ſhe appear'd.*

A ſtrange Command I have receiv'd of you,
You bid me fly, and yet you ſtill purſue,
Where'er I go, or whatſoe'er I do.
For in my Breaſt, you, dear prevailing fair,
Have got poſſeſſion, ſince you Conquer'd there.
You bid me fly, and yet too well you know,
That, while I live, I cannot e'er do ſo;
Sylvius as well may fly himſelf, as you.
Since I am vanquiſh'd, 'tis alas! too late
To think of ſafety by a forc'd retreat.

I wish to shun thee, but my Love denies,
I have a Heart, and you have Charming Eyes,
Nay, when you kill me, for that soon must be,
My Ghost shall haunt you, for your wrongs to me.
How shall I fly, how from thy Presence run?
I am the Fog, You, my attracting Sun.
As well the Needle from it's North might move,
For I, my fair, do with like tremblings Love.
Could I avoid thee, I should baseness show,
A mean, poor fear, and undeserving you.
So fly the Clouds, when by the light'nings torn,
And so fly *Phantoms* from the rising Morn.

The Description of the Palace of the Sun, and Conflagration of the World, partly imitated from Ovid.

ON lofty Pillars *Sol*'s high Palace stands,
And shews the Pow'r of it's Creatour's Hands.
The two leav'd Doors were of bright Silver made,
Which the Sun's Beams with equal Beams repaid.
On them were Carv'd, the Heavens, the Earth, and (Floods,
Vast Cities, Rivers, Mountains, Plains, and Woods.

Large,

Large, flowry Fields, with ſtraying Flocks appear,
Here, twining Streams, and Nymphs, and Fawns (ſeen there,
And the fair *Doris* drying, on the Rocks, her Hair.
Tritons, with Shells, here, ſounding on the Sea,
While, the blew Gods o'er all the Billows play.
Far above theſe, Heav'ns radiant Image ſhines,
Deckt on each ſide, with ſix refulgent Signs,
The Iv'ry roof ſhone bright with burniſh'd Gold,
Clearer than Flames, when Circled round with cold.
The Chryſtal Floor ſupports a glorious Throne,
Which is around with hallow'd Light o'erflown.
Sol, Cloath'd in Purple, here in State appears,
And a bright Crown of pointed rays he wears.
His Seat's rich Stones a ſparkling Luſtre raiſe,
The Emraulds ſhine, and to the Eye they Blaze.
Beneath this Throne, plac'd moſt profoundly low,
That vaſt, and boundleſs, Sea, Eternity, does flow.
On this, the Sun his fierceſt Beams diſplays,
Ages begetting, with his Vital rays.
Well may the Poets Fiction be allow'd,
Here *Phœbus* ſets, in this unfathom'd Flood.
Thus he, at firſt, did the twin Seaſons get,
Cold was their Mother, and their Father, Heat.

From

From *Sol*'s bright rays, the ſhining *Day* to come,
And *Night*, from deep Eternity's dark, gloomy Womb.
Hence Time's vaſt River ſwiftly glides along,
Floating to which, the Cluſter'd Ages throng.
The rip'ning Years, from the thick Cluſters break,
From them, the Months, and Days, their Motion take.
Thence, ſpring the hours, which on time's ſurface (play,
And in ſoft inceſt, wear their Lives away.
On her looſe Boſom, they all ſporting lie,
Begetting Minutes, ſhorter liv'd, than they.
Which ſoon as wing'd, with the Sun's Fleeting Light,
Thence nimbly take their Everlaſting flight.
Till the World Ends, thus ſhall their Motions ſhow,
Then ſhall Time's River Start, and backwards flow,
And all it's Whirling Years ſink in the gulf below.
Now to his ſteeds the Glorious *Phœbus* came,
Which from their Mouths, and Noſtrils vomit Flame.
Swiftly, by them, his ſhining Chariot's borne,
Whoſe Harneſs, Jewels, and rich Gemms adorn.
On Chryſtal ſpokes the Silver Fillies roll'd,
And the large Beam was made of Maſſie Gold.
The fiery Steeds of their rich Burthen proud,
Inflame the Æther, as they Neigh aloud.

The

The Obvious Clouds they cut with flying Feet,
And with their thund'ring Hoofs the Barriers beat.
Now swiftly Traverse all the roaded Sky,
And Chace the Night, o'er every path they fly.
Fiercely they now thro' unknown Regions run,
And the sad Earth, with tremblings, views the Sun.
Whilst light'ning's hurl'd from *Jove*'s Imperial throne,
Who grasps his Flaming Bolts, and Thunders down.
Now the whole Heav'ns, in Man's destruction join,
And all the Clouds, like dreadful Comets, shine.
From their scorch'd Wombs, they pour out all their (Rain,
Which Show'rs in Fire, down on despairing Men.
Trees feed the Flame which to their ruine turns,
And Corn, by that, which first produc'd it, burns.
Loud *Ætna* roars, with more than usual Fires,
And high *Parnassus* bears two Flaming Spires.
Large Fields of Sand no swelling Seas infold,
Yet *Tagus* now flows with dissolving Gold.
The *Alps* appear no longer Cloath'd in Snow,
And Mountains tops in Cinders mourn below.

To

To the Lord Sy---ney, *Created Lieutenant of* Ireland, *about the time his Majesty went to* Flanders.

AS when the Sun hastes to renew his Toils,
And sets in glories, to return in Smiles.
He lies in Seas, and rises thence more fair,
As if he got new Fires, new brightness there.
So, the great *Nassaw*, when thro' Waves he goes,
Renews his Terrors on his trembling Foes.
With Joy he Fights, of every Laurel sure,
While, what he Conquers, you alone secure.
Sacred to him the Gods that Tree shall own,
It shall dread *Nassaw*, not *Apollo* Crown,
And he shall, e'er his mighty course is run,
Ride round the Globe,---Triumphant, like the *Sun*.
Janus, his Gates, no more shall open stand,
Their Keys lie safe, in your securer hand.
Hibernia free from tumults, and from fears;
No danger there but Luxury appears.
Soon *William*'s Arms shall round theEarth be hurld,
And *You* deputed o'er the Conquer'd World.
Whilst all Fame's thousand Trumpets Sound afar.
You, Prince of Peace, and *Nassaw*, God of War.

To

To a Lady Lamenting her Lover, who was Drown'd.

NOR Pen, nor Pencil, can describe thy Woe,
Scarce thy Dear Eyes can their own sorrows (show.
Such Floods of Tears from their fair Springs run (o'er,
In such vast streams you pour your Liquid store,
As might have drown'd the Swain, had he escap'd (before.
Those Gales of sighs, which thus your Bosom fill'd,
Cause vaster blasts, than what your Lover kill'd.
Yet sure those show'rs, which o'er your Cheeks we find,
Might be of force to have suppress'd the Wind.
Those Sunny smiles which late adorn'd your form,
Are now Eclips'd, and you are all a storm.
Sad, gloomy Clouds spread o'er your Lovely Eyes,
So fell the Youth, by Just such angry Skies.
Thus, while those Tempests in your looks appear,
A harder fate, than what he felt, we bear,
And with worse Deaths, you wreck beholders here.
Since once the Seas o'er all the Lands did flow,
And the Waves roll'd, wherever Winds could blow,

Blaming

Blaming *Jove*'s Promiſe, your complains are found,
For, in his loſs, you think the World is drown'd.
This may conſiſtent with your Notions be,
For the Lov'd Youth was all the World to thee.
But while your Eyes ſpread all your Face with rain,
Not Earth, but Heav'n endures the Deluge then.
For you, the Youth bore ſuch a gen'rous Fire,
As nought but Oceans could have made expire.
His height of Paſſion, like *Leander*'s, flew,
And he would croſs a Helleſpont for you.
Inſtead of Lamps to guide him in the Night,
With your fair Eyes you ſhould have ſhown him light.
So had he ſafely thro' the Billows rode,
To his Dear *Hero*'s more ſecure abode.
As in the Floods he drew his Liquid Death,
Thy name he utter'd with his lateſt Breath.
Love's Mother firſt is ſaid from Seas to riſe,
And now the Son of Love in the rough Oceans lies.
How, ah! how wretched did the Lover prove,
Tho' he was bleſt with kind returns of Love!
Since he is drown'd, you ſcorn our fond deſires,
His Waters ſo have quench'd all other's Fires.

Hibernia's Seas may now inſult their Coaſt,
Their ſwelling Billows may their Trophies boaſt,
By them, was your D Neſl——
By them, to me, was my *Amaſia* loſt.
Thus, only thus, Lov'd Youth, thy fall could come,
(thy Doom.
Nought but rude Winds would have Proclaim'd
Alas! what pity can rough Oceans bear, (rear!
Which daſh thoſe Creatures which themſelves did
What tender ſoftneſs can vaſt rocks receive?
The Flames of Love will not in Surges live.
The ſweet Endowments of thy gen'rous Mind,
Boundleſs, and flowing as the Floods we find,
Free as the Air thy Wit, and Fleeting as the Wind.
In all the ills you ſuffer'd, all the while,
Your Soul was Calm, and you appear'd to ſmile.
No Tempeſt ſhook your Courage, pleas'd within,
Your Conſcience rais'd no rowling Waves of Sin,
Your Death was gentle, as your Life had been.
In that loud ſtorm to have ſo huſht a Mind,
Shew'd Pow'r almoſt as great——
As it has been, to have appeas'd the Wind.
Thy Vertues mounted to ſo vaſt a ſcore,
As all the Waves could hardly number o'er.

For,

For thy vast loss the Seas outragious grow,
They chafe with Foam, while the blasts fiercly blow,
And swell'd with griefs, in wond'rous weeping flow.
Ev'n in the Calmest Seasons of the Year, (appear.
The Billows heave their Breasts, and panting they
But you, fair Nymph, Lament in such a strain,
As might have Power to make him live again.
You, *Orpheus* like, for, sure you Charm as well,
Might raise the Youth, from his low, watry Hell.
So much you Mourn him, he is envy'd more,
Now in his Death, than in his Life before.
Your Passion for him, our despair did move,
But ah! your Sorrow melts us into Love.
Who would not hast to visit shades below,
Could he but hope you would Lament him so?
Those Tears you shed, you think are all his due,
To him you gave the Eyes, which shed them too.
All my desires but from your Sorrows came,
Strange! that those Waters should produce a Flame!
Thus prove those Floods, which issue at your Eyes,
That Love at first did from the Surges rise.

On a Bee inclos'd in Amber.

SEE this strange Wretch, struck, by this Am-
(ber, Dead,
He seems as if in his own Honey lay'd.
As o'er the Banks of *Erydane* he flew,
And with its Mourning *Poplars* sorrow'd too.
A fatal drop, loaded with Death, they sent;
So fell the Youth, for whom those Trees Lament.
Thus, since his fall, his Sisters Act it o'er,
With fiercer Light'nings than he felt before.
But he, alone, was beat by Thunder down,
This seems at once the Chariot, and the Sun.
Lost by Feign'd grief the wond'rous Bee appears,
Such weight, such hardness is not found in Tears.
Soon shall this Bead (a grateful gift) be hung,
On some fair Neck, which once it's Venom stung.

On a China *Cup fill'd with Water, round the sides of which were painted Trees, and at the bottom, a Naked Woman Weeping.*

HOw fair does sorrow in her Courts appear!
What tempting Charms does sad Affliction
wear!
See,

See, her weak hands ſupport her fainting Head,
See her fair Eyes, what Silver ſtreams they ſhed!
She Bathes in Oceans which her Tears have made.
And in this comely Poſture ſeems to be
A *Venus* riſing from a Chryſtal Sea.
See, how, in vain the Beauteous Image ſtrives,
Like Naked *Eve*, to hide her ſelf with Leaves.
Fain would ſhe move, to what, in ſhow ſhe ſees,
But theſe alas! are all forbidden Trees.
The Artiſt's ſelf could not this Picture view,
Unmov'd with a worſe Paſſion, than he drew.
Unhappy he, a New *Narciſſus* proves,
And the fair ſhadow, which he made, he Loves.
Here, that fond Youth indeed might Juſtly err,
Nor had his Flames been for himſelf, but her.
Whilſt in her Nile ſhe would her Slaves ſurvey,
And like the *Crocodile*, Lament her prey.

The Deſcription of a Tempeſt, and a Fight at Sea.

NOW, deep in Night, the rowling Surges riſe,
And ſwelling Seas preſage Tempeſtuous Skies.
With angry Foam the raving Billows roar,
And, white with Chafing, make their fury more.

Thro' the thick air each Wave his Waters hurls,
And in thick Clouds Wrap their fierce, foaming curls.
The tossing Seas now proudly mount on high,
And Tow'r still up, as if to scale the Sky.
Whilst the rough Winds encrease the boist'rous War,
And drive on Troops of Billows from afar.
Now raging less, two Rival Vessels meet,
And each, behind them, left a shatter'd Fleet.
From Mount'nous heights they were with horrour (thrown,
Into a Hell of Waters tumbled down.
Now both at once, in all their danger struck,
And each believ'd that he had forc'd a Rock.
Toss'd by the storm, they both are Mounted up,
And view each other from the Billows top.
Inrag'd, they now are for the War prepar'd,
Their Foe both scorn, nor is the Tempest fear'd.
Bold Sons of Mortals, who no Laws obey!
Their rage grows fiercer than the Winds, or Sea.
Now both the Fleets are met, and louder roar
Than the mad Floods, and all the storm before.
The Voice of War thro' all the Ships had made,
A mighty Tempest, tho' the Winds were lay'd.

From

From their rude ſides ſo fierce a Flame was thrown,
None dreaded now, or could expect to drown.
Each is deſirous here his Life to loſe, (chooſe.
And Deaths, far worſe, than what they ſhunn'd they
A deſp'rate Courage from their danger grows,
They fall content among their ſlaughter'd Foes.
Juſt ſo, one Wave does o'er the former Tow'r,
And on it's Head with all his Forces pour.
Each ſpends it ſelf to daſh the other down,
And with his ruines, he involves his own.
Now, in vaſt ſheets the curling light'ning flies,
As if the Guns had ſet on Fire the Skies.
Dread *Jove* ſtorms high, and thunders loudly down,
He fears the Victors ſhould invade his throne.
The Sons of Earth dar'd once attempt his Sky,
And theſe Sea-Gyants ſure, are vaſt as they.
With all their ſpreading Wings they fly afar,
And every Word they utter, threatens War.
Thick Clouds of ſmoak from their loud Guns ariſe,
And in large, gloomy rolls, mount, and obſcure the
So roar the Cannons on the Noiſy Main, (*Skies.*
The Thunder does but Eccho them again.
Here, the proud *Seas* ſo vaſtly large appear,
A *Squadron* Fires, and dreads a Navy there.

Beaten by Waves, each fears his party gone,
And thinks he Fights with the whole Fleet alone.
Now, in Confusion they would leave the fray,
Thro' watry Walls, they fly, and Plow the Sea,
For he's the Conq'rour, who can hast away.

To a Lady, who presented me an Orange.

HOW does the Gift with the fair giver suit!
The fairest hand presents the fairest Fruit;
Had this been thrown, when *Atalanta* turn'd,
The rolling Gold had by the Maid been spurn'd.
In vain, *Acontius* his device had try'd,
Had this fair Fruit roll'd by *Cydippe*'s side;
By any Youth this Charming Bribe display'd,
Without her Vow, he might have claim'd the Maid.
With yours, no tempting, Rival Charm be nam'd;
Mankind was never by an Apple Damn'd.
Whilst you, our fairest Tree of Knowledge, stand,
I tast the Fruit of your inviting hand;
And while your Branching Fingers stretch'd I see,
I long to Circle round the Charming Tree.
Deluding Maid! tho' at so near a view,
Like *Eden*'s Plant, thou art forbidden too.

The

The raviſht Youth, whom thou ſhalt Love, may
As true a Paradiſe, as once was loſt. (boaſt

To a Lady, preſenting her a Box of Patches.

GO, envy'd preſent, and thoſe Charms improve,
Thoſe killing Charms, which I am doom'd to
Ill thus I laviſh Sacred Beauty's ſtore, (Love.
To Arm the foe, that vanquiſh'd me before;
Why ſhould I wing thoſe Shafts, by which I bleed?
And paint the Poyſon, when 'tis Death to feed?
Tho' thy leaſt patch ſhall brighter glories hide,
Than ſhine in any other Face deſcry'd;
Such are thy wond'rous Charms, Victorious Maid!
The more I hide them, they are more diſplay'd.
So, the Sun's rays, ſhine, when allay'd with Clouds;
That ſhows them fairer, which their glory ſhrowds.
Thus, dying Stars Deck gay the Spangled Morn,
And with mild Light, the infant dawn adorn.
To Diamonds, thus, their foil does Luſtre give,
And thus, the ſhade makes the fair Picture live.
While thy dear Face theſe Cluſter'd Patches wears,
Thy Charming Face Loves Galaxy appears.
Soft does that Skin, without thoſe Patches, ſhow,
Soft, as the ſofteſt Silk, which makes them ſo.

Thus

Thus deckt, tho' Charms, almost Divine, you boast,
Yet wert thou naked, thou would'st ravish most.
Art thus, with Nature is conspiring found;
You wear the Patch, but 'tis I feel the Wound.

To the same Lady, having found a Silver Penny, the first thing she touch't, among the Patches, I presented her.

'TIS Silver; hold, fair, Charming Chymist, hold,
If you, like *Midas*, touch again, 'tis Gold.
Your hand's, strange Pow'r to your bright Eyes impart,
Let, thro' my Breast, your shooting glances dart,
When 'tis made Gold, you will accept my Heart.

To Amasia, *off'ring me a branch of Gilded Laurel.*

SEE there the Lovely, Lov'd *Amasia* stand,
The Charming branch held in the Charming hand,
My Temples must not be with Laurels Crown'd,
Throw down the bough, and let thy Arms surround.

To

To a very Charming Lady, with an unpleaſing Name.

SUre, you have more than Female force toCharm,
Who, at firſt ſight, can prejudice diſarm.
By different Paſſions ſway'd, my ſenſes move,
My Ears deteſt you, but my Eyes muſt Love.
Deaf be thoſe Ears, which dare ſuch Rebels grow,
Deaf, to the Sounds of Love, and Muſick too.
How can thy name raiſe an ungrateful Sound!
Can melting Harmony, like diſcord, Wound!
Thy Name is tuneful, as thy ſelf is fair;
My Senſe is faulty, yes, the Crime lies there.
Unſeen, thy Name diſpleas'd, but now, 'tis fear'd,
'Twas not unſeen alone, but 'twas unheard.
While from your Charming Lips the Accents break,
The Name delights, 'tis Muſick, when you ſpeak.
While you repeat the Lovely Letters o'er,
I Swear I never heard the Name before.
Each melting Breath runs Thrilling thro' myHeart,
You make each pointed Syllable a Dart.
WithCharms profuſe,how are yourBeautiesCrown'd!
When, by your Pow'r, deformity can Wound!

Forgive

Forgive me, fair, I have Love's Rebel been,
But now muſt yield; you vanquiſh all, when ſeen.
I own, I own ſince I beheld thy Frame,
At moſt, Deformity is but a Name.

To a Lady, whoſe Maid, having given her a Manuſcript, I ſent her, and being ask'd from whom, ſhe receiv'd it, reply'd—from the Conjurer himſelf, ſhe thought.

WHilſt your Sage Maid does on my Papers look,
And ſees *Chains*, *Flames* and *Altars* in my Book,
Light'ning and *Thunder* ſcatter'd up and down,
And Heaven and Hell, drawn in each ſmile and frown,
No wonder, every hint ſhe ſhould improve;
There is a certain Magick dwells in Love.
But while my Thoughts flow from a wounded Heart,
Mine's Magick Nature, 'tis not Magick Art.
All that my skill, my little skill can boaſt,
Is, not to find my Heart, but know it loſt.
Like weak Magicians, who their Spir'ts can raiſe,
But have not Power their fury to appeaſe,
I, with unwarranted preſumption play,
And raiſe fierce Love, which I can never lay.

But

But if thou tak'ſt me to thy Circling Arms,
I'll brave the Fiend, and fear no Counter Charms.

To a Lady, ſaying ſhe knew I Lov'd her.

IT may be ſo! I fear, it muſt be ſo;
You, who receive the Heart, muſt ſurely know.
We think not, often, when ſome toy we drop,
But they muſt needs perceive, who take it up.
Mine does ſo like a very trifle ſhow,
It is not worth your pains, to ſtoop ſo low.
But if to lift the worthleſs toy you Deign,
O never hurl it from your Arms again.

To a Lady, who, (while endeavouring to tye up ſome Linen, with a Ribbond, a little of the ſhorteſt.) being ask'd how ſhe would manage, if ſhe Lov'd a Gentleman without a Fortune, reply'd, I'll ſhow you----(and ſo, drawing harder, made the ends meet.)

'TIS done; and you with juſt Applauſe are (Crown'd;
For how can Lovers be too cloſely bound!
Bleſt be the Hand, which the firm Knot has ty'd;
O thou, who art the Prieſteſs, grow the Bride.

Let

Let Hymen empty from our Nuptials fly,
Our Circling Arms shall make the Marriage tye.
Why should'st thou Wed? Thy Charms can never (cloy.
Thou wilt for ever be a Bride in Joy.

To a Lady, Singing frequently these Words,---
Youth and Beauty.

FRom your Sweet Tongue, in vain those Accents (Spring,
For, all your Features *Youth and Beauty* Sing.
Your Eyes, your Smiles, and your expressive Mien,
All Sing those Words, and you are Musick, seen.
Enough you charm'd us, thro' our Eyes before,
You need not pierce our Ears, to Wound us more.
Struck thro' one Sense, more fast your Lovers fall,
Than others Captives, when Attacqu'd thro' all.
'Tis not enough you can soft Passion move;
We must grow ravish'd, and in transport Love.
Were Passion free, thou wouldst fix every choice,
At once Seraphick, in thy Face and Voice.
Hold, Tyr'nous Charmer! tho' no Beam declines,
Yet, the Sun need not burn, to prove it shines,
Hark my Heart beats, and Dances to thy Ayres,
Thy Breath is tuneful, as the tuneful Spheres.

Sing

Sing then, the Charms of *Beauty* and of *Youth*,
But add these three, *Love*, *Constancy*, and *Truth*.

To a Lady, who, with a Charming Air of Negligence, frequently, when spoken to reply'd—Yes, Sir,

CONsent, Love's darling blessing, dwells in this,
In this one soft, transporting Accent, *Yes*.
Still that dear Sound, from those dear Lips should (flow,
O may they never, never Answer, *No*,
If of your late, kind Accents you repent,
When Love's the Theam, be silent; that's Consent.

To Amasia, *having dreamt of me.*

THE God of Sleep, who flies the Lover's Breast,
Yet Acts the Friend, and gives *Amasia* rest.
Your Guardian Angel slumb'rous dreams inspires,
And Whispers soft rewards, for soft desires.
Whilst in a dream your Bosom I possess,
You but the Image of a Lover bless;
How can Love live upon a Painted Feast?
Love, which is blind, can have no Eyes to taste.
O feed my Senses with thy real Face,
Let my Eyes gaze, and let my Arms Embrace;

Thus

Thus let your *Swain*, your raviſh'd *Sylvius*, feed,
No other Nouriſhment pure Flames can need.
With their fair Beams let thy bright Glances move,
Amaſia, Waken from this dream of Love.
To truer Joys your raviſh'd Lover take,
Waken *Amaſia*, or let *Sylvius* wake.
If only ſleep my fancy'd bliſs can frame,
Pleaſure is all but an imperfect dream.
By Day, let Lov'd *Amaſia* yield delight,
Or let Night laſt, may it be ever Night.
Love ſeeks the Shades, but ſeeks them oft by Day,
Stay, my *Amaſia*, let the *Shadow* ſtay;
It flies, alas! as the *Sun* ſhines, away.
You thus, unknown the fleeting bliſs deſtroy,
Nor grant me, even the *Shadow* of a Joy.
This is the Pleaſure that the damn'd may boaſt,
To hear of Bleſſings, but to know them loſt.
Love is it ſelf a *Shadow*, which will flee
From every Lover, but unhappy me;
What then are dreams?——
They muſt but *Shadows* of a *Shadow* be.
In vain, in vain, for ever I purſue,
You fly me fleeting, as yours dreams do you.

To

To Amaſia, *on the Accidental falling of her looſe Garments, which diſcover'd to my view her Breaſts.*

'TIS hard indeed, (ſo many Charms you boaſt,)
Juſtly to tell, which takes your *Sylvius* moſt:
This does alone within my Judgment fall,
All, who have Eyes to ſee, admire them all.
Piercing, yet ſoft, your killing looks appear,
And all, bright dazling rays of Luſtre bear;
Your Heavenly Voice has CharmingPow'rs to move,
And your Ayrs Fan, and ſpreads the Fires of Love.
But when your Breaſts the falling Garments ſhew,
How bleſt a Scene of Beauties did I view!
Ætna, I thought till now, had rag'd alone,
I knew no Rivals to that burning Throne;
Your Breaſts, as well may Admiration claim,
For they are Snowy Mounts ejecting Flame.
What falls from Heav'n that Fiery Hill ſecures,
Nor is it's Froſt near ſo Divine as yours.
Columbus ne'er did ſuch fair Worlds deſcry,
His Travels could not make him bleſt as I,
Your Garments ſhow'd me Heav'n, they were the
(Cloudy Sky.

On your ſoft Globes Young ſmiling *Cupids* play,
And tender Loves your Beauteous Iſlands ſway.
Venus in State does on theſe Thrones appear,
She keeps her *Paphos*, and *Cythera* here.
Your Golden Locks, ſpread all around, would ſhow
A pleaſing ſoil, where Milk, and Honey flow.
Whoſe tides of Joys, reſerv'd for Babes muſt be,
It will ne'er prove a promis'd Land to me.
This ſhews that Infants are more bleſt than Men;
I for thoſe Breaſts would be a Child again.

To the Admir'd Mrs. Cr----ſts.

LET other Poets other Subjects chooſe,
And Sing ſomeName proportion'd to theirMuſe.
But be you mine, be you my Charming Theme,
Proclaiming yours, I gain my ſelf a Fame.
Beauty, and Wit are by each other fir'd,
Each raiſing that, which makes it ſelf admir'd,
(Charms inſpir'd.
Thus ſhall you ſpread thro' me, me, whom your
To ſuch vaſt heights your Tow'ring Fame has flown,
It can't grow more, than 'tis already grown.
Such are your Merits, they tranſcend our Praiſe,
But that's a Fog ſtill drawn by Beauty's rays.

No

No shining Off'ring, worthy you, can rise,
For Mortals incense but obscures the Skies.
Where'er you pass, while Youths around you Crowd,
Your Eyes Flash light'nings thro' the yielding Cloud.
The Swains, enamour'd with your Glances, press,
And, urging theirs, deny the rest access,
Your Charms might more be known, if noted less.
We, when grown fond to view your Beauties, run,
But find the nearer Clouds hide from our sight the Sun.
Thus, since your Eyes first blest *Hibernia*'s shore,
Your Triumphs hinder you to Conquer more.
So, while the vanquish'd scorn a mean retreat,
You might be greater, were you not so great.
To you, fair Goddess, Victims daily fall,
All would adore you, were you known to all.
The Beauteous *Warren*, long unrivall'd, Charm'd,
No Mortal Breast against her Darts was Arm'd.
She still Triumphant, thro' her Conquests, rode,
For she has Charms which might o'ercome a God.
But you, to share her Empire, hither came,
To share an Empire setled long by Fame.
To you this right, as you deserve it, fell,
So much her equal, you almost excel.

Such are your outward Beauties, all muſt own,
All thoſe to whom your Wit, and humour's known,
That Face was made but for that Soul alone.

Of what can *Paphos*, or *Cythera* boaſt,
Alas! the fame of thoſe Lov'd Iſles is loſt,
Venus is now ador'd on bleſt *Hibernia*'s Coaſt.

Hear then, thou Beauteous, Celebrated fair,
Exert your Pity, and receive this Pray'r,
Whatever Youths ſhall be ſubdu'd by thee,
(And all muſt be ſo, who have Eyes to ſee)
Command them live at leaſt, and mildly prove,
(Tho' in your Empire uncontroul'd you move,)
The Queen of Mercy, as the Queen of Love.

To a Lady having loſt three Kiſſes on a Wager with me, and refuſing to pay them.

WHY, Charming Maid, ſhould you delude (me ſo?
Can thoſe dear Lips deny the Debt they owe?
Thoſe happy Lips, diſſolv'd in Balmy bliſs,
Envy'd by me, ſince they each other Kiſs.
How do I long for the Divine delight,
When they refuſe, what they at once invite!
He who with you will ſuch a Wager lay,
Muſt hold the ſtakes, or you will never pay.

A Kiſs would me to hopes of Bleſſings move,
For 'tis the Prologue to the Play of Love.
Tell me, my fair, what are theſe Joys I want?
What is that bliſs, which you refuſe to grant?
A *Kiſs* you ſay—and prethee what is this?
Why, all you Anſwer, is, that 'tis a *Kiſs*.
A pretty ſaying, by thy Lips it is.
Well, it's Exiſtence Juſt in nothing lies,
It lives unborn, for when 'tis got, it dies;
The ſickly Off-ſpring of a fond deſire,
And what begets it, makes it ſtrait expire;
While 'tis enjoy'd with a more warm embrace,
Your ruddy Lips diſſolve it's ſweets apace,
While Thouſands more ſpread o'er your Beauteous Face.
So Snow on *Ætna* ſtill is melting found,
Yet ſtill it lies upon the wond'rous ground.
O let me Kiſs, and rifle all thy ſtore,
O let me Sow, and reap ten thouſand more,
I'll Kiſs thee thro', I'll Kiſs thy Soul all o'er.

Reflections on the Picture of Cupid,
Imitated from Propertius.

WHoe'er he was, he does my fancy move,
Who painted firſt the little God of Love.
Plainly he ſaw the ſenſeleſs Lovers ſnare,
What ſolid good they loſe, for empty care;
Thence did he Juſtly windy Wings impart,
And made the God fly with a humane Heart.
By Fortune's waves he knew us wildly toſt,
While, by each daſh, we may be wreck'd, and loſt.
Juſtly he knew what the old Poets ſung,
That from the SeasLove's Beauteous Mother ſprung.
E'er ſince which time, unhappy Lovers ſee,
Their Paſſion ne'er can be from Tempeſts free.
It Ebbs and Flows, unfixt, not long the ſame,
A rowling Ocean of tumultuous Flame.
He feign'd him blind, with true deſign, to ſhow
That every Lover, while he Loves, is ſo.
Juſtly indeed his Darts were bearded found,
For, what they hurt, can never be made ſound;
And 'ere we ſee him, he is ſure to wound.
My Breaſt his Arrows, and his Image boaſt,
But ſure his Wings, with which he flies, are loſt.

My

My Heart's his Throne, yet Rebel Paſſions Jar,
Which Fire my Veins, and thro' my Blood make War.
Why Cruel Love, ſhould you the Tyrant Play?
By what pretence can you demand your ſway?
But you have Pow'r, and I muſt ſtill obey.
When I am gone, who ſhall your praiſes ſing?
And my Light Muſe can weighty glories bring.

To Amaſia.

(1.)

BY their own light my Fires have long been ſeen,
And ev'n my ſilence told what my fond pains
By Birth, and Beauty plac'd ſo high above, (have been.
All Mankind pays you Univerſal Love.

(2.)

Your Beams, like *Phœbus*, o'er the World appear,
Nor need you wonder I perceive them here.
Soon may I prove a Conqueſt from your Eyes,
It is the Sun gives life to inſects, and to flies,

(3.)

High as you are, I may at leaſt admire,
Mine, like all Flames, by Nature will aſpire.
Tho' you are great, I am not baſely low,
He can have no mean Soul, that is in Love with you.

(4.)

As the raſh Youth who dar'd attempt the Sun,
Was ſoon deſtroy'd, and hurl'd by Thunder down,
By Fires as wild ſo did I madly burn,
As fiercely ſtruck with my *Amaſia*'s ſcorn.

(5.)

This Beauteous *Danae*'s Fortreſs could not hold,
Could I but melt into a ſhow'r of Gold.
Here, to have gain'd at all, were greater far,
Than a full Conqueſt, in a meaner War.

(6.)

You, like a God, can Act howe'er you pleaſe,
And may ev'n me, to be your equal, raiſe.
You vaſtly ſo, would prove your Pow'r the more,
In Crowning him, who was your Slave before.

(7.)

To you Juſt Heav'n large Fortunes did beſtow,
Love is the only bleſſing wanting now.
If then my Paſſion muſt be ne'er approv'd,
O may you never know what 'tis to be belov'd.

(8.)

(8.)

The whole Ambition that my Thoughts have known,
Is to be yours, *Amaſia*, yours alone;
Bleſt with your Love, I ſhould ſlight Empires more
Than by your ſcorn I was deſpis'd before.

(9.)

But you, with *Roman* Pride, your Captives uſe,
When we have yielded, you a Peace refuſe.
You drag me chain'd, and all my Love Proclaim,
Thus you, *Amaſia*, give me Smoak for Flame.

(10.)

But now, my fair, Eternally adieu,
Farewel, farewel to all my Love, and you.
Tir'd with the race, no more I fiercely Burn,
My dear young *Daphne* now ſhall to a Laurel turn.

(11.)

In vain alas! like Children, I purſu'd,
And chac'd, from Hill to Hill, a guilded Cloud.
Whilſt *Ixion* like, fond I, ſuppos'd it fair,
And thought indeed to find a Goddeſs there.

(12.)

(12.)

When thro' all dangers I had wildly gone,
Led by Love's wand'ring blazes madly on.
O had I graſp'd it in my eager Arms, (Storms.
It would have burſt in Show'rs, in Thunder, and in

The End of the Second Book.

AMASIA,

OR, THE

Works of the Muſes.

Containing

LETTERS of *LOVE.*

Vol. II. Book III.

Et mea, Neſcio quid, Carmina dulce ſonant.

TO THE

Right Honourable

EVELYN

EARL of *Kingſton*,

THESE

POEMS

Are Humbly Dedicated

By his Lordſhip's

Moſt obedient

and moſt Humble Servant.

J. Hopkins.

TO THE

Right Honourable

EVRLYN

EARL of Kingston,

THESE

POEMS

Are Humbly Dedicated

By his Lordship's

Most obedient

and most humble Servant,

T. Hopkins.

LETTERS of *LOVE.*

Written to Amasia.

AS Men untry'd stand shiv'ring on the shore,
And wish, impatient, the first plunge were (o'er;
Till at the last——
Boy'd up with fancy'd hopes they shall not sink,
Headlong they leap, and leaping *S*purn the brink.
So, doubting long, the ruin'd *Sylvius* stood,
So plung'd——
But void of hope, down Love's impetuous Flood.
Others by Waters may, unskill'd, expire;
More fierce my wreck; I'm lost in *S*eas of Fire.
With me, as with some wretch pursu'd, it fares,
Oceans before, behind him *S*words and *S*pears.
Bold does he plunge, or tamely yielding dies;
Easy his fate, or if he stands or flies,
But oh! what *S*word——
What *S*pear can pierce like bright *Amasia*'s Eyes?

You know my fate, you know, and make it too,
All I can be, depends alone on you,
You know I Love you, too, too well I do.
Love with the humbleſt Paſſion, yet ſo high,
That but your ſcorn can with that Paſſion vye;
Unhappy Paſſion! thrice unhappy I!
Ill has the Partial hand of chance aſſign'd
Fortunes too ſlender, but too large a Mind.
By this the greatneſs of my Soul I prove,
I Love with more than with a Mortal Love.
Yet you, the fair, imperious Charmer, you,
Will not believe thoſe Vows I offer true.
Too mean the Captive, and Obſcure the Prize;
Under unhappy Stars that Lover lies,
Where Beauty Conquers, and where Pride denies.
In vain the proof of my pretence you ſhun;
You needs muſt ſee what your own Eyes have done.
But to convince you of the pangs I bear,
O do not ſee alone, but ſee, and hear.
Hear, tho' you never make the leaſt return,
Hear me declare how I ſhall ever burn.

To Amaſia.

IN vain in ſlighted Numbers I complain,
In vain I write, when I have ſpoke in vain.
Nor Tongue, nor Pen can you, Obdurate, move,
At once diſdaining either Wit or Love.
In what a maze of griefs am I perplext!
Love, the firſt Crime, and writing was the next,
Both Crimes, yet both yield Anguiſh and Delight,
For while I live———
I'm doom'd to Love, and while I Love, to Write.
Tho' ſenſe like yours permits no ſoft return,
Be mild at leaſt, ah! do not, do not ſcorn.
Believe I Love you, be aſſur'd I do,
Aſſurd—— I Love, and could adore you too;
Why ſhould I urge what ſeems a Crime to you?
Yet I'll confeſs, tho' ſo confeſſing die,
'Tis I who Love you moſt, 'tis only I.
Of this, my Crime, as of deſert I boaſt,
Yes, I am Raviſh'd here———
To think, to know, and vow I Love you moſt.
Love is reported blind, tho' blind he be,
I ſee I Love———
And thou the object, all muſt own I ſee.

Spight of your haughty ſcorn, you ſee it too,
Tho' you diſdain to look at me, you do.
At once your Pride and Reaſon you diſplay;
Why ſhould you caſt the ſmalleſt Glance away?
Others with darts from ſhooting Eyes are ſtruck,
Me you confound, and Kill without a look.
Would I could Learn, O teach this Charming Skill,
Teach me to ſave my ſelf, tho' not to kill.
It cannot be, here the Obſtruction lies,
Unhappy, Eyes I have ——
And I muſt look, as long as I have Eyes.
'Twas they firſt drew the fatal Poyſon in,
Would they——or I my ſelf had never been,
But fate is paſt, I am, and they have ſeen.
Seen?——Were that all, your Slave had ſtill been (free.
But ſtill the Soul Admires, whene'er they ſee.
O my *Amaſia*! no, oh! no, ye Pow'rs!
She is not mine———
Nor wilt thou be, tho' I am ever yours.
Would I were yours, but that, ye Pow'rs Divine!
That cannot be, for thou would'ſt then be mine,
Can it not be?——what can't the Pow'rs above!
To them my ſlighted, humble ſuit I'll move.
Rather, to thee— thou art the Pow'r of Love.

To

To Amaſia.

AS Men on Racks feel Tortures, and complain;
Severer far than theirs, my Mortal pain:
So, do I feel, ſigh ſo, like them in vain.
Like them confeſſing dying Truths at laſt,
And bleſt that Power which Tortures me ſo faſt.
Compar'd with mine———
Small is the greateſt Malefactor's ſmart; (my Heart.
Wheels break their Limbs, Love gnaws, and Tears
Stay, let me tell my Num'rous ſuff'rings o'er,
And think——O no;——no let me think no more.
Ambition vaſt my Airy Thoughts purſue,
Confus'd, of all things, and yet all of you.
You all my Notions, all my Senſe Enthral,
Confin'd——confin'd to you? yet you are all.
Now, to *Amaſia*'s Charms alone I bow,
Then ſhe diſdains———
My own deſire muſt be my Miſtreſs now.
Where can my Anxious Soul at laſt have reſt?
There is no Calm, but in *Amaſia*'s Breaſt.
Whene'er I ſee thee, Charmer, ſtep, or move,
My Soul's on Fire, and I am all o'er Love.

Thro' every Vein the ſubtile Poyſon flies,
And dancing, leaps at my enlighten'd Eyes.
Thick on my Heart daſhes my boiling Blood,
Waſh'd like ſome Rock by the inſulting Flood.
Yet not unmov'd; it trembles at each touch;
Mine's ſure no Rock, your Heart is only ſuch.
Believe, *Amaſia*, could you know my Love,
Rock as it is, ſuch Paſſion needs muſt move.
Could you but know to what exceſs I burn,
Soon would you pity him, whom now you ſcorn.
Whate'er the Female, rigid Pride foretels,
There muſt be ſoftneſs, where ſuch Beauty dwells.
O think again, think on the ills I bear,
And do not, do not drive me to deſpair;
Muſt all——muſt all be cruel, who are fair?
Beauty, like light'ning thus it's Pow'r maintains,
And leſs in Charming than in Terrour Reigns.
O that true Love ſhould with diſdain be paid!
O that my Paſſion ſhould your ſport be made!
Late, at your Father's Gates I ſaw you ſtand,
And Knock for Entrance with a gentle hand.
The conſcious Gates (kind to my Pray'rs) were (barr'd,
I ſaw——
And tho' at diſtance, fancy'd that I heard.

Long

Long time you ſtood, tho' then I thought not ſo,
You enter'd—where I wretched, muſt not go.
Bleſſings ſo great your harſh decree denies,
Yet thou wert follow'd by thy Lover's Eyes.
Not they, ev'n they, could full Admittance gain,
The ſhutting Gates daſh'd back my ſight—
My Eyes attempted, like my ſelf, in vain.
Dull, ſenſeleſs Eyes, which could that object loſe!
O Servant, harder than the Doors you cloſe.
Secure, like *Danae* in your brazen hold,
Not *Jove* himſelf can enter, but in Gold.

To Amaſia.

AS Men in deſarts loſt, with wand'rings rove,
Thro' ev'ry trackleſs thicket, every Grove,
So am I loſt—
And ſo bewilder'd in the maze of Love.
To Men, and Gods, and Heav'n, diſtreſs'd they cry,
Nor Men, nor Gods, but Ecchoing Woods reply,
And threat'ning Thunder burſting from the Sky.
In vain the Hills their ſad complaints reſtore,
Or worſe than vain—
Redoubling back their Woes, they make them more.

In vain, forlorn, they ſtrive themſelves to ſhun,
Their griefs purſue them, wherefoe'er they run,
Like me deſpairing, and like me undone.
Off'ring their lateſt Pray'rs, to Heav'n they ſue,
Kneel to unpitying Pow'rs, as I to you.
Unknowing where for kind relief to fly,
Accurſt like me, like me reſolve to die.
Cruel *Amaſia*!——no, I wrong thee there,
For thou art good as Guardian Angels are.
Gentle in Nature, Affable, and Mild,
Courteouſly ſoft—
And Sweetly ſmiling, as a dreaming Child.
What is my fate? What Crimes muſt I atone?
(I done?
What?—Tell me Heav'n! and Earth what have
What have I done?—ne'er may the guilt remove;
I own, and boaſt my Crime, my Crime is Love.
Young tho' I am, I have a Manly Soul,
And full-grown Paſſions in my Boſom rowl.
Young tho' I am, if you continue cold,
Believe, *Amaſia*, I ſhall ſoon grow old.
Already have I felt unſetled Fires,
Already paſt all Youthful, vain deſires.

Whether

Whether by chance, or by misfortunes hurl'd,
Too well I know, and now deſpiſe the World.
From all it's looſe, Fantaſtick Charms I flee,
Contemning all it's Beauties—all, but thee.
Like ſome Skill'd Traveller, o'ercaſt with Night,
Gay, ſhooting Meteors, and falſe Stars I ſlight,
But riſe, and bow to the Sun's awful light.
Each Meaner Planet might Attract the Eye;
But *Sol* in view, all Conſtellations fly;
What Beauty's ſeen, and bright *Amaſia* by?
You with peculiar force your Glances Arm,
Nor do they ſhine alone, but ſhine and warm:
Lovely in every thing! in all you Charm.
Why ſhould I bring your Image to my veiw?
O would your Image could be very you.
But I unbleſt, am by all Bars deny'd,
Your Guardian Father, and your Guardian Pride.
Tho' Death it ſelf from your diſdain I meet,
I ask but this ——
Let me receive it at *Amaſia*'s Feet.

To Amasia.

WHat can I think; can nothing, nothing move?
Is there no way, no means to gain your Love?
As Men in Vessels beaten by a Storm,
By Winds and Waves, and all that fear can form,
Look' often back for the forsaken shore,
But that long lost, tho' loud the Billows roar,
Plow up amain the Seas, for passage o'er.
So wish I oft I had not told my pain,
Wish what I told con'd be untold again,
All I declar'd, since it was all in vain.
Then strugling Passions in my Mind revolve,
Resolv'd to move thee, but in vain resolve.
In spight of Winds, in spight of Waves I'll on,
I can at worst, be, as I am, undone.
Roar on ye Bolts of Thunder from the Sky,
And at my Head broad Sheets of light'ning fly.
Burst, ye charg'd Clouds, hurl fast your Burthens (down,
I rage with scorching Fires ye cannot drown,
Fall thick, and save me from *Amasia*'s frown.
Your scorn alone my Breast with trembling moves,
He cannot, no, he cannot fear, who Loves.

Once

Once with your preſence bleſt——but once——
(kind Heav'n!
Thanks for that once, my humbleſt Thanks are giv'n.
With beating Heart, and melting Eyes I came,
Catch'd, at each ſtep, and every Glance, new Flame,
Saw all the Charms that fancy rack'd can frame.
Slowly with mingled Love and awe approach'd,
Stood, and gaz'd on, but never, never touch'd.
Tortur'd at once with Pleaſure, and with pain,
Smoth'ring my Sighs, for I had ſigh'd in vain.
Faſt to my Face fluſh'd up my Mantling Blood,
I ſtood——O would I had for ever ſtood.
Chang'd, as Romantick Lovers were of old,
I ſeem'd enchanted in ſome Charming hold,
The place ſhow'd Paradiſe——
And you look'd form'd of an Angelick mould.
As Men in Pangs and Agonies of Death,
With Tremulous LipsCatch thick at parting breath;
So, but with greater pangs your *Sylvius* ſtrove,
And ſcarce, ah! ſcarce could ſpeak thoſe Words—
Seated, at diſtance far, far off, with ſhame, (*I Love.*
And down-caſt looks I told you why I came.
My buſineſs known, you put reſentment on,
And ſeem'd to bid me, with your looks, be gone.

I could not go, or I had then obey'd,
Tho' you, incens'd, oft murmur'd that I ſtay'd.
How could I go without one ſmile away?
Why did I move at all?——
Fool that I was, I did not ever ſtay!
O that thoſe Minutes were ſo quickly paſt!
O that thoſe Minutes could not Ages laſt!
Our pains remain——
But ah! our fleeting Pleaſures fly too faſt.

To Amaſia.

THink, think, *Amaſia*, on the Wounds you gave,
Think how your Eyes have made my Soul your (Slave.
O let your Pride before your Beauty fly,
What will you gain, to ſee your *Sylvius* die;
Why am I ſlighted thus, *Amaſia*, why?
For Adoration are our Temples made;
While there are Altars, vows will there be paid.
At Shrines the ſuppliant does with Off'rings move,
Heav'n claims our Duty, as you claim our Love.
No wonder then my Breaſt ſo ſoon was fir'd,
For you were only born to be admir'd.
The gazing World ſhall you the Charmer ſee,
Ador'd by all, but moſt belov'd by me.

Where,

Where, where deſerv'd can you confer your Charms?
Into what happy Youth's ſucceſsful Arms?
Lovely in all, with form, and Face divine,
With Form and Face Serenely Sweet as thine?
It cannot be——here all deſert is Barr'd,
Heav'n cant be priz'd——
'Tis always giv'n, and giv'n as a reward.
Impious the Wretch who thinks thy Charms to buy,
If Mortal Man can purchaſe thee, 'tis I.
Nor Tranſient Gold, nor Titles ought to move,
Love only Merits you, immortal Love.
Free from all Servile int'reſt do I ſue,
I ſhould have all the World, in having you.
Tho' my ſmall Fortunes wreck'd, and loſt I own,
I Court your ſelf, but for your ſelf alone.
What more can in Ambition's Circle fall?
Her ſelf? Ye Pow'rs! Thy Charming ſelf is all.
Let others Plow the fierce, Tempeſtuous main.
And viſit Lands, far diſtant hence, for gain.
Let ſuppliant Souls for gilded honour bow;
Thou art my Treaſure, all I wiſh for, thou.
Tho' now at partial Fortune I repine,
I ſhould indeed be rich, if thou wert Mine.

O never mine——a thouſand Bars deny;
Your Father——think, O think——
Your Father Loves you not ſo well as I.
When you, by him conſenting, ſhall be led
To the falſe Joys of a gay Nuptial Bed, (Wed.
May you abhor the Man, but for damn'd int'reſt
Rather, kind Heav'n! (if ſuch a thing can be) (thee.
May he be cold, indiff'rent, dull—yet doated on by
Then may you ſay, when this curſt State you prove,
Tho' *Sylvius* wanted Fortunes, he had Love.

To Amaſia.

WHY did the Day its hateful dawn diſcloſe?
Why wak'd your Slave ſo ſoon, ſo ſoon aroſe?
Why did I wake to be your Slave again,
When in my ſleep I did a Conquerour Reign?
Vain Shadow of a Conqueſt! all is vain!
To thy dear Arms, methought, I raviſh'd flew,
And humbly yielding there, Triumphant grew;
Deluſion all, all falſe——but very you.
With ſoft, ſubmiſſive force I gain'd the Field,
And found the greateſt Triumph there to yield.
To your Command my proſtrate Soul I gave, (Slave.
And was, when moſt your Conquerour, moſt your

O

O that each Thought could the like Vision Frame!
Sure I wak'd then, and now, 'tis now I Dream.
Methought, *Amasia* made a kind return,
Methought, soft smiles did all her Face adorn,
And she seem'd Lovely as the blushing Morn.
Young Love, Methought, dawn'd round your gentler
You all o'er fondness, I all o'er surprize. (Eyes,
O let me dare my Blessings to relate,
O let me tell thee my transported State,
Extatick Joys beyond the Power of fate.
Not to the happiest Man unknowing Heav'n, (ven.
Can such unbounded Floods of flowing Sweets be gi-
Free from all loose desires did *Sylvius* move,
Which real Passion, from it self can prove,
They only feel, who have not Souls to Love.
Low at your Feet, long did I humbly Kneel,
And in soft Sighs breath'd all the Pangs I feel.
Why should my Pains, my racking Tortures stay?
And why my Joys fleet with the Night away!
To smiling looks, methought, you chang'd your frown,
And from your Eyes cast soft Compassion down.
Then, happy then! (but Dreams have fancy'd
You kindly rais'd me up—— (Charms)
Rais'd me, all bliss to your endearing Arms.

Forgive,

Forgive, *Amasia*, what I here declare,
For Men may Dream of Heaven——
Ev'n in the deepest Anguish of despair.
Chast are my Thoughts, chast is my Sacred Flame,
Ev'n in deluding sleep, unknowing shame,
For who can Sin, that does of Angels dream?
Close to your Breast the trembling Lover flew,
Which, when awake, no Mortal dares to do.
Then,—ye Propitious Pow'rs! ye Thrones Divine!
Receive, you Cry'd——
Receive me, *Sylvius*, I am ever thine.
Who could, (and Live) those Heav'nly Accents hear?
O 'twas too much, too much for Man to bear.
Like the fam'd *Roman* in his Triumphs prest,
I fell—
And falling sunk into Eternal rest,
O would it were Eternal——would no more
I had awak'd, to feel my suff'rings o'er, (before.
Suff'rings, from Pleasures past, far greater than
Seldom, ah! seldom do I find repose,
Yet when I do, ev'n thence my Anguish grows;
Ye gentle Slumbers of kind Death——
With your all binding Seals my Eyes for ever close.

To

To Amasia.

ENough——'tis done, the fatal Work is done,
Now, Cruel fair! you may disdain me on.
No further ills has he to fear, who feels
More Mortal Pains——
Than Wretches dash'd on Rocks, or broke on Wheels.
The flourishing Oak shakes, when the tempest blows,
The naked Tree does it's bare Trunk expose,
Nor bows, nor shakes, tho' the Winds fury grows.
Frown, gloomy Heaven! pour fast your Thunders (down,
All that I can, I have already known;
Frown gloomy Heav'n, and fair *Amasia*, frown.
Let me the worst extreams of Rigour try,
Heap on me all at once, I can but die. (flee?
Who, who's that Wretch who can your Vengeance
Or where's the Man who dares not die for thee?
Scorning, I laugh at those who boast their fall,
Slighting all Deaths, and yet afraid of all.
Why should I Perish; No, *Amasia*, no,
So tho' I fell, I could not gain you so;
Love is Romantick in the Shades below.

Death is a Thought ſhould never ſooth Deſpair,
For I can meet no kind *Amaſia* there ;
Where ſhall I find thee then, O tell me, where ?
Thro' Seas, thro' Fires, o'er Mountains would I go,
O'er Mountains cover'd with Eternal Snow :
Thro' Salvage Wilds, thro' Dens andForreſts rove,
Thro' the whole Univerſe, to gain thy Love.
Tho' I diſdain with flatt'ring Vows to Whine,
Hear me,yon ſtarry roof,hear me,yePow'rsDivine!
There are no dangers under Heav'n———
I would not brave, to have *Amaſia* mine.

To Amasia.

WHence, whence your Charms; whence your (engaging Pow'rs?
Why do I wish to be for ever yours?
Something peculiar in your form is seen,
And something strangely taking in your Mien.
Something there is, unknown, allures my Soul,
Does all my Thoughts, and all my sense controul,
Divine in every part, Angelick in the whole.
Now, your Seraphick shape I wond'ring, Praise,
Then, at each motion, every Gesture gaze,
But when your Face I view———
My sense lies Buried in a Thoughtless maze.
Others, to move, may their whole Beauties Arm,
But you with every smallest part can Charm,
Continue cold your self, yet all beholders warm.
Yet this alone ne'er cou'd such Passion move,
This could not make me, ev'n to madness, Love.
Curst be the hour, when I beheld you first,
Curst be the Day, thro' long, long Ages Curst.
Curst be the time, when I presum'd to sue, (rious you.
And Court, with humblest Love, the proud, impe-

Then, then it was your *S*enſe engag'd me more,
Than all that Beauty had diſplay'd before. (give;
Strange! that indulgent Heav'n all Charms ſhould
Strange! that *Minerva* ſhould in *Venus* live!
But, ſtranger yet! you Hate, for Love, return;
'Tis hard to know——
Whether your ſenſe be greater or your ſcorn.

To

To Amasia.

AT last believe—as thou art fair, be good,
Believe I Love; you promis'd me you wou'd.
How can I proofs of my Affection show?
O had I Crowns———
Empires and Worlds, far let those trifles go,
All would I slight, all I can think, for you.
Beyond thy Charms what can Ambition see;
Thou art an Empire, and a World to me.
While Eyes can look, and while thy Beauty blooms,
(And that will be, 'til the Pale Tyrant comes.)
While I have sense to speak, to live, and move,
While I despair, (which must be) while I Love.
While Seas shall roar, while Night and day shall last,
Till the great doom of all Mankind be past,
Still shall my Soul to dear *Amasia* bow;
And yet she fancies that I Love not now.
O Charming Maid! believe, at last believe,
'Tis all your *Sylvius* asks you now to give,
Believe that I shall Love you, while I live.

Sure, ev'n from Death my Paſſion muſt be free,
Sure, when my Body dies———
Yet the ſurviving part will think on thee.
What then muſt come, none, while alive, can prove,
But here, none truly live, who do not truly Love.
O you muſt needs be full convinc'd I do,
I have no int'reſt in the World, but you.
Your ſelf I Court——
And for your ſelf alone, your ſelf I wooe.

To

To Amasia.

COuld you believe my Flame, would that relieve?
You would but scorn the more, as you the (more believe.

A real Passion but disdain Creates,
And Pride's a Monster that on Beauty waits.
Custom has taught all Virgins to be coy,
And feeds their Vanity, but starves their Joy.
O'er Sense, o'er Reason, and o'er Love it Rules,
Custom, the Guardian, and the guide of Fools.
Custom, which leads us out, and brings us in;
And yet, 'tis Custom chiefly makes Men Sin.
When we do ill, the weak pretence we show,
The Poor excuse, is, Custom taught us so,
And all the World must with the Fashion go.
If then, that Phantom must all Acts approve,
Know, that 'tis Customary too to Love.
Common to all as Death;——the Rural Swain
Sighs for the Nymph that Charm'd him on the (plain
And sits, and Sings like me, like me, in vain.

Forſakes his Flocks, and ſeeks ſome cool Retreat,
Shunning the Sun's, and Love's more ſcorching (heat,
Supine he lies——
Gazing on othersHerds,and as heSighs,they bleat.
The Soldier too, proud in his own Commands,
Receives the Signal from his Miſtreſs Hands,
O'er him Triumphant ſtill, where'er ſhe goes,
At every Glance Alarm'd——
More than withDrums, andTrumpets from his foes.
From Noiſy Nonſenſe Calm, entranc'd he lies,
And Swears not now,—but by his Charmer's Eyes,
The pleading Lawyers from the Bar remove,
And ſlight all ſuits, but the ſoft ſuit of Love.
An other's caſe, Loquacious, they make known,
Impertinently loud;——
But as their Clients, ſilent, in their own.
Love, by ſtrange Pow'r,maintains his Conqu'ring (*S*way,
And we muſt, in our own deſpight, obey,
Speaking the leaſt, who have the moſt to ſay.
Amaſia, thus I prove my claim to you,
All Mankind Love——
But none of all, as I, unhappy, do. (new.
There I tranſcend the Cuſtom,bold,extravagantly

In

In other things———
Let all your Sex to their old Law refer,
Amasia is belov'd, Love ſhould be Law to her.
Let others boaſt their Titles, or their Arts,
But only Hearts ſhould have a right to Hearts.
And yet, I own you are not blindly led,
For Reaſon bids you ſhun the humble Bed ;(Wed!
Reaſon ? —who ever Lov'd, that did with Reaſon

To

To Amasia.

THO' Sense prevailing Checks a kind return,
Tho' Sense, cold sense, permits you not to burn,
Yet Sense can never bid *Amasia* scorn.
By Fate's decree, Love rages in the Blood;
A Passion cannot be by force withstood,
For I would hate *Amasia*, if I cou'd.
Can I at once mention thy Name, and hate?
Love Choaks that Word, for Love to me is fate.
Resentment now does with soft Fondness Jar,
Reason and Love wage an Eternal War;
Love Fights—Love Conquers still——
And my own Heart is his Triumphant Car.
In vain I call my Senses to my aid,
In vain Rebel, he will be still obey'd,
For I am soon by ev'ry Sense betray'd.
Now, I resolve thy Beauties to despise,
And look——but look alas! with longing Eyes.
Each pointed Glance, with haughty Courage Arm'd,
Looses its Edge, and at thy sight grows Charm'd.
In all I yield, and strait, ye Pow'rs Divine!
My Heart, and Soul, as well as Eyes, are thine.

Whene'er

Whene'er I touch thee, I transported grow,
Whene'r I touch, which but in Thought I do,
More soft thou seem'st——
Than downy Swans, or than the Fleecy Snow.
Thy Fragrant Breath——
More smelling Sweet than richest Perfumes blows,
Than Scents of Violets, or the blooming Rose.
To catch new Sweets, oft flying *Zephirs* stay,
Around thy Lips, and with thy Tresses play,
Then pleas'd, with Whistlings fly——
And on their Wings bear the dear spoils away.
In thee all Odours keep their Lov'd aboad,
One sigh of yours would Charm, or make, a God.
From place to place, tastless of Food, I rove,
Loathing all else—my only food is Love.
Musick, be dumb—what Musick can I hear?
Amasia's Voice can only Charm my Ear,
All's discord else—there's only Musick there.
Thy Ayres, at once, Fann, while they raise the Fire,
Thy Words beyond all others Songs inspire,
Charming the Poet more than his *Apollo*'s lyre.
Seraphick strains from every Accent spring,
Sing not *Amasia*——no——
For I should grow Immortal, should you sing.

Whene'er

Whene'er you ſpeak, fond of the Charming ſound,
With the Lov'dVoice the Hills, and Vales rebound,
Scarce, ſcarce at laſt by repetition drown'd.
O had the Vocal Nymph ſuch ſtrains reſtor'd,
Had *Eccho*'s Voice been ſuch, *Narciſſus* had ador'd.
Raviſh'd like me, he had Condemn'd his choice,
And had not Burn'd———
For the Reflection of a Face, but Voice.

To

To Amasia.

WHY am I charg'd to lay aside my claim?
Why am I charg'd to stifle sacred Flame?
Let the dull Hind Plow up the Patient soil,
And duller Warriors in their Trenches toil.
To gainful Trades their Sons let Fathers bind,
And let the Sailor, go, pursue the Wind!
In their own Spheres let every Mortal move,
And let, (*Amasia*) let your *Sylvius* Love.
Bid the bright Sun be now no longer bright,
Bid the succeeding Stars withdraw their light.
O would thou couldst, then might my suff'rings end,
There's not one Star in Heav'n that shines my Friend.
Bid rowling Billows, cease to lash the shore,
Bid the insulting Tempest cease to roar,
Then bid me cease to Love, and to adore.
O Charming Maid! Bid thy own Beauties fade,
Till then, Mankind must Love thee, Charming Maid!
Why wert thou form'd of that Celestial Mould?
Gold's base to thee—O be not bought with Gold;
Beauty should only be for Passion sold.

Freely

Freely on me confer the Heav'nly ſtore,
Freely—— as Nature gave it thee before,
And Heav'n, by which 'twas form'd——
Will, pleas'd, (if poſſible) yet make it more.
Where ſhould the Lovely fair her Charms confer?
Where? but to that fond Youth——
Who Burns, and Bleeds, and Sighs, and Dies for her?
Receive me, O receive me to thy Arms,
Or if thou ſtill wilt ſcorn, withdraw thy Charms.
Let me ſome eaſe from Mortal ſuff'rings find,
O be not too, too Lovely, yet unkind;
But thou art Deaf to Pray'rs——
As raging Seas, or as the Storming Wind.
Oft, when alone, you Dance before my view,
And every thing I think of, turns to you.
Flee, Phantom Love,—or where ſhall *Sylvius* flee?
Why ſhould I think—ſhe never thinks of me,
The Cruel, Haughty, Proud, Imperious ſhe.
O ſay, *Amaſia*, whom all Charms adorn, (ſcorn!
Can'ſt thou feel no Remorſe, and wilt thou ever
Gods! 'tis too much to bear—it can't be born.
It muſt, alas! ——how idly did I rave?
What Charm can ſuccour me, what Pow'r can ſave?

Now

Now I resolve by force thy House to Storm,
Again I rave———
But what, ye Gods! can't Men in Love perform?
Sometimes, on wiles I think, because I know
Acontius gain'd his fair *Cydippe* so;
Again resolve near your aboad to stay,
And snatch, and carry thee by force away,
Snatch, like the Bird of *Jove*, the Lovely prey.
The Thund'rer's Ensigns on his Wings he rears,
Love's light'ning's fiercer than the Flames he bears.
This 'midst a Thousand other Thoughts, comes on,
Orythia so was by Young *Boreas* won.
Then, as you pass along the Crowded Street,
I think—your *Sylvius* thinks, his fair to meet,
And fall a Victim, prostrate at her Feet.
Soon will a passage to my Heart be found,
The Sword but ent'ring where Love made the Wound.

To

To Amasia.

O Cruel fair! at length, receive my Pray'r,
At length, return my Passion, Cruel fair!
Think what it is to Love, and to Despair.
Whene'er I meet Acquaintance in the Town,
Thoughtful I pass, & look dejected down,
Scarce knowing Friends, and ev'n to Friends scarce known.
Strait, with concern they ask me what I Aile,
And Cry, why Pale, my *Sylvius*, why so Pale?
Silent I sighing stand, nor speak, nor move,
Soon, ah! too soon, from thence my griefs they prove,
And tell me laughing--Youth, Poor Youth! you Love.
Thinking on thee, *Amasia*, all the while,
Fond their ill-natur'd Pity to beguile,
Ev'n in Despair I force a racking smile.
With scornful Jests my Friends their Pity show;
Yes, proud *Amasia* too can pity so.
Almost in Tears, yet forc'd to smile again,
My Pain concealing, I encrease my Pain.
Love, Tyrant Love urges those sad Extreams,
Like Winter Suns, I smile with Watry Beams.

Vain

Vain are my weak Devices, and deceit,
They talk of buſineſs—and I name you ſtrait.
Why Bluſh you now; why Pale again; they Cry;
Why?——you ſhould Anſwer them, *Amaſia*, why.
A Thoughtleſs Ignorance on Love attends,
Tell me the cauſe, that I may tell my Friends.
If this, fair Charmer! you refuſe to do,
I'll lay it all, charge all my change on you.
Take then the Reaſon, Friends, Companions, take—
You ſee me Pale; 'tis for *Amaſia*'s ſake.
To you (once Dear) and to the World I own,
I Love——I Love *Amaſia*, her alone.

To Amasia.

COuld the true Lover all his ills declare,
Make known his tedious suff'rings to his fair,
Sure, she would kindly listen to his Pray'r,
Sure, all his Woes would some Compassion move,
Sure, she would Pity, tho' she could not Love.
Hear, hear, *Amasia*, what I feel for you,
For by your self, by your Dear self, 'tis true,
I Love almost to madness——Gods! I do.
My Eyes no rest, my Soul no quiet knows,
Sylvius is tortur'd, wherefo'er he goes,
No peaceful slumbers Crown me with repose.
All Day I rave of thee, and all the Night,
Ev'n in the gloom, I have thee in my sight,
Nor am I Cheer'd by the all-Cheering light.
Wing'd with my sighs, the Minutes slowly fly,
When every Mortal Creature sleeps—but I.
Why do you rack me thus, Dear Charmer! why?
Now wild *Chimæra*'s in my fancy grow,
Now, now I think I see thy Beauties glow,
And strait my gushing Tears in Torrents flow.

Flow

Flow on, ye Streams, Flow; ye Tumultuous Streams,
Not all your deluges can quench my Flames.
Excuſe each Blot, which to your view appears,
I ſtain the Paper leſs with Ink than Tears.
Strange force of Love, which can ſuch wonders do!
Raiſing our Souls to make them lower bow.
Thus, while it Works me to the laſt exceſs,
Making me more than Man, it makes me leſs.
Each tedious moment of the Night I ſigh,
As on my Bed, lodg'd like Deſpair, I lie,
No Creature there, no living Creature Nigh.
Plac'd near my Feet, a ſilent Taper ſtands,
But not like Hymen's, when he Joyns kind hands.
Like Death's Pale Torch, a glimm'ring light it yields,
Or like the Glow-worm Fires in Winter Fields.
Sometimes my fancy ſhows me Pale and dead,
And direful Furies yelling round my Head.
Again—(what ev'n would be in Death deny'd)
I ſee *Amaſia* Mourning by my ſide,
And hear her ſighing Cry,—I come, thy Bride.
Convinc'd at laſt, her Charms my Soul could move;
Convinc'd at laſt, that I did truly Love.
Sylvius, with thee, down to the Shades below,
With her own *Sylvius* ſhall *Amaſia* go.

There, thy firm Love, thy Conſtancy, to Crown,
Thy Lov'd *Amaſia* ſhall be thine alone.
Rais'd by this Thought, I ſtrive to ſeize my fair,
But Oh! I find no dear *Amaſia* there.
Your very Image flies———
And nought is left me real,——but Deſpair.
From ſide to ſide, guiltleſs of ſleep I turn,
And now I Freeze, now, as in Feavers, burn.
Oft on thy Name, and oft on Heav'n I call,
And Kneel to every Pow'r, and Pray to all.
Then, huſh'd by Weeping, as the Wind by Show'rs,
I ſpeak in ſofteſt Murmurs only yours.
Amaſia—Dear *Amaſia*—then I ſigh,
Amaſia ſleeps——and all things ſleep——but I;
The Virgin ſleeps, and will not hear my Cry.
O may the ſofteſt, Golden ſlumbers Crown,
Her Charming Eyes, and every trouble drown,
Since I am Curſt, may I be ſo alone.
On me the worſt, the heavieſt Sorrows fall,
All may ſhe ſcape, ſave her, kind Heav'n from all.

To

To Amasia.

WHilst some vain Fops repuls'd, and oft deny'd,
Turn Love to hatred, and soft Pray'rs to (Pride;
I, when the most by your disdain despis'd,
Confess thy Charms are still Divinely priz'd.
He, whose Address the worst success can move,
That Wretch, that False, Mean Wretch could never (Love.
Lovers like Beggars should kind Pray'rs bestow,
Whether their cravings are reliev'd or no.
But you, too harsh, will no Petitions meet,
And tho' you wont relieve———
Deny to let me Perish at your Feet.
O tho' you ne'er support me in my want,
Yet hear at least, that is not much to grant.
O 'tis too much——accurst by fate's decree,
The smallest favour is to great for me.
The ragged Wretch, deseas'd, who at your Door
Falls down, and Begs, Decrepid, Friendless, Poor,
At least you Pity, if you give no more.
This, every Day, almost each hour I view;
Who would not beg, so to be pity'd too?
But more for any Slave, than for your own, you do.

Europa thus on the *Sydonian* ſhore
Viewing a Bull, with Pleaſure hear'd him roar,
Fed him with flow'rs, then, mounting on him, rode,
Till the tranſported Bull became a God.
More to relieve him ſo, the Virgin ſtrove,
Than ſhe had done, if ſhe had known him *Jove.*
O to what form can I this being change,
Into what parts, and whither ſhall I range?
Strange Love! Strange Wiſh! Fantaſtick Notions
(Strange!
Vain my deſires, all fond endeavours vain!
Alter'd from what I was———
I am your Slave, and muſt your Slave remain.
The humbleſt, real Love no change endures,
While I have any being, I am Yours.

To Amaſia.

HArk—how I ſigh, mark the laſt dyingGroan,
Feel how my Heart beats thick—obſerve
(my Moan,
My Breath comes ſhort, and now—
Now in that other ſigh my Soul is gone.
Now, do I faint, yet oft, too oft revive;
(Happy the dead; none can be bleſt alive.
From Tortures freed, but to be kept in pain,
I am, like Sentenc'd Wretches, rack'd again.
See, how my changing Colour comes and goes,
See, how *Amaſia* ſmiles, yet all my ſuff'rings knows,
See, how my Tears my Sickly viſage drown,
See, how they fall———
And drop by drop trace one another down.
Stream on, for there the Lovely Charmer ſtands,
Stream, till ſhe dries you with her tender Hands.
Falſe Tears! yet Kind, tho' Falſe; O kind ſurprize!
My Tears afford me what my Sight denies;
My Tears preſent her Image to my Eyes.
To the true view *Amaſia* ne'er appears,
And yet ſhe kindly Dances in my Tears.

Kindly? —ah! no; ſuch Mirth yields no relief,
She, Dancing, Triumphs in her Lover's grief.
Blindneſs by Weeping, I to ſight prefer,
If only Weeping can preſent me her.
Since, but by loſs of ſight, her form I find,
To Weep, is ſeeing; all ſight elſe is Blind.
Thus, the effect of grief, the grief deſtroys,
And thus my very ſorrows yield me Joys.
In every drop *Amaſia* I eſpy,
Amaſia, always in my Tears, but never in my Eye.
Strange! that your Soul not the leaſt ſoftneſs bears,
Strange! that thou know'ſt not pity, yet art lodg'd (in Tears!

Still as they flow, they bring thy Image on,
Thy Image is in every Torrent gone;
I think———
I ſee a thouſand Charmers; ſeeing none.
By ſome Learn'd Sage I muſt inſtructed be,
If 'tis the fancy, or the Eyes that ſee.
Let me not boaſt oft ſo your form I view,
My Sorrows multiply, as faſt as you.
Above all Gemms, I prize each flowing Tear,
There 'tis you ſhine, that's bright *Amaſia*'s Sphere,
Thou, the fair Orb art ever rowling there.

Thro'

Thro' Waters thus enlighten'd fancy Spies,
What the clear Air to eager ſight denies; (Skies.
Thus the Sun's ſeen in Streams, tho' Clouded in the
Thus did the Flood to fond *Narciſſus* ſhew (do.
What no ſearch elſe thro' the whole World could
When with each falling drop *Amaſia* goes,
The next ſucceeding drop a new *Amaſia* ſhows.
Falſe *Omen* that!——I ſee all's Shadow now;
For thou thy ſelf art fled———
How wilt thou come again? inſtruct me, how?
For thy true loſs———
Think, Charmer, think how Pompous is my woe,
When thus I Weep to ſee thy Shaddow go?
Like Radiant *Sol*, from the Tumultuous Main,
From Tears you riſe, and ſet in Tears again.
While thus thy form appears in watry Eyes,
From Floods I ſee a Second *Venus* riſe.

To

To Amaſia.

SEE, how in Sorrows Drown'd I trembling ſtand,
See, how my Pen falls from my Feeble Hand.
Why, let it fall—I'll now embrace my Chain,
No more in Words, no more in Sighs complain,
And never, never write, deſpis'd, again.
To end my Woes, and Life, at once, I'll try, (die.
Burſt, burſt my Heart—loſt Wretch! run mad and
Tear firſt thy Eyes, there let thy rage begin,
Thy Eyes firſt drew the fatal miſchief in, (ſeen.
For thou had'ſt never Lov'd, if thou had'ſt never
Hurl, hurl the Bleeding Balls, and let them meet
Their abject Doom, ſpurn'd by *Amaſia*'s Feet.
What have they done? how does their Crime appear;
What could they do, but look, when ſhe was near?
With ſight Seal'd up, Men ſleep, tho' Stars ſhine (Bright,
But the Sun ris'n——
All Eyes are Open to receive the light.
O let me grow diſtracted with my Moan,
And roving in ſome deſart land, unknown,
Loſe my loath'd Life, and Senſeleſs, ſtiffen into Stone.

Ev'n

Ev'n then the Marks of deepeſt Woes I'll bear,
And ſtand the very Statue of Deſpair ; (my Air.
A frightful Wildneſs in my look, and Terrour in
Strange! I ſhould wiſh this deſp'rateState to prove,
Strange ! that no Charm your rigid Breaſt can
Strange ! you deſpiſe——— (move.
The ſofteſt, deareſt, and the tend'reſt Love !
No Charm butGold ?—Oh ! wilt thou then be ſold ?
Wilt thou Debaſe thy ſelf to Servile Gold ?
His Golden wiſh, when *Midas* came to die,
He Curſt——and wiſht him Poor, yes, Poor as I,

To

To Amasia.

TOO much, too much you Tyrannize, proud Maid!
More than you ought, you do my sense invade,
Whilst the Commands of Heaven are less than (yours Obey'd.
Ev'n when I go to offer up my Pray'rs,
And beg the Gods to ease my Mortal cares,
My Heart is thine, my Words are only theirs.
Where am I safe from this thy Charming Skill,
Thy Eyes, thy Conquering Eyes can at the Altar Kill.
In vain to Shrines for refuge I repair,
For I can find no kind *Assylum* there.
Where shall I fly to shun thee, tell me, where?
Like mine, *Leander*'s Am'rous Passion came,
He saw——admir'd the Maid——
And as she Offer'd incense, Catch'd the Flame.
Like him, to *Venus* Fairest Maid, I sue,
And as you Pray to Heav'n, I Pray to you.
Your Fan, Love's ensign, painted Flow'rs displays;
Behind that Shrine the Lov'd *Amasia* Prays.

Hide

Hide not thy Face, no paint can be ſo Fair,
There Roſes bloom, and every *Sweet* dwells there.
O I Conjure thee, by the Pow'rs above,
By thoſe you Pray to, by the Pow'r of Love,
By all that's Dear and *Sacred*, by thy Charms,
Receive thy raviſh'd *Sylvius* to thy Arms.
So, may thy Beauties have Eternal ſprings,
Love hov'ring o'er thee with Extatick Wings.
So ſhall thy Husband ſtill thy Lover be,
And none ſhall ever Love and Live as we.
But if thy Pride bids thee low Fortunes ſhun,
May you at laſt to loath'd Embraces run,
And dully Marry with Conſent——
Some Country Booby's awkward, ſenſeleſs *Son*.

To

To Amasia.

HOW far will Love his Conqu'ring Wings ex-
O must my Mortal suff'rings never end? (tend!
They cannot, no; each sigh Love's flight sustains,
O'er my own Heart in my own Breast he Reigns,
And holds too strong, my strugling Soul in Chains.
Thy growing Beauties yield him fresh supplies,
His Darts are pointed by *Amasia*'s Eyes.
Thy soft Commands are by this Cheif obey'd,
'Tis you, who teach Love warfare, Charming Maid!
And on his Standards is thy form display'd.
I yield, I yeild, thus Prostrate low, I fall,
Love's Goddess thou! thou Conquerour of my all!
You all my Thoughts, you all my Speech employ,
Thou giv'st me pain, and thou can'st give me Joy.
Whate'er you please to do, I pleas'd, approve,
Hate, where you hate, and where you fancy, Love.
Sun of my Days! and *Phantom* of my Nights!
Source of my Woes! and Spring of my Delights!
Fond of my Life, should you make kind returns,
Yet now I slight it, since *Amasia* scorns.

Just

Just as you make me, either Curst or blest,
Form'd to your will, my *Soul* is rais'd, or prest,
And swells and falls, like thy own Charming Breast.
Ill with thy Breast do I my *Soul* compare,
Thy Breast—the *Seat* of all that's *Sweet* and fair,
Thy Breast—O *Scene* of Pleasures! ever bloom-
(ing there.
Whilst in my *Soul* Despair her Court maintains,
And with deep Pomp in solid Darkness Reigns.
Thy Breast!—O never let me lose the Theam,
There, as entranc'd, let my lull'd fancy Dream.
O could I gently melt the Lovely Snow,
Thence, thence the Poet's *Helicon* would flow,
And I should need no other Muse than you.
If now with Frozen coldness you inspire, (Fire,
O could you burn, how fierce would mount the
Flaming with Joy, and sparkling with desire.
To heights sublime would soaring fancy drive,
Amasia's Name should at the *Stars* arrive,
Amasia long, long Ages should her self survive.
No sad decay should to thy Beauties come,
As in thy Face, when mould'ring in the Tomb,
They should for ever in my Numbers bloom.

More

More lasting far than polish'd Marble made,
While Men could read, thy glories should not fade.
Thy Lovely Image thro' the World should go,
The World should thee it's greatest Charmer know,
Thy Charms, which seem Immortal, should be so.
Round thro' the Universe thy Fame should flee,
My Verse ador'd should live, by giving Life to thee.
Sound, Fame, thy Trumpet, to the Skies Proclaim,
Amasia lives, for ever lives in Fame.
Sound too her *Sylvius* lives; Love Life insures,
Known, while the Sun, the God of Verse endures,
Known for my Constant Love, *Amasia*, ever Yours.

FINIS.

AMASIA,

OR, THE

Works of the Muses.

A

Collection

OF

POEMS.

In Three Volumes.

By Mr *John Hopkins*.

VOL. III.

I, fuge; sed poteras tutior esse domi.

LONDON,
Printed by Tho. Warren for Bennet Banbury,
at the *Blue-Anchor* in the Lower-Walk
of the New-Exchange, 1700.

AMASIA

OR, THE

Works of the Muses.

A

Collection

OF

POEMS.

In Three Volumes.

By Mr. John Hopkins.

VOL. III.

Ut fugit, fit poesis rarior ejusmodi.

LONDON,

Printed by W. Jackson for Francis Gosling,
at the Blue-Anchor in the Lower-Walk
of the New-Exchange, 1700.

TO THE

Honourable

Mrs COOK

OF

NORFOLK.

MADAM,

I *Have heard, and may therefore say, I know your Character, for I have still been told the same by every Body, You are above being Titularly Noble; your Vertue is the true Nobility. 'Tis not for me to attempt your Encomiums; for all the Actions of your Life have given you, and shall give you praise. The easie greatness of your Temper, your courteous Affability, your Generosity, your Charity, your Goodness, and your Piety, have Universally*

spoke

spoke your Character. Your Vertues are your Historians and your Poets; and 'tis thro' them the Memory of your Name shall live, thro' them as well as thro' your Children, who by their Happy Education shall stand the admirable Copies of their bright Original.

On you, Madam, I have fixt, as the Patroness of these Poems, you who are all Vertue, and all Goodness, can best defend them from the Censures of detracting Tongues; your Name prefix'd to them, must in it self protect them; for none will imagine I should presume to Play the Libertine, *when I approach the Temple of* Diana. *The following Stories are out of* Ovid's *Book, Intitled* Metamorphosis, *the best, as well as the Chastest Poem he has writ; and how far soever I have fail'd in transfusing his Poetry into the English Language, I dare be positive he has lost nothing of his modesty by my Translation; for I consider that whatever off'ring is lay'd Chastly at your Feet, you will not Spurn: This, Madam, Courts Modestly your Acceptance,*

ceptance, without the least Impurity, without Flatt'ry; so much I truly Honour and Esteem you for your Illustrious Character, that I have even Dedicated to you, without a Complement, for I am sincerely, with all due deference and respect, your Vertue's Just Admirer, and,

Madam,

Your most Obedient

Most Humble Servant.

J. Hopkins.

THE

PREFACE.

A *Preface is the trading Stock the Author gives his Book, as Parents do to their Younger Children, as soon as they think them of Years Mature enough to launch into the World. As for my Embryo, I honestly disavow all fondness to it; and only write now to satisfy the Lady* Urania, *that I have to the last Volume forborn to mention her Name in hopes to have made some discovery of her, in order to return her the thanks she deserves, with all the praise she has given me; all her own. I receiv'd it, not because I had, by Merit, any right to keep it, but because, as all praise is her's, she has Power to give it where she pleases. Whoever this Charming* Urania *is, I must confess she's altogether unknown to me, and when I read the Panigyrick she has been pleas'd to send me, I have reason to fear I am as much unknown to her. Tho' the Complement she has made me in her Verses be a very great one, she may yet confer one much greater on me in permitting me to read her Face.*

THE

THE PREFACE.

A Preface is the trading Stock the Author gives his Book, as Parents do to their Younger Children, as soon as they think them of Years Mature enough to launch into the World. As for my Embryo, I honestly discover all Conducts to it; and only write now to satisfy the Lady Urania, that I have to the last Volume persuaded to mention her Name in hopes to have made some discovery of her, in order to return her the thanks she deserves, with all the praise she has given me; all her own. I received it, not because I had, by Merit, any right to keep it, but because, as all praise is hers, she has Power to give it where she pleases. Whoever this Charming Urania is, I must confess she is altogether unknown to me, and when I read the Pamphlet she has been pleased to send me, I have reason to fear I am as much unknown to her. Tho' the Compliment she has made me in her Verses be a very great one, she may yet receive one much greater on me in permitting me to read her Face.

THE

CONTENTS.

Vol. III. Book I.

THE Metamorphosis of Love. *Containing several Love Stories imitated from* Ovid.

Vertumnus *and* Pomona	Page 1
Venus *and* Adonis	5
Perseus *and* Andromeda	8
Picus *and* Canens	12
Jupiter *and* Europa	16
Boreas *and* Orythia	18
Iphis *and* Ianthe	20
Tereus *and* Philomela	25
Pluto *and* Proserpina	31
Alphæus *and* Arethusa	32
Jupiter *and* Calisto	35
Pigmalion *and his Iv'ry Statue*	37
Salmacis *and* Hermaphroditus	41
Cephalus *and* Procris	47
Phœbus *and* Leucothoe	52
Hippomenes *and* Atalanta	55
Eccho	60
Narcissus	63
Pan *and* Syrinx	68
Jupiter *and* Semele	71
Glaucus *and* Scylla	75
Diana *and* Actæon	77
Coronis *and* Neptune	79
Orpheus *and* Eurydice	81

The Contents.

Book II.

THE Miſcellany of Love. *Containing ſeveral Occaſional Copies.*

On Flowers in Amaſia's *Boſom; in imitation of* Anacreon 91

To a Lady asking me a thouſand impertinent Queſtions, which ſhe would have Anſwer'd 93

To the Lady above-mention'd, ſaying, I gave her a very ſenſeleſs, impudent Anſwer ibid.

To the ſame Lady ſaying ſhe would give me a Kiſs, If I would tell her what ſhe ask'd me 99

To the Lady aforeſaid, ſtriking me on the Face with her Fan, for my former Anſwers ibid.

To a Lady, who ask'd me why I writ on ſuch trifling Occaſions 95

To a Lady, ſaying, I ought to Marry her becauſe ſhe Lov'd me, ibid.

To the ſame Loving Lady, telling me, abuſe was an ill requital for ſoft Paſſion, but ſhe thank'd her Stars, ſhe was but in Jeſt ibid.

To a Lady, asking my Opinion concerning the writings of the Ancients and Moderns. 96

To a Lady, making her a preſent of Straw-Work ibid.

To the Bookſeller deſiring my Sculpture before my Book 97

To a certain Gentleman, you muſt know, very Cenſorious on me for aſſenting to my Bookſeller's deſire 98

To a Lady, telling me I ſhould Court applauſe if I expected to gain it. ibid.

To a Lady ſaying, with a ſmile, ſhe fear'd I would not perform my promiſe 99

To a Lady telling me I writ too faſt. 100

To

The Contents.

To the same Lady, saying—Sure I never thought, *and commanding me to write on a Feather* p. 101
To a Lady saying she imagin'd Poets were all on Fire, when they wrote. ibid.
To Amasia, *putting a Paper of my Verses in her Bosom* 102
To a Lady with a very Charming Dimple in her Chin, occasion'd by a Scar, which, she said an unaccountable Distemper had left there ibid.
To a Lady Dancing at a Ball 103
To a Lady, saying she would hate me, if I should write Satyr 104
To a Gentleman, whose Life was indanger'd by his endeavouring to address a Lady in a Sphere above him 105
New-Year's-Day, 1699. ibid.
Seeing a Lady at a Play, call'd, A Trip to the Jubilee 107
To a Lady under the Name of Philomela ibid.
Love in Idea. *Written to a Friend, who said his Mistress was above Gold, and desir'd my advice in his suit* 108
To a Lady, who seeing me in a Languishing Sickness, call'd me———Poor shadow of Love 111
To a Lady making me a second present of a Lock of her Hair, after I had in an humour return'd the first 112
To a Lady Singing 114
The Health. After absence———*to a Friend* ibid.
To a Lady, holding her Picture in my Hand, and looking on her Face 115
The Arms. Suavitate aut vi 116
Poems on several Occasions.
The Complaint 119
To Mr----*Written before the representation of his first Comedy* 122
To Mr----*on his second Comedy* 124

The

The Petition p. 126
To a Lady, my Friend's ingrateful Mistress 128
To Dr. Gibbons 131
To a Lady asking me why I did not apply to Dr. Gibbons *to be cur'd of my Love too* 133
The Charmer 134
The Vision of the Muse. 136

Book III.

THE Friendship of Love.
To Mr——. 147
To Mr---- 149
To Mr---- 152
To Mr---- 154
To Mr---- 157
To Mr---- 161
To Mr---- 164
To Mr---- 167
To Mr-.-- 169
Martin, *the Friend.* 173

The

THE *Metamorphosis* of *Love*.

Vertumnus *and* Pomona.

WHilst Peace o'er *Latium* spreads (it's gentle Wings,
And each pleas'd Swain amidst (his labours Sings;
In her own Orchards, undisturb'd with care,
Pomona flourisht, and was counted fair;
Her blooming Beauty still the same appears,
Not Blossom'd only in the Spring, like theirs.
She Loves no hunting, she admires no Game,
Covets no Groves, nor any Silver Stream;
Her happy Pleasures with her Fortunes suit,
She prunes her Trees, and she preserves her fruit,
Knows nought of Love, but what Tradition told,
And fears such Rapes as she had heard of old.
Therefore her Orchards with a Wall defends,
And lets in none but those she thinks her Friends.

Oft did the Satyrs, oft in vain, essay,
To make the Virgin to their lust a prey,
And force her thence, to be enjoy'd, away.
Oft too did *Pan* attempt the Charming Maid,
And oft *Silenus* made the Nymph afraid.
Priapus too, who others Fruits secures,
Longs most, *Pomona*, but to rifle yours.
Yet more than all the sweet *Vertumnus* blooms,
Drest in his Charms, where'er the Virgin comes.
He could all shapes, whate'er he fancy'd wear,
Would now a *Souldier* with his Arms appear,
An *Angler* next, and like a *Reaper* soon,
Chang'd as he pleas'd, and made all forms his own.
Hopeless to gain, now each disguise he fears,
And seems a Matron in declining Years.
To his own Godhead he the Maid prefers,
And quits his Beauties, but to gaze on her's.
Born on a staff, with creeping Feet he moves
To the fair object he so fiercely Loves.
Salutes her first, then eagerly he prest,
And clasp't her closely to his Throbbing Breast.
Fond tho' he was, tho' his desires were strong,
He Lov'd too well, the Charming fair to wrong,
Tho' all-o'er Innocence, all soft, and Young.

The

The Vertuous Maid receives her Lover's Kiss,
And thought old Women's were the same as his;
Kindly she Thanks him for his Courteous care,
Welcomes his visit, bids him welcome there.
Prays him sit down on the next Bank, and view
Her rip'ning Fruits, where all the choicest grew.
Around he looks, around the Pregnant Trees,
And praises lavishly each plant he sees.
Observes a Vine, how with the Elm it spread,
Commends both that, and the industrious Maid,
Who gave its Clusters so secure a shade.
Then tells her, she should by such sights be led,
To Love the Pleasures of the Nuptial Bed.
How many Swains for her a Flame had born!
How had she rack'd them with continu'd scorn!
Gods in the Skies, and Demi-Gods below,
Have quit their Heav'n, and all the Joys they know,
To look, and gaze (my Beauteous Maid!) on you.
But, trust me, child, my kind advice receive,
And what I tell you for a truth believe;
The fair *Vertumnus* all your Charms approves,
And out of force he must confess he Loves.
He, only he, shall be my choice for you,
And you your self, I hope, will choose him too.

None knows him more than I, the Youth ſtill blooms,
Sweet is his own, yet he all ſhapes aſſumes.
Wiſh what you will, he puts on every form,
And each he Wears, has ſome peculiar Charm.
He dwells in Gardens, and has charge of bow'rs,
His whole delight the very ſame with yours.
None is more Beauteous, none than he more ſtrong,
The ſmiling God is thro' all Ages young.
To him *Firſt Fruits* of all your Trees are due,
Which Joyful he receives each Year from you.
But now not thoſe he will accept, but thee,
Thou muſt thy ſelf, the next, bleſt Off'ring be.
Believe this Courtſhip from himſelf, ſuppoſe
What I have ſaid the fair *Vertumnus* knows.
Shew then your Pity, be no more ſevere,
The God himſelf will ſoon be preſent here.
So may your Fruits ſurvive the Winter Froſt,
So may you ever the ſame Beauties boaſt,
And may nor they, nor ought of yours be loſt.
Thus when he ſaid, himſelf again he grew,
And ſtood all Charms before the Virgin's view.
Thro' Clouds of Age he darts his youthful rays,
And now the Glories of his Face diſplays.

All

All o'er Divine, he ſtands tranſported there,
And gains a Conqueſt o'er the wond'ring fair.

Venus *and* Adonis.

THE Queen of Love is by her Son inflam'd,
And hates thoſe places for her preſence fam'd.
Paphos, *Cythera*, no, nor Heav'n can pleaſe,
Her only Heaven the fair *Adonis* is.
To all things elſe the Goddeſs him prefers,
And her whole care is to confirm him her's.
She fears her Charms boaſt not the Pow'r to move,
(Tho' Beauty's Goddeſs) her *Adonis* Love.
With all her Arts ſhe decks her ſparkling Eyes,
With all Attractions which make Paſſions riſe.
Now, like *Diana*, does her game purſue,
Nor heeds what ways ſhe paſſes ſwiftly thro'.
Hurts her ſoft Limbs on the unfriendly thorn,
Her tender Limbs, too Beauteous to be torn.
She hunts the Hare, and the more Stately Deer,
But fears the Boars, and bids *Adonis* fear;
Would have him bold to follow thoſe that fly,
But ſhun purſuers, and be ſwiſt as they.

Those Men are brave, who fight their equal foes,
You shew but rashness, to encounter those.
I beg you ne'er those Salvage Beasts engage,
By Nature arm'd, and which by Nature rage;
Your Youth and Beauties please the Queen of Love,
But their roughHearts yourCharms can never move.
Let not your Goddess stand expos'd in you,
For, with *Adonis* they wound *Venus* too.
Come my sweet Boy, my weary toil perswades,
And yonder Poplar Courts us to it's Shades.
Thence strait the Lovers to their Joys withdrew,
And blest *Adonis*, Charms Immortal knew.
How did he there of her Dear Flames approve!
A Heav'n of Beauty, and a Heav'n of Love!
Lost in their Pleasures, for a while they lay,
And those too, soon were lost, as well as they.
In smiles, and blushes, they at length arise,
And dart soft looks, one at the other's Eyes.
She leaves him there, drawn by her Snowy Swans,
And Waves an Airy Farewel from her hands.
A Boar appears, soon as the Queen was gone;
Advice is lost, where Courage urges on.
The Lovely Boy starts up, nor knows to fear,
And feels a Passion too to Conquer there.

With

With his strong Dart he wounds his flying foe,
Not *Phœbus* certain hands strike with a surer blow.
The raging Beast the Bearded *Javelin* drew,
And with his Open Mouth, upon him flew.
His monstrous tusks the fair *Adonis* wound,
And leave him bleeding on the reeking ground.
His dying Groans the wretched Goddess hears,
But her own Shrieks more loudly pierce her Ears.
She drives her Chariot to the dismal sound,
And in his Pangs her Dear *Adonis* found.
Ah! who can tell the griefs which *Venus* move!
Now Queen of sorrow, not the Queen of Love.
She calls aloud, ah! my *Adonis* stay,
Thus, is it thus, you my Commands obey?
Ah! cruel Boy! you have my Peace betray'd,
If you had Lov'd me, you had sure obey'd.
Then her rich Garments, with her Hair, she tore,
And Wip'd his flowing Wound with Robes she wore.
Beating her Breast, and Bathing it in Tears,
Fast with his Flood she sadly mingles her's.
To breath new Life, surpast her Female Pow'r,
She chang'd his Blood into a Fragrant Flow'r.

Perseus *and* Andromeda.

THE Conqu'ring *Perseus* now his Wings had ty'd,
To his swift Feet, his Faulchion to his side;
When, thro' the Air the dauntless Hero flies,
Free as the Birds, who cut the liquid Skies.
Now far beneath him he perceives a Maid,
On the hard shore, in Iron Fetters lay'd.
A monster's prey was the fair Virgin brought,
The fairest piece, that ever Nature wrought.
Chain'd to a Rock, she waited there her Doom,
Naked, and Whiter than the Snowy foam.
The flying Hero now descends from high,
Where he had cours'd along the Airy Sky.
With a fixt look he views the Virgin there,
Amaz'd, and wond'ring he admires the fair,
'Till he forgot to fly, forgot he was in Air.
Had he not view'd her Hair, which flow'd behind,
Held loosely waving by the gentle Wind,
Had she not wept, and he her sorrows seen,
He would have thought she had some Statue been.
Strait he descends from where he lately flew,
Impatient now to get a nearer view;

Closer,

Closer, and closer to the Maid he came,
And all at once he feels a raging Flame.
With Love, and fear, with wonder, and with awe,
By slow degrees he does towards her draw.
With his Eyes fixt, all motionless he stands,
Then, why she wore those Fetters he demands;
He thought her worthy most of Marriage bands.
Declare, he crys, thou matchless, Charming fair;
Why thus in Chains? What are thy Crimes? declare.
Who us'd thee thus, and tell me Justly why?
How can such Beauty be condemn'd to die!
Thou shalt by me, thy Champion, be restor'd,
For thee the Thunderer's Off-spring draws his Sword.
Say, if deliver'd by the Son of *Jove*,
Shall your Life purchase, in return, your Love?
Say, Charmer, speak; me thro' a brazen hold,
He got, descending in a show'r of Gold.
The bashful Virgin still persists to mourn,
And for his Words, she does her sighs return.
Her growing shame still more her sorrow moves,
She weeps, and blushes, while with Joy he Loves.
In Chains extended at their length, she lies,
While he, in transport, feeds his longing Eyes,

Fain

Fain would ſhe hide her bluſhes from his view,
But that her Fetters hinder'd her to do.
With deep regret her ſhame the Virgin bears,
And hides her Eyes with conſtant Floods of Tears,
Oft tho' he urg'd her, ſhe kept ſilent long,
But thus, at laſt, unlock'd her trembling Tongue.
My conſcious Mother, fatal too, as fair,
Her's with proud *Juno*'s Beauties would compare,
Who, in her Vengeance, moſt unjuſt, decreed,
That I unboaſting, for her Crime ſhould bleed.
A dreadful monſter from the Seas will riſe,
And I, 'tis I, muſt be that monſter's prize.
With his broad Breaſt he will the Surges Plow,
O there, there, there, I ſee him iſſuing now.
Save me, ah! ſave me, haſt with all your Pow'rs,
And, gen'rous Youth, I will be ever yours.
Thus ſpoke the fearful, Lovely, Charming Maid,
Who ſigh'd, and wept, for ſhe was ſtill afraid.
And now the Seas began aloud to roar,
With the apparent Monſter haſt'ning to the ſhore.
When the bold Hero o'er the Billows flies,
And Tow'rs above him, up, tow'rds Silver Skies,
The furious Beaſt his gliding ſhadow views,
Which, chacing eager, he o'er Waves purſues.

As

As *Jove*'s strong Bird, who has a Dragon seen.
Siezes, his neck, and strikes his Talons in;
So, the descending *Perseus* Sheath'd his Sword
In the vast Beast, who like the Oceans roar'd.
The wounded Monster o'er the Billows bounds,
And turns fierce on him, to give larger wounds.
Now far beneath the Waves he dives, and now,
Rises again, and does the Surges Plow;
Vast as some Island, does he wildly Play,
And from his Mouth pours out a bloody Sea.
His dreadful Jaws the flying Hero shuns,
And his bright Sword, thro' his thick Neck he runs.
Loudly he roars, the Maid the Eccho heard,
And some new Monster on the shore she fear'd.
Mad with the anguish of the wound, he raves,
And lashes with his tayl the suff'ring Waves.
High in the Air he spouts such Wat'ry Clouds,
The Hero thought he was beneath the Floods.
His wings now wet, and flagging, down he falls,
And is receiv'd upon the Monster's scales.
Now with his Faulchion does he bruise his sides,
And, as in Triumph, on his foe he rides,

Who

Who Mad, and Rabid, turns his angry head,
On tow'rds the Hero with wide Jaws he fled,
(wound lay dead.
Caught in his Throat his Sword, and with the
Strait from the Beast Victorious *Perseus* flies,
In hast, unloos'd, and so receiv'd his prize.

Picus *and* Canens.

S*Aturnian Picus* in *Ausonia* Reign'd,
Who gen'rous Horses for the Battle train'd.
The Prince was born, and bred in Latian plains,
The Joy of all the Nymphs, and Envy of the Swains.
He slights their Wishes, but for *Canens* burn'd;
Canens he lov'd and she his Flames return'd.
This Beauteous Maid alone can claim his Loves,
In Woods, and Rocks, her Voice compassion moves.
Swift Rivers stop their course, whene'er she sings,
And Birds neglect the labours of their Wings.
While her sweet tunes Celestial Musick yields,
Young *Picus* hunts in the Laurentian Fields;
Follow'd by Courtiers, he pursues with speed,
Arm'd with two darts, upon a fiery Steed.

O'er

O'er Hills, and Vales, he courses swiftly bold,
In Tyrian clad, and buckled close with Gold.
When now, fam'd *Circe* wand'ring on those Hills,
Her sacred lap, with Magick simples fills.
Picus she sees, and with the sight amaz'd,
The gather'd Herbs fell from her, as she gaz'd.
Swiftly he past, yet that she Loves she finds,
Resolv'd to meet him, were he wing'd with Winds.
An Airy Boar she forms, which takes it's course,
Far off to thickets, which no Steed could force;
Which *Picus* sees, and quits his foaming Horse.
On Foot he follows the deceitful shade,
When strait the Day is darken'd by the Maid.
Such Charms she uses as might force the Moon,
Or Cloud her Father's Splendour, ev'n at Noon.
Now, *Picus* far from all his Gards remov'd,
The Charming Maid thus tells him how she Lov'd.
By those fair Eyes, which have such Pow'r on mine,
And by that dear, alluring Face of thine.
Hear, when a Goddess sues, nor rigid prove,
Phabus his Off-spring offers thee her Love.
My Parent Sun I darken in the Skies,
Yet have no Charm to sheild me from your Eyes.

They,

They, brighter far, shoot out more shining Flames
His Radiant Chariot bears less burning Beams.
Pity that Nymph who is your suppliant grown,
And to those Fires you kindled, add your own.
Thus wooes the Maid—but he reply'd, in vain,
With Am'rous Words, you tell your Am'rous pain,
Me *Canens* Loves, *Canens* belov'd again.

(pro

Scorn'd, and repuls'd, thus threats she loud—
What Woman's hatred dares, when wrong'd in lo
Thrice to the East, thrice to the West she turn'd

(Earth she spurn'

Thrice touch'd him with her Wand, and thrice
Strait, with unwonted speed, he swiftly flies,
Chang'd to a Bird, and cuts the liquid Skies.
His wings the Purple of his Cloak assume,
The Gold, which clasp't his Garments, turns to Plum
The day grows clear, and hunting all abroad,
The Guards, and Courtiers call aloud their Lord.
Circe they find, and while they threatning stand,
Them too she changes, with her Pow'rful Wand.
In dreadful sounds, she all her Charms repeats,
And raises Woods, and Forests from their Seats.

Their

Their leaves look pale, Herbs blush with drops of gore,
Earth Groans, Dogs howl, Eccho repeats it o'er,
And hollow Rocks in murmurs hoarsly roar.
Thro' all the Air unbodied Spirits glide,
And on the tainted ground black, slimy Serpents slide,
Now Night comes on, and gloomy fears it brings,
To *Canens* mind, upon it's Cloudy Wings.
Confus'd, thro' Woods, with lights her Servants fled,
In quest of *Picus*, whom she fancies dead.
They not returning, from the Court she strays,
And, as chance led her, follow'd wand'ring ways.
On *Tyber*'s Banks she sits, in sad Despair,
Spent with a tedious search, and Melancholy care.
There pining, still she weeps, and weeping Sings,
With sweetest Voice, the softest, mournful things.
So, to *Meander*'s Streams Swans slowly fly,
Sing their own Breath away, and Charming die.
Not long she liv'd, yet ever lives in Fame,
And still the place she mourn'd in, bears her name.

Jupiter

Jupiter *and* Europa.

HUmble and soft must the Swain's Passion prove,
Greatness can never well agree with Love.
Chang'd to a Bull on the *Sydonian* shore,
The Thund'rer now does in new Thunder roar.
The flesh in swelling rolls his Neck adorns,
All Snowy White, he stood with peaceful Horns.
Made smooth as Gemms, tho' small, they glitter'd (bright,
He seem'd for Beauty form'd, and not for fight.
His Eyes no Wrath, his Brows no Terrour wear,
His milder Aspect does no threat'nings bear;
Europa views him strait, nor knows to fear.
With inward Joy, he sees the Royal Maid,
By whom, he soon with choicest flow'rs is fed.
In her fair Hands the grateful Food she bore,
Which oft he kist—ah! scarce deferring more.
And now he rowls along the Golden Sands,
The Virgin sees him, and delighted stands.
On tow'rds him near, and nearer still she drew,
And now he sports, and wantons in her view.

Extreamly

Extreamly pleas'd, she stroaks his proffer'd Breast,
And his rich Horns with Flow'ry Garlands Drest;
The Maid's behaviour did more Courteous prove,
Than it had been, if she had known him *Jove.*
Half kneeling now, the Am'rous Bull bends down,
And the Maid mounts his Back, ah, too too vent'rous (grown.
Strait, by degrees, on tow'rds the Seas he flies, (prize.
Then, rushing thro' the Floods, bears fast his Royal
Shrieking she turns, to view her Native shores,
Whilst the Triumphant Bull, loud as the Oceans (roars.
The frighted Maid, held, with one hand, his horn,
While her loose Robes were in the other born.
With constant Eyes, she view'd the shore behind,
Her lighter Garments flying with the Wind;
Trembling her self, and as they flutt'ring flew,
The very Garments seem'd to tremble too.

Boreas *and* Orythia.

THE fair *Orythia* ſtill remain'd unmov'd,
Tho' ſhe by *Boreas* had been long belov'd.
No kindled Flame he in the Maid could find,
Nor raiſe one ſpark with all his force of Wind.
His colder blaſts all Am'rous heat ſuppreſt,
And chill'd the warmth of the Young Virgin's Breaſt.
So much he Lov'd, he but in ſighs could blow,
Which ſpread his Fires and made them fiercer glow,
'Till at the laſt, when he all means had try'd,
Had often ask'd, and been as oft deny'd.
Vex'd, and inrag'd at her unkind diſdain,
And rack'd to find that he had burn'd in vain.
Storming aloud, all Furious does he move,
Incens'd, with Anger much, but more with Love,
In ſhow'rs of Tears, he ſheds his wat'ry ſtore,
Yet all can't lay the Tempeſts rais'd before.
In Bluſtring ſounds he does aloud Proclaim,
With all his Breath, his Lov'd *Orythia*'s Name,
Wildly, from place to place in haſt he roves,
Tells all the Vallies his rejected Loves,
Then Whiſpers ſoft *Orythia* to the bending Groves.

As

As thro' the Forests in Despair he flies,
Each Tree that he Salutes, for his scorn'd Passion sighs;
Ah! Charming Maid, he crys, too late I find,
That you are deafer than my Northern Wind;
Will nothing move you, nothing make you kind?
Where can your Favours be by you bestow'd,
When you refuse them proudly to a God?
Alas! you know not, beauteous, scornful fair,
How I make War in our wide Field, the Air.
There I my Breth'ren in a storm assail,
And Fight with Oaks, and beat the Earth with Hail.
I meet all Winds with such impetuous shock,
That Thund'ring Skies with our encounters rock.
I toss the Billows, and I dash the Floods,
And force out Light'nings from the bursting Clouds.
Tow'rs I throw down, and fly thro' hollow Caves,
Driving pale Ghosts, all trembling, to their Graves.
Whene'er I shake my horrid Wings around,
Their Airy motion strikes with Blasts, the ground.
I trail my dusky Mantle on the shore,
And, when I please, I make the Ocean roar.
Fierce as I am, where ever else I flee,
Yet, soft as *Zephyrs*, do I play with thee.

This said——he strait the Lovely Maid beheld,
And he resolves she shall be now compell'd.
In Clouds of dust, which he had rais'd, he hid,
And there observ'd whate'er *Orythia* did.
Soon she perceives him, and not yet grown kind,
Out-fled the God, tho' the swift God of Wind.
His speedy flight his fiercer Fires had spread,
Fleet, as Love's shafts which wounded him, he fled,
And, now he overtakes, now ravishes the Maid.
Vain might his Wings, with all their Fleetness prove,
Unless assisted by the Wings of Love.

Iphis *and* Janthe.

Lygdus and *Telethusa*, free from care,
Had long together liv'd a happy pair.
Blest with such stock, as might themselves maintain,
And bring content, while childless they remain.
But now, her time of Labour drawing nigh,
The Child, if Female, *Lygdus* dooms to die.
A Girl, he says, too great a charge would prove,
For, 'tis the Portion gains the Suitor's Love.

Sad

Sad *Telethusa*, griev'd at what he said,
And greatly fear'd the Child would prove a Maid.
She from the curse fain would her off-spring free,
But his Commands had past his firm decree.
And now the helpful Goddess, *Isis*, came,
To comfort *Telethusa* in a dream.
To her, a sacred Promise there she made,
Bids her rely on her alone for aid,
And Nurse the doubtful Off-spring of her Bed.
Now from the Room the pitying Goddess flew,
When, stretcht, tow'rds Heav'n, her Hands the Woman threw,
And strives, awake, to think her Vision true.
Encreasing throes at length a Girl disclos'd,
But, by the Father, still a Boy suppos'd.
So close the cheat was hid, that it was known
But to the Mother, and the Nurse alone.
The happy *Lygdus* feels an inward Joy,
And gives the Name of *Iphis* to his fancy'd Boy,
Now thrice five fleeting, happy Years were fled,
And his Young heir must fair *Janthe* wed.
Together still at their own sports they play'd,
And *Iphis* Lov'd her, tho' her self a Maid.

Like Darts, at once, their ſimple Boſoms ſtrike,
In all alas! but in their hopes, alike.
The Nuptial day, appointed, now draws nigh;
Janthe thinks the hours too ſlowly fly.
Her Charming Lover ſhe believes a Boy,
And hopes in her to find unpractis'd Joy.
But wretched *Iphis*, tho' belov'd, Deſpairs,
And utters thus, in ſad complaints, her cares.
No Maid, like me, did e'er ſo ruin'd prove,
For I am loſt in ſtrange, prodigious Love.
The Gods, in pity, ſhould this form deſtroy,
Iphis can ne'er be chang'd into a Boy,
Nor can *Janthe* give a Virgin Joy.
Compoſe thy Mind, curb in thy wild deſires,
Think of thy Sex, and quench thy Fooliſh Fires.
Some other object for thy Paſſion chooſe,
Reform thy will, and Love as Females uſe,
Alas! I can't,—For then, I ſhould *Janthe* loſe.
There lies my woe, that cauſes all my care,
And what ſhould bleſs me, drives me to Deſpair.
Of all the Creatures plac'd beneath the Sky,
The beaſts that tread the Earth, the Birds that fly,
None ever yet was greatly curs'd, as I.

Of

Of all Created things that live, and move,
No Female ſuffers for a Female Love.
What comfort now to wretched me remains?
'Tis only hope which *Cupid*'s flight ſuſtains.
Lovely I ſeem, and Charming to my fair,
Each for the other does a paſſion bear,
Ev'n in our Sex alike—ah! would we differ'd there.
Then with our wiſhes all would ſoon comply,
Nor do our Parents, nor our Friends deny,
The longing Virgin too, fond to be bleſt as I.
But now alas! thou canſt not happy be,
Nor ſhe enjoy'd, tho' Men and Gods agree,
Alas! ſhe may, ſhe will—by others—not by me.
All, but the greateſt bliſs, from Heav'n I prove,
Far as they could, the Gods have crown'd my Love,
And now the wiſh'd for day will quickly ſhine,
When dear *Janthe* will be ever mine.
Alas! I rave, and ſhall diſtracted grow,
In ſpight of Heav'n, ſhe cannot e'er be ſo.
With this dire curſe, my fatal Nuptial haſts,
To thirſt in Rivers, and to ſtarve at Feaſts.
Let no glad Hymen at theſe Rites appear,
We both are Brides, there is no Bridegroom here.

This, and much more the Mournful Virgin said;
But diff'rent griefs perplext the other Maid,
Who for her long-delay'd embraces pray'd.
Still *Telethusa* new excuses Frames,
Fancies, and Notions, *Auguries*, and dreams.
But now no longer are the Rites delay'd,
And the next Night, Maid must be Join'd with Maid.
The Mother now lost in her Just Despair,
Unbinds her own, and her sad Daughter's Hair,
And to Propitious *Isis* offers up her Pray'r.
Bowing, towards the Altar, first she came,
Then, kneeling, does the sacred promise claim;
The Altar shook, and flash'd out awful Flame.
Loud Timbrels rung, the great successful sign,
And *Telethusa* bows, and leaves the Shrine.
Whom *Iphis* follows with a larger pace,
Short, curling locks, and a more Manly Face.
For their chang'd Child his Parents Praises sing,
And sacred gifts to *Isis* Temple bring.
This Verse, writ o'er the Altar, was display'd;
What Iphis *Vow'd*, *a Girl*, *a Boy*, *he pay'd.*
Next Morn, they both to their wish'd Nuptials move,
At Night, his Sex the vig'rous Boy does prove,
And both are happy in their Mutual Love.

Tereus

Tereus *and* Philomela.

FIve Winters now, Wing'd with their Storms, (were fled,
Since *Progne* first did Royal *Tereus* wed.
When thus the Artful fair her suit did move,
Urg'd, as a proof of his continu'd Love.
If yet, my dearest consort is not cloy'd,
Nor slights those sweets he has so oft enjoy'd.
If, but the least soft Passion yet remains,
If yet, free Love springs from your Nuptial Chains,
If, any Fires, yet kept alive you bear,
Or value these Embraces, grant my Pray'r;
Grant, on some Terms, I may my Sister see,
Send me to her, or else bring her to me.
Promise my Father she shall soon return,
He shall not long his *Philomela* Mourn.
All Bars, which hinder his assent, confound,
And then my wishes, and my Joys are Crown'd.
Tereus, well pleas'd, without the least Dispute,
Commends her Fondness, and approves her suit.
The Seas now past, and all the danger o'er,
He lands, successful, on the wish'd for shore.

And

And now, *Pandion* Welcomes there his Son,
Who tells him why he thro' ſuch hazards run,
And ſtrait, his *Progne*'s urgent ſuit begun.
At firſt, ſmall warmth his kind entreaties ſhow,
But *Philomela* ſeen, more fierce they grow.
Richly Attir'd, the Charming Virgin came,
And from her Eyes, each glance is Flaſh'd, like Flame.
The Youthful King ſtrait burns with fond deſire,
Like Sun-dry'd Reeds, which, at each ſpark, take Fire,
The Luſtful Paſſion can't be long withſtood,
For now it Rages in his boiling Blood,
And, like ſome Rapid Torrent, ſwells the Flood.
His riſing ſighs, like Boiſt'rous Tempeſts blow,
And Paſſion's Seas all Reaſon's bounds o'erflow.
Some Thoughts, like Waves preſt by the tides, (are gone,
But ſtill, full, Foaming, new deſires come rolling on,
Sometimes, he thinks, to make her Maids his Friends,
And with large gifts to Bribe them to his ends,
Again, reſolves to uſe unlawful force,
As if the ſafeſt, and the ſureſt courſe.
Vows, he will ſoon remove each Anxious Bar;
If not by Love; poſſeſs, by bolder War.

An-

And now, perplext with long delays, he sues,
And, much more urgent, his Request renews,
Still, on his Wife's behalf he seem'd to press,
While his fond Words flew to a vast excess.
Whene'er his speech did into transports break,
He said, she weeping, charg'd me thus to speak.
So, with close Arts successfully he pleads,
And the Maid follows, as the Lover leads.
Fond of her Sister, she too wish't to go,
Kisses her Father, and intreats him so.
While *Tereus* Thus perceives the Virgin sue,
Pleas'd, and o'erjoy'd , he does his speech renews
Still more, and more inflam'd, at every view.
Her soft Embraces set his Soul on Fire,
He does each Action, and each word admire,
All spreads his Loves, and raises new desire,
No longer now the good, old King denies,
But gives consent at last, with weeping Eyes.
The Night comes on, and with it, Peaceful rest,
To all alas! But to the Lover's Breast.
In Am'rous Murmurs *Tereus* does complain,
Bright *Philomela* caus'd his Anxious pain.
Sleep shuns his Soul, and it's kind ease denies;
Like a coy Maid, when courted most, it flies.

The

The Charming fair does all his Thoughts possess,
Great was his Love, which yet he wisht not less.
His fancy brings her still before his view,
His very fancy does his Flames renew,
And as he thinks he sees her, he begins to sue.
Then, as from Dreams, wak'd from those Thoughts, (he turns,
Reflects on real Charms, and fiercer burns.
Those he has seen, his whole Idea fill, (still
But ah! he thinks—he knows, there must be greater
Thus does he pass the tedious Hours of Night,
With Am'rous, painful Thoughts, which yield a Nig
Oft does he wish for the approach of Day, (Delight
That he may hast, with his Lov'd prize, away.
And now, at last, the wish'd-for Morn appears,
When old *Pandion*, thus with streaming Tears,
Parts with the last dear hope of his declining Years.
My *Son*, since Piety this due requires,
I yield to yours, and *Progne*'s fond desires.
But oh! I charge you by the Gods above,
Guard, and defend her, with a Father's Love.
You, Daughter, leave me not too long alone,
How shall I live, when my last comfort's gone!

You

You know I Love you, tenderly I do,
My Heart, my Life, my very Soul's in you,
I cannot speak for Tears, ——— soon, soon
(return ——— adieu.
Thus the good King does his Just sorrows tell;
He might alas! have bid a long farewel.
For now, the flying Ship had left the shore,
And he must never see his Daughter more.
Tereus, exulting Cries, she's now my own,
And I shall soon my earnest wishes Crown.
With constant Eyes the Charming Maid he views,
With loose behaviour, and lew'd carriage wooes,
And his designs, ev'n there, far as he could, pursues.
But now, at length, on his own Lands he Treads,
And, to a close recess, fair *Philomela* leads.
Trembling she stood, lost in distracting fears,
And for her Sister now enquires with Tears.
He, in full rage of Lust, delays not long,
But, with fierce Kisses, stays her Charming Tongue.
Tells his designs, and her consent requires;
Refus'd, more high he Foams, with wild desires,
And ravishes the Maid, and quenches so, his Fires.

In

In vain, alas! she Shriek'd in her distress,
Sister, nor *Father*, could her wrongs redress,
On them, and Gods she crys, but all without (success.
And now deflow'r'd, from his loath'd Arms she (breaks
And thus upbraids him, while inrag'd she speaks.
How shall I term thee, since thy Lust began!
Vile, Treach'rous Tyrant! Barb'rous Monster! Man
Thee, nor my Father's Tears, nor *Progne*'s Love,
Nor my Chast, Virgin Innocence could move.
Gods! What a wild confusion hast thou bred!
I an Adultress to my Sister's Bed!
Would I had dy'd, e'er I my honour lost,
I had departed with a spotless Ghost.
Yet, if the Gods my wrongs, and suff'ring see,
(Sure they will Punish too, if Gods they be.
Thus having said, in hast she strove to run,
And thought, by flight, the Tyrant's rage to shun.
But he, provok'd by her reveal'd Despair,
Quickly surpriz'd, and seiz'd the injur'd fair;
And threw her on the ground, and drag'd her by (the Hair.

Strongly

Strongly he binds her tender, helpless Arms,
Resolv'd once more to rifle all her Charms.
Loudly she Shrieks, and so Proclaims her wrong,
Disarm'd of all Resistance—but her Tongue.
And that, his Sword cuts from the panting Root,
Which trembling falls, and murmurs at his Foot.
And like a Serpent's Tail dissever'd, leaps,
And for a while, pursues the Tyrant's steps,
Yet, after this, he oft, and oft enjoy'd,
Nor was his horrid Lust with the Fruition cloy'd.

Pluto *and* Proserpina.

A Lake there is which Stately Woods surround,
Where constant Flocks of Silver Swans abound.
A blooming Spring upon the Banks appears,
And the Fair Trees create refreshing Airs.
Here strays *Proserpina* thro' Fragrant Groves,
And gathers Flow'rs her Nicer fancy Loves.
With pretty Pains a Childish care she shows,
And picks, and chooses, all the way she goes.
Behind her Young Companions now she stay'd,
Too long, her pleasing Pastime Charm'd the Maid.

Urg'd

Urg'd by a fond desire to gather on,
That by her pains the rest might be outdone.
Here *Pluto* sees her, and admires her form,
Her every Gesture shew'd the God some Charm.
Fierce to enjoy, his Love Brooks no delay,
He boldly carries her by force away.
No Words he uses to the tremblimg Maid,
Who calls her Dear Companions to her aid. (Eyes
Now born by strength, with *S*hrieks, and Weeping
*S*he thinks he means to make herFlow'rs his prize.
Those, while she strugles thro' excess of fear,
Fall to the ground, for which she Tears her Hair,
And simply Cries to see them scatter'd there.

Alphæus *and* Arethusa.

OF *Arethusa*'s change I Mourning Sing,
And how theNymph became a sacred Spring.
To Hunt, and Toil, her dear Diversions were,
And yet she Justly was reputed fair.
The Virgin griev'd her Beauties did excel,
And thought it infamy to please too well.

As

As from the Woods, tir'd with the chace ſhe came,
She found a ſilent, and a Silver ſtream.
Securely cloſe, and ſo exceeding clear,
That every ſmalleſt Pebble wou'd appear.
Pleas'd with the coolneſs of the Place ſhe Wades,
And makes the Waters brighter where ſhe treads.
Then, leaves her Robes upon a Sallow's Top,
And ſwims, and plunges ſtill, to bear her up.
Now, to the further ſide ſhe gently rows,
And plays, and ſports, and wantons as ſhe goes;
When, all amaz'd, ſhe heard a ſtranger's Tongue,
And, in Confuſion, to the Bank ſhe Sprung.
Whither ſo faſt? *Alphæus* loudly Cries;
She makes no Anſwer, but all trembling flies.
He fleetly haſts to Seize his Beauteous prey,
Who ſeem'd, when leaping from the Streams away,
A *Venus* riſing from a Silver Sea.
Wing'd with her fear, fair *Arethuſa* flew,
While fierce *Alphæus* did as faſt purſue.
The more he haſts, the more he ſees her fly,
And ſtill he catches, when he thinks her nigh.
Nearer, much nearer he deſires to ſee,
And grieves to find he is not ſwift as ſhe.

As Doves do Hawks, ſhe ſhuns him, all amaz'd,
And almoſt thinks ſhe is already ſeiz'd.
The Lover ſtill his hot purſuit maintains
Thro' Craggy Mountains, over Hills, and Plains.
Follows all eager, nor would e'er forbear,
And almoſt now o'ertakes the flying fair.
She ſees his ſhadow, and his ſteps ſhe hears,
Feels his warm Breath, and now, and now ſhe fears,
Quite ſpent, ſhe Cries, your aid *Diana* ſend,
Haſt, Chaſteſt Goddeſs, and a Nymph befriend.
When a thick Miſt the helpleſs Virgin ſhrouds,
And the ſad Maid is vail'd with pitchy Clouds.
The wond'ring Lover ſearches all around,
But ſhe muſt never, never more be found.
That Sun of Beauty by the Fogs o'ercaſt,
Muſt ſhine no more, but ſet in Floods at laſt.
He ranges on, and every means he tries,
Then, Lovely *Arethuſa*, loudly Cries.
As a poor Lamb grows ſtupid with her fears,
When howling Wolves about the fold ſhe hears.
So, all amaz'd, the Maid ſtands trembling there,
And Begs protection from the Gods by Pray'r.
She ſighs, and weeps, cold ſweats come o'er her Face,
And trickling drops run down her Limbs apace.

Her

Her Beauteous Hair diſſolves to Fragrant dew,
And all conſum'd, a Silver ſtream ſhe grew.

Jupiter *and* Caliſto.

WHen now the Thund'rer walkt the Heav'n-
(ly round,
And all there ſafe from the late burnings found.
The Fields, the Groves, and Streams he next ſurvey'd,
Where paſſing to and fro he ſees a Lovely Maid.
Tho' there no ruines in her way were ſtrow'd,
The Nymph, the Charming Nymph, inflam'd the God.
Warm'd by her looks, and brighter Glances, more
Than when the Sun fir'd all his Skies before.
She with a Zone her looſer Garments ty'd,
Her painted Quiver hanging by her ſide.
Her flowing Treſſes o'er her Shoulders ſpread,
And her warm Face glow'd with unuſual Red.
Thus tir'd with hunting, ſhe to ſhades retires,
To cool her own, but raiſe the Thund'rer's Fires.
On flow'ry Banks her Beauteous Limbs ſhe lays,
And to the God a tempting Heav'n diſplays.

Thus loosely stretch'd upon the Fragrant Bed,
Her Arms thrown wide, her Quiver bears her Head,
While *Jove* beheld, admir'd, and Lov'd the Maid.
Diana like, strait from his Heav'n he flies
For her cool Shades, he quits his shining Skies,
And stands before the Virgin, as she lies.
My huntress, says he, while he fondly view'd,
What Game hast thou, this Lovely morn, pursu'd?
Strait did the rising Virgin tow'rds him move,
And thus reply'd; hail, *Pow'r* more great than *Jove*.
This the fond God, with smiles, delighted heard,
Pleas'd that himself was to himself prefer'd.
She strait about to Answer more, in hast,
The pressing Lover clasps about her wast,
And Kist her fiercely, and embrac'd her fast.
Just as the Thunder, from his own abode,
With inward struglings flies, so flew the God.
Soon more inflam'd, his Kisses eager grow;
Not such as Maids on their own Sex bestow;
He now would further sweets, and greater tran-
(sports know.
Impatient grown, he forces her to yield,
And gains by strength, the long disputed Field.

In vain, exerting all her Pow'rs, ſhe ſtrove,
Alas! What Woman can contend with *Jove*!
Enjoy'd, he leaves the Nymph, who well might know,
The Chaſteſt Goddeſs could not uſe her ſo.
Riſing in haſt, ſtrait from the Woods ſhe ſprung,
And left her Bow, her uſeleſs Bow, unſtrung.
She ſees *Diana*, but ſhe dreads the ſhape,
And Bluſhing flies her faſt, and fears a ſecond Rape.

Pigmalion *and his Iv'ry Statue.*

IN a lewd Age *Pigmalion* ſpent his times, (Crimes.
Women debauch'd themſelves with Monſtrous
No vertuous Virgin in his Days was known,
All the Chaſt, Female Modeſty was gone,
Therefore a long, long time he liv'd alone.
An Iv'ry Statue now at laſt he Frames,
And from the Maid he form'd, he gathers Flames.
In every part, the Virgin did excel,
Which Limb was beſt, the Artiſt could not tell,
It was all Lovely, and he Lov'd it well.
Curious her ſhape, ſo ſparkling were her Eyes,
Such quick, ſuch glancing brightneſs in them lies,
They would have roll'd, but that her ſhame denies.

Such lively strokes he to the Maid did give,
That, tho' a Statue, she appear'd to live.
The Artist's self that she had Life believ'd,
And fondly was by his own Art deceiv'd.
He felt her flesh, for he suppos'd it such,
And fear'd to hurt her, with too rude a touch.
Often he Kiss'd her, while he madly burn'd,
And fancy'd now, how she the like return'd.
He Wooes her, Sighs, and her fair Hands does press,
And tells his Passion in a Dear Address.
Till at the last, his Notions grew so vain,
That he believ'd she sigh'd, and prest again.
He sends her presents, Gums, and precious Stones,
The choicest Bracelets, and bright, glitt'ring Zones,
Soft singing Birds, which flutt'ring all around,
With pretty Notes, rais'd a delightful sound.
Rich Pendants, Rings, and Gums he sends the Maid,
With Wreaths of flow'rs adorns her Lovely Head,
And lays her now, soft on a Downy Bed.
In Pompous Robes he does his Idol Dress;
Much so she Charms, but not, when naked, less.
Now was the time, when *Venus* kept her Feast,
And Love-sick Youths to her fam'd Temple prest.

There

There to be offer'd, Snowy Heifers come,
And the rich Altar ſmoaks with pretious Gum.
Among the Crowd the hopeleſs Lover goes,
Tho' no Juſt reaſon, or pretence he knows.
Before the Altar, now he weeping ſtands,
And Bows, with Off'rings in his careful hands.
Fiercer, and Fiercer his deſires grow there,
And riſe more furious, from his wild Deſpair.
A long, long time does he forbear to pray,
For ſtill his doubts deny'd his *S*peech the way,
Yet wiſh'd (altho' he knew not why) to ſtay.
At laſt, his fearſul ſilence now he Breaks,
And thus, but ſtill in mighty fear, he ſpeaks.
If you, Love's Beauteous, Charming Goddeſs, have,
And can beſtow what Mortal ſuppliants Crave.
Shew now your Pow'r, on me your Bleſſings ſhed,
Grant me the Wife I wiſh, one like, he ſaid,
But durſt not ſay, grant me my *Iv'ry Maid.*
This done, he thrice percieves the flaſhing Fires,
The happy Omen bleſt his fond deſires,
And to the Maid he now with doubtful Joy retires.

With wond'rous longings he in haſt returns,
And now, more fiercely than before, he burns,
Cloſely he claſpt her to his panting Breaſt,
And felt her ſofter ſtill, the more he preſt.
Now, all at once, with a ſurprize of bliſs,
He finds her Lips grow warmer with his Kiſs,
He finds them Moiſt, and Soft, and Red as his.
Her throbbing Breaſts heav'd now, and gently ſwell'd,
While he with wonder the Lov'd ſight beheld.
The Maid, now Fairer, in his Arms he bore,
Tho' fram'd of Iv'ry, poliſh'd fine before.
Let none henceforth of wiſh'd ſucceſs Deſpair,
When Statues ſoften'd by our Paſſions are.
The happy Artiſt, now perceives his Wife
With beating Pulſes, and with perfect Life.
And, for a while, as Motionleſs he ſtood,
As ſhe had done, e'er ſhe grew Fleſh and Blood.
Her Lover firſt ſhe with the light deſcrys,
For which ſhe Checks, and turns her baſhful Eyes,
While in her blooming Face her Beauteous Bluſhes
(riſe.

Salmacis

Salmacis *and* Hermaphroditus.

THE Beauteous *Salmacis*, who Lov'd her eaſe,
By her own Fountain Paſſes happy Days.
There ſhe delights, there do her wiſhes pleaſe.
This Nymph was ſtill unpractis'd in the chace,
She ne'er contended in a painful race.
Lov'd not to mingle with *Diana*'s Train,
Nor draw the Bow, nor Hunt upon the Plain.
Oft her laborious Siſters bid her riſe,
To Join with them, and get ſome ſtately Prize.
They urg'd her oft with Words repeated o'er,
To follows Staggs, or to purſue the Boar.
All would not do, ſhe would no Quiver ſeize,
Nor for their toil forgo her pleaſant eaſe.
But in her Fountain ſhe delights to play,
By Night reſts there, and there ſhe Bathes by Day.
Still in that liquid Glaſs ſhe dreſt her Charms,
And her fair Eyes with Loving glances Arms.
There ſtill ſhe learnt what Geſture beſt became,
There practic'd Charms, ſuch as could raiſe a Flame.
Oft from one ſide ſhe to the other Swims,
Then in fine Lawn arrays her Beauteous Limbs.

Oft,

Oft, on soft Moss, stretcht at their length they lay,
(Lovely shape display.
And thro' the White, transparent Robes their
To the full view she leaves her Bosom bare,
Spreads o'er her Shoulders her loose, flowing Hair,
(ceeding fair.
And shews her Face, her Neck, and Breasts ex-
Languishing now, on blooming Banks she lies,
And plucks such Flow'rs as please her Curious Eyes.
When she perciev'd, as she was busy'd there,
The Charming Son of *Hermes* coming near,
Who, soon as seen, the Virgin's wishes mov'd,
For he deserv'd to be by all belov'd.
His blooming Beauties she admir'd much more,
Than the fair Flow'rs for which she long'd before.
At the first sight, her wishes fill'd her Soul,
While soft Emotions in her Bosom rowl.
Her Fires grew fiercer, as he nearer came,
And now she fondly burns with glowing Flame.
Much she desir'd, yet still conceal'd she lies,
Till with soft looks she deckt her sparkling Eyes.
'Till she appear'd with all her utmost Art;
'Till all her Beauties bloom'd in every part, (Heart.
That she might win the Charmer, and surprize a

With

With all her skill she does each Feature Arm,
And sets her Dress, who of her self might Charm.
She now at last in all her Robes applies,
To the dear Youth in looks, and moving sighs,
(she dies.
And by her melting Words she shews him how
With gaining ways, and soft, bewitching snares,
Her Passion thus she to the Swain declares.
Such are your Charms, dear Boy, your Beauties such,
All Nymphs must Love you, none can Love too much.
Pleasing your form, sure you are all Divine,
All Hearts you Conquer, as you Conquer mine.
Such are the wond'rous glories of your Face,
You were not born sure of a Mortal race.
Such, such the sparkling brightness of your Eyes,
Such the strange force which in their glances lies,
You are some God descended from the Skies.
Ah! you so much can on a suddain move,
I know, I know that you were born above,
You are the Son to the fair Queen of Love.
If I mistake, if then you are not so,
But the sweet Off-spring of some Prince below.
Happy, ah! thrice, thrice happy must they be,
Who are related, and ally'd to thee.

Blest

Bleſt are thy Parents: and that Woman's Breaſt,
Which gave thee Food, is infinitely bleſt,
But the fair Partn'r of thy Bed much more than (all the reſt.
If ſuch there be, ah! do but grant me this,
Let me Embrace thee, let me fondly Kiſs,
And by cloſe ſtealth deprive her of her Bliſs.
But if you yet from Nuptial vows are free,
Make me your Joyful Bride, ah! ſeal them now with me
The Love-ſick Nymph thus far her Paſſion mov'd,
Thus told the Charming Youth how well ſhe Lov'd
When fierce deſires her farther Speech debarr'd,
And the Youth Bluſh'd for the fond things he heard
Still in his Bluſhes did he Lovelier ſeem,
Still more ſhe wiſh'd to be belov'd by him.
So Apples bluſh upon the Sunny ſide,
Or poliſh'd Iv'ry with Vermillion dy'd.
So in Eclipſes does the Moon appear,
When ſtains of Red her ſtrugling Face does wear.
Cloſer ſhe comes, and now in Am'rous pain,
She thinks to ſeize upon the Lovely Swain.
With baſhful Anger her Embrace he ſhuns,
And from the Maid diſdaining proudly, runs.

With

With nice reſerve he flies the tempting ſnare,
Forbear, he cries, looſe idle Nymph, forbear,
Or I'll forſake the place, and leave you there.
She, at this Menace from the Youth, reply'd.
'Tis yours, fair Swain, and ſo ſhe ſtept aſide.
Yet in a thicket of cloſe, ſhrubby Trees,
She hides ſecure, and all his Actions ſees.
He now believing there was none to view,
To the fair Banks of the Nymph's Fountain drew.
And ſporting now, trips nimbly back again,
With bolder ſteps o'er all the Flow'ry plain.
Now, growing warm, he croſſes o'er the Meads,
Comes to the Stream, and to the Knees he wades.
Then, to the Greens he takes the nearer ways,
His Silken Garments on the ground he lays.
And to the longing Maid,all,all the Man diſplays.
His Naked Beauties her fond ſight amaz'd,
Who with impatient, eager wiſhes gaz'd.
Her ſparkling Eyes, while ſhe the Youth deſires,
Glow with bright Beams,and ſhoot out ſhining Fires.
Their rays the Sun's on Silver ſtreams ſurpaſs,
Or when reflected by a Chryſtal Glaſs.

Mad

Mad to possess, and to enjoy the Swain,
She almost thinks to tell her Loves again, (pain.
So very much she burns with the transporting
Now, from the Flow'ry Bank, to which he came,
The Lovely Boy leapt down into the Stream.
Then, with his Snowy Arms he loosely plays,
And sports, and wantons thro his liquid ways.
Still as he swims, his glitt'ring Limbs appear,
Thro' the smooth Streams, so undisturb'd, and clear.
Like Iv'ry Statues, which the Life surpass,
Or like a Lilly in a Chrystal Glass.
The ravish'd Virgin Cries, he's now my own,
And, strait disrob'd of all, impatient grown,
Pursues her eager Joys, and plunges to him down.
About his Neck, and o'er his strugling Wast,
Her circling Arms with longing folds she cast.
On ev'ry side she clasps him, as he swims,
And locks him closely with her twining Limbs.
So, when an Eagle with a Serpent flies,
Fast in his Talons, and then Mounts the Skies.
Around his Head, and Feet the Serpent clings,
And wreaths her tail about his spacious Wings.
Still, tho' detain'd, and forc'd, the strugling Boy
With all his Pow'rs resists the Virgin's Joy.

In

In vain, ingrateful, foolish Youth, she cries,
In vain, your scornful Pride my coming bliss denies.
Grant, grant ye Pow'rs! that no unhappy day,
May snatch this youth from my embrace away.
Propitious Pow'rs to the Nymph's Pray'rs incline,
For strait in one their diff'rent Figures twine.
And as theirSouls Join'd when their transports flew,
Their Bodies mingled with each other too.

Cephalus *and* Procris.

TWO fleeting Months blest *Cephalus* had past,
Who now may grieve they did not longer last.
While he has *Procris*, swift each Minute flies,
They Count no time, who cannot Count their Joys.
Those pleasing hours, wing'd with their transports,
When fair *Aurora* saw, and Lov'd him too. (flew,
Tho' on her Throne she had the Pow'r to sway,
The dewy confines of the Night, and Day.
He was her greatest Pride, her only care,
While deeper Blushes in her Cheeks appear,
And shew her shame, because she thinks himDear,

On

On steep *Hymettus* she her Flames declar'd,
But happy *Procris* is to her prefer'd.
She had his Heart, she had his Soul before,
He gave her all he could, and wish'd to give her more.
This when *Aurora* knew, inrag'd she said,
Keep then your *Procris*, prize your Nuptial Bed.
But if I fate, or her proceedings know,
You soon will wish you had not Lov'd her so.
He leaves the Goddess, but her Words he bears,
Which rack his Mind with Thousand Anxious fears.
Sometimes he thinks she might his honour wrong,
And then concludes her Vertuous, tho' she's young.
Yet oft he doubts, where the surmize was vain,
And must himself be Author of his pain.
Chang'd by *Aurora*, a new form he wears,
And, as a stranger, at his House appears.
All there was silent, he could find no Crime,
As if with *Procris* all had mourn'd for him.
With all his Arts he does the cheat pursue,
And seem'd to fear that they were all too few.
At length he sees her, and amaz'd he stood,
New Beams of Beauty pierc'd her sorrow's Cloud.
Scarce from due Kisses could he there refrain,
And almost thought to grow himself again.

For

For him alone was all fair *Procris* care,
Absent to her, altho' she saw him there.
Oft he attempts her Chastity to try,
He asks her oft, who does as oft deny.
She yet does faithful to her Nuptials prove,
Nor dares ev'n fancy she can wrong her Love.
Presents he sends, and by the Gods he swears,
She must be his, for he is only hers.
Seduc'd by these, she knows not what to do,
Nor can she tell would she be Chast, or no,
Fears she is lost, for Oh! she finds it so.
Her Eyes with Tears, her Cheeks with Blushes fill'd,
She shews, by silence, she at length might yield.
Then, he inrag'd in his own form appear'd,
She saw her Lord, and as she saw, she fear'd.
He loudly storm'd, and like a Tempest flew,
She prest with shame; in silence, strait withdrew.
Ran to the Woods, nor would return again,
No Beast so Salvage; so abhorr'd, as Men.
He soon repents the mischiefs he has done,
And says himself the fault was all his own.
Forgives his *Procris*, who again return'd,
And owns, he, so, had for *Aurora* burn'd.

Their Love more firm, by being broken, grows,
They both resolve to keep their Nuptial vows,
He in a Wife was blest, and she a *Spouse*.
In their Chast Breasts so Just a Passion moves,
He priz'd her Bed above the Queen of Love's,
Nor would she change her Husband's ev'n for *Jove*'s.
Now with his Dart he Traces o'er the plain,
And haunts the Forests, and the Woods again.
After his toil, he does to Shades repair,
Where the cool Vallies Breath refreshing air.
Come, Air, he cry'd, (as he was us'd to say)
O come, and Kiss my glowing heat away.
Oft did he call it with such Words as those,
And Court it so, while he more fiercely glows.
Some busy Fool heard all that he had said,
And told his *Procris* he had wrong'd her Bed.
She, Jealous she, was with the story mov'd,
And fears some *Dryad*, above her belov'd.
Condemns her Lord as most inconstant now,
She says he is, but yet she knows not how.
The following Day he does his game pursue,
And Courts the Air, as he was wont to do.
When a loud sigh among the Woods he hears,
Then strait a rustling, and in hast he stirs.

Throw

Throws his ſtrong Dart at the Imagin'd Beaſt,
And Wounds his *Procris* on the tender Breaſt.
Ay me! She cry'd; her Voice too well he knew,
And in diſtraction to her aid he flew;
Found her all Bloody with the wound he made,
Faint with the blow, and half already dead.
O live, ſaid he, leave me not guilty here,
To ſmart for ever for the Wound you bear,
The Wound I gave that Breaſt I Love ſo Dear.
Dying, ſhe cry'd, by all the Gods above,
By all the Gods that have a ſenſe of Love.
By all the Pow'rs that have Command below,
To whoſe infernal Regions I muſt go,
By all the bleſt—by *Procris*, and by you.
I charge you, ne'er let your deſires be mov'd,
Nor let lew'd *Ayre* be after me belov'd.
Juſt as ſhe dy'd, he did her fate unfold,
And told it Mourning, ſince too late he told.

Phæbus *and* Leucothoe.

OF *Phæbus* Loves, and of their cause I sing,
Of that Just cause, from which his sorrows spring.
Alike, fierce Flames, and equal Passions move,
The God of Battles, and the Queen of Love.
They both alike resolve to quench the Fire,
And now in secret to their Joys retire;
This *Phæbus* sees, as on his Course he goes,
And to wrong'd *Vulcan* does their stealth disclose.
Fine, Brazen Nets, by his directions made,
Are gently clos'd about the injur'd Bed.
So slender wrought, they could the Eye deceive,
More curious far than those the Spiders weave.
Thus strictly bound, they had not Pow'r to move,
The God of War was then Compell'd to Love.
Now *Vulcan* tells the sports that he had seen,
Acquaints the Gods with what had lately been,
And at his Ivory Doors they all come laughing in.
Thus *Mars* Triumphant in his Chariot rode,
Scoff'd at, yet envy'd by each wishing God.
For this, from *Venus*, *Phæbus* Passion came,
From hence it was he felt his fatal Flame.

His longing Eyes alone *Leucothoe* view,
And give to her what to the World is due.
He sees alas! yet tho' all Eye he be,
If he is blest, he must do more than see.
He rises Early, and desires to stay,
Beyond the usual Limits of the Day.
In his sad Face his raging griefs appear,
Which strike the World with an amazing fear.
Thus an Eclipse could ne'er his light remove;
These Paler looks are the effects of Love.
As when great Fires upon the smaller beat,
They dim their brightness with a Conqu'ring heat.
So the Sun's-Beams, when Am'rous Flames he bore,
Lost all that Lustre which they shew'd before.
Leucothoe he to all the World prefers,
And all it's Beauties are despis'd for her's.
Her Royal Father *Persia*'s Scepter sway'd,
Yet, not her Birth, but Charms, endear'd the Maid.
He now dismounts his glorious, shining throne,
And puts her Mother's awful likeness on,
Whilst by a Lamp the Beauteous Virgin spun.
He Kist her first, and scarce could more forbear,
Then bid the Maids withdraw, & leave them there,
He had a secret, that they must not hear.

Now the bold God his brightness reassumes,
And tells her who he is, and why he comes.
Tho' he sees all, and by him all things see,
By her Dear self he swears, there's none so bright as (she,
Not his own rays such Radiant Lustre wear,
As her Lov'd Eyes in their swift glances bear.
Amaz'd she seems, nor has she Pow'r to stir,
The God as stedfast too admiring her.
Stupid, and senseless with her fear she stands,
And drops her distaff from her trembling hands.
Her Beauteous fright his fiercer Passion fed,
And, now he Conquers, now enjoys the Maid.
This *Clytie* knew, nor could she long conceal,
She was her Rival, and she Joys to tell.
Her Salvage Father hears her fatal Crime,
And her excuses do but harden him.
His Beauteous Child he does alive inter,
And throws a Mountain on the injur'd fair.
This *Phœbus* sees, and would new Life beget,
While his bright Beams do at the Mountain beat,
In vain, alas! she cannot feel their heat.
How does he grieve at his too feeble Pow'r!
He ne'er so truly did Lament before.

Not

Not his loſt Son made him ſo ſadly Mourn,
He ſcorch'd the World, but ſhe made *Phœbus* burn.

Hippomenes *and* Atalanta.

TO Shady Woods fair *Atalanta* fled,
Reſolv'd to ſhun the fatal Marriage Bed.
Warn'd by *Apollo*, ſhe prepares to flee
From every Suitor not ſo ſwift as ſhe.
Replies to all, ſhe muſt be firſt outrun,
Or elſe ſhe Lives to be enjoy'd by none.
Declares beſides, who thro' preſumption tries
To Conquer her, if unſucceſsful, dies.
Thus, many ſwains Love's, and Death's pangs did bear,
Their hazard noble, as the Maid was fair.
Whilſt others fear'd to ſeek the Beauteous prize,
What her Eyes urg'd, her fatal tongue denies.
Now ſome bold Youth, who long a Flame had born,
Nor could expect, or hope a kind return,
Prefer'd her Conqueſt far before her ſcorn.
And begs a race, nor does he know to fear,
'Tis leſs, much leſs to die, than languiſh in Deſpair,

Here Young *Hippomenes* by chance appears,
And of the Lover, and his Flame, he hears.
It first his pity, then his Anger mov'd,
He crys the Maid is too, too much belov'd.
But in the race, when he her form beheld,
He was with fonder Admiration fill'd.
He gaz'd with wonder, nor could Justly tell,
Which did, her Beauty, or her speed, excel.
Swift as a *Scythian* shaft the Virgin flew,
Scarce could her Lover within sight pursue.
With a Wing'd hast she nimbly seem'd to fly,
Her Feet outran the quick Spectator's Eye.
Now growing warm he still admires her more,
(before.
Her motion fann'd those Fires, which her Eyes caus'd
Whilst the fond Winds bear back the purple strings
Which bind her Legs, and seem like looser wings.
Tossing her Hair on her fair Shoulders spread,
And all her snowy skin grows Beauteous Red.
Carnation Curtains so on Walls display'd,
Die their pure whiteness with a fainting shade.
All this he sees, and he admires it all,
And almost fears that thus himself must fall.

Praises

Praiſes the Maid, and is Enamour'd grown,
Wiſhes ſhe now may be o'ercome by none.
He is reſolv'd his better fates to try,
And muſt enjoy her, or he vows to die.
Thus while he Thought; the fatal race was run,
And the loſt Lover's Life fair *Atalanta* won.
The bold Spectator from the Crowd appears,
And humbly bowing Darts his Eyes at hers.
His Love he does above his Life eſteem,
And owns the Conqueſt ſhe has gain'd of him.
Tells her ſhe muſt her Victory purſue,
And, as with Beauty, kill with ſwiftneſs too.
Demands a race, not fainting, or afraid,
But ſlights all dangers for the Beauteous Maid,
Bids her contend with him, nor ſeek to raiſe
By meaner Conqueſts, but a meaner praiſe.
Sprung from great *Neptune*, he aſſures her ſo,
She will be Victor in her overthrow.
The Boy ſhe hears, and does his Beauties view,
She would not have him his deſigns purſue,
And ſcarce, ah! ſcarce ſhe wiſhes to ſubdue.
What God ſhe ſays would ſuch a Youth deſtroy,
Who thro' theſe dangers would my Charms enjoy!

What!

What! what's his Mien! what is he all I ſee!
Such ſparkling glories ſo deſpis'd for me!,
Muſt thoſe bright looks, thoſe ſhining Beauties fall,
My Merit never could reward them all.
Ah! Charming Boy! ſhun my deluding Bed,
You cannot Conquer; and I muſt not Wed.
Your worth you know not, and you doat on mine,
There is no Virgin who would not be thine.
In vain, I ſpeak, and I adviſe in vain,
In vain alas! you hear of Numbers ſlain.
O I could wiſh you would the danger ſhun,
Or, ſince reſolv'd, would you could faſter run.
Thou, Beauteous Boy! art the dear Youth alone,
To whom my Charms ſhould be intirely known,
And ſhould be mine, were I my ſelf my own.
Would Heav'n had Order'd that I ne'er had been,
Or that you ne'er had *Atalanta* ſeen.
Thus far her new born Paſſion urg'd the Maid,
He hears it all, and as he hears, is glad.
Perceives her Flames, tho' to her ſelf unknown,
And hopes e'er long to Crown them with his own.
The Numerous Crowds do now impatient grow,
With Murmurs of a race, and ſwarm to know.

The

The eager Boy calls *Venus* to his Aid,
That, as he Loves, he may enjoy the Maid.
From her, three Golden Apples he receives,
Who tells the use of the Rich Fruit she gives.
Now both the Lovers at the Barrier stand,
And the loud Trumpets Sound on either Hand.
They start at once, who might be safely born
O'er *Autumn* Fields, nor hurt the standing Corn.
A thousand Cries rise from the Noisy Crowd,
The Goal is yours, *hast*, *hast*, they shout aloud.
Ill with his Feet the Boy's desires comply,
He sees the maid, but ah ! he sees her fly.
How did she stay, when she might oft o'ergo,
And look, and grieve, that she out-strip'd him so ?
Now the tir'd Youth one of the Apples threw,
In quest of which the greedy Virgin flew.
Behind her far the rowling Gold was thrown,
Which she admires, for which she Deigns to run.
The glowing Youth now swiftly passes by,
And the loud Field resounds with shouts of Joy,
Yet soon again she overtakes the Boy.
The other two with greater force he throws,
By which the Virgin does the Conquest lose.

For

For each ſhe turns, and lets her Lover run,
Who now was foremoſt, when the race was done,
And *Atalanta* by the Youth was won.

Eccho.

THE Vocal Nymph the Young *Narciſſus* views,
As he his prey into the toils purſues.
Tho' ſhe her ſelf could not her ſilence break,
She Anſwer'd others, when ſhe heard them ſpeak.
Revengeful *Juno*, Jealous of her *Jove*,
Might have ſurpriz'd him oft in Lawleſs Love,
But ſtill this Nymph with cunning Wiles deferr'd
The Goddeſs's progreſs, till her talk ſhe heard.
So that her Rivals by this Crafty ſlight,
Eſcap'd her fury in their ſpeedy flight.
Which when ſhe knew, for ſuch a wrong, ſhe ſaid,
Thy Tongue ſmall Pow'r ſhall boaſt, deluding Maid.
She threatens high, while ſhe who hears the threats,
The ſelf ſame things in the ſame Words repeats.
Now the fair Youth ſhe ſaw, and ſtrait admires,
She follows ſilently with fond deſires,
Where'er he goes, and ſtill ſhe gathers Fires.

Nearer

Nearer, and nearer in his steps she moves,
And still pursuing, still the more she Loves.
Her wishes fir'd, when closer now she came,
As Sulph'rous Torches catch approaching Flame.
Often she strove, but strove in vain to tell
The Charming Youth she Lov'd him too, too well.
To her fond mind a Thousands things she brought,
Moving, and melting was her tender Thought,
But all conceal'd; for she could utter nought.
The Pow'r of speaking was deny'd the Maid,
But still, to hear his Speech, she longing stay'd,
That she might Answer to whate'er he said.
His Young Companions gone, the Boy complains,
And calls, and calls them in continu'd strains.
Where do you fly? Fond Eccho hears him cry,
And straits she Answers him, *where do you fly?*
Around he looks, but he can nothing see,
And much he wonders whence the Voice could be.
Is any near? He crys, she pleas'd to hear
Those Joyful Words, returns, *is any near!*
Once more the Huntsman hollows o'er the plain,
And utters sounds, which she returns again.
More loud he calls, she of the Office proud,
In hasty Accents, made replies as loud.

Then

Then let us Join, he said, her Thoughts combine,
And all consent, she Answers——*let us Join.*
Soon as she spoke, strait from the Woods she flew;
And round his Neck her Arms, transported, threw.
With close Embraces fondly lock'd him fast,
Who strugling broke from her weak hold at last.
And proudly crys, rather I'll cease to be,
Than you, loose Nymph, shall have your will on me.
Shall have your will on me? the Nymph returns,
To the ingrateful Boy for whom so much she burns.
Mean-while he flies, disdainful, from her view;
Now, so repuls'd, she will no more pursue.
With all her speed she runs to gloomy Groves,
And grieves to think he should despise her Loves.
Her Flames rejected, she Laments, and Mourns,
And Weeps, and Blushes, with the shame, by turns.
Alone she Pines with her excess of Woe,
But Loves him still, who made her Wretched so.
Her raging Passion, and her fonder grief,
Torment her so, she can have no relief.
Thoughts of her slight the Virgin waking keep,
Restless, and Languishing, for want of sleep.
Now she consumes with her continu'd care,
And all her Moisture is dissolv'd to Air.

Nought

Nought of her now remains but empty ſound,
Her Voice ſtill heard in Caves, and Hollow ground.
Thus her the Cruel, Young *Narciſſus*'s Pride,
Had kill'd, with many other Nymphs beſide.
Some born in Rivers, and on Mountains ſome,
Sure ſtill to ruine, where his Beauties come.
When one who ſuffer'd by his proud diſdain,
Deſpairing pray'd, when ſhe did long complain,
Thus may he Love himſelf, and thus in vain.
Her wiſh was Juſt, and met with great regard,
She fell reveng'd, for ſoon *Rhamnuſia* heard.

Narciſſus.

Beginning with the Deſcription of a Spring.

IN a deep Vale; lodg'd among Ancient Trees,
Which Shade it round, a Silver Fountain lies.
Girt with long Graſs, whoſe Verdant Beauties ſhow,
To whoſe great Bounty they their freſhneſs owe.
No angry blaſts the Spring's ſmooth ſurface moves,
A peaceful Calm the liquid Chryſtal Loves,
No looſe, rude leaves it's Virgin Waters ſtain,
From the leaſt Mote, and every Blemiſh clean.

So

So clear it ſhows, the Beauteous Trees appear,
As if they ſaw to place their branches there.
Whoſe lofty Tops do with ſuch tremblings move,
As if they too were with themſelves in Love.
Here, tir'd with hunting, fair *Narciſſus* came,
Nor from ſuch Waters fear'd a riſing Flame.
Pleas'd with the *S*hade, upon his Face he lies,
Till Captiv'd there by his own Conquering Eyes.
He ſees his *S*hadow in the liquid Glaſs,
But knew not what his Charming Shadow was.
With conſtant Eyes the fleeting form he views,
For fear the darling object he ſhould loſe.
So have I ſeen a well-Cut P*arian* Stone,
Appear to gaze, with admiration, down.
He Loves himſelf, what ſhall the Lover do,
Both his own Miſtreſs, and his Suitor too?
Oft ſtoop'd he down to catch the pleaſing Cloud,
And fill'd his Arms with the deceitful Flood.
From the fierce Lover the falſe image fled,
Coy, and Diſdainful, as a Courted Maid.
How could he hope, or e'er expect to find
So cold a Miſtreſs to his wiſhes kind?
How could her wat'ry Breaſt his Flames approve,
Too chill alas! to feel the warmth of Love.

Raiſing

Raising at length, with pain, his drooping Head,
Thus, with a sigh, and folded Arms, he said.
Tell me, ye Woods, ye aged Woods declare,
Have ye yet known a Youth so Wretched here?
No Seas, nor Mountains do our Joys remove,
Nought, but a little Water, parts our Love.
As oft as I to Kiss the Flood design,
So oft his Lips ascend, to Join with mine.
Ah! Beauteous Boy! Why should you scornful flee?
I too am Young, I too have Charms, like thee.
Come forth, whate'er thou art, nor grieve me so,
Or I will follow you where'er you go.
You move your Lips, I see your Breath appear,
But what you utter I must never hear.
Oh! 'tis my self, alas! I plainly see,
'Tis my own Shadow that bewitches me.
In my own Flames I burn; what shall I do?
Direct me, Heavens! Shall I be woo'd, or wooe?
What shall I wish, what shall I further crave,
Since what I covet I already have?
Ye bounteous Gods! too much has made me Poor,
Disjoin me from my self, I ask no more.
Sure my desire may admiration move,
I would be dispossess'd of all I Love.

Alas ! I faint, I find I cannot live,
Sure after Death I ſhall no longer grieve.
Would her I Love might ſtay when I am gone,
Two Wretched Lovers are deſtroy'd in one.
Then gaz'd again upon the form he made, (Shade.
And view'd with Watry Eyes the falſe, deluding
His dropping Tears rais'd Circles, as they fell,
And ſunk the Shadow which he Lov'd ſo well.
Weeping, methinks, ſhould eaſe the pains he bore,
But ev'n his Tears made him Lament the more.
Soon as he ſaw the fleeting Shadow flee,
Ah! ſtay he cry'd, and I will die with thee.
Let me but ſee you in the Envious Flood,
And Feaſt my Paſſion on that empty food.
Ah ! too, too Juſtly I deſerve my pain,
The Nymphs all Lov'd me, yet they Lov'd in vain.
The Beauteous *Eccho*, oh ! I Mourn for her,
Ungrateful I, who would not hear her Pray'r.
My harſh diſdain did that fair Virgin kill,
Shame to my Sex ! By me, by me ſhe fell.
Complaining thus, he beats his Naked Breaſt,
But feels the Torment where the pain was leaſt.
His Snowy skin by his rude Blows was made
Like faireſt Apples ſtreakt around with red.

Which

Which wheu he ſaw in his fair form appear,
He could no longer ſuch a ſorrow bear,
Here he receiv'd the ſtrokes, but ſmarted there.
As virgin Wax diſſolves with fervent heat,
Or Morning Froſt, whereon the Sun-beams beat.
So thaws *Narciſſus* with his fierce deſire,
And Melts conſum'd in an unſual Fire.
From his pale Cheeks their wonted glories fled,
They Bluſh no longer with a Beauteous Red.
None of thoſe Charms, thoſe fatal Charms remain,
Which Wretched *Eccho* ſo admir'd in vain.
That ſlighted Nymph deplores his hopeleſs fate,
Nor, for his ſcorn, did ſhe return him hate.
From her ſad Breaſt all Thoughts of Vengeance fled,
She living Lov'd him, and ſhe Mourns him dead.
He dying cry'd, farewel, belov'd in vain,
She Sympathizing, ſo complain'd again.
The waſted Youth a Yellow Flow'r became,
A Beauteous Flow'r, which ſtill retains the name.
The Swains bewail him, all throughout the Groves,
And every Shepherd Moans *Narciſſus* Loves.
The Mourning Nymphs bedew the ground with Tears,
That much Lov'd ground, which fair *Narciſſus* bears.

Then view with sorrow the deluding well,
And with their Flowing griefs the Waters swell,
Those hated Waters where *Narcissus* fell.
No tuneful Bird in all those Woods will sing,
And pensive Flocks pass bleating by the *S*pring.
It's very Waters a repentance show,
And seem to Weep, as from the well they flow.

Pan *and* Syrinx.

YE haughty Maids, let this example warn,
And fright you all from your injurious scorn.
Fair *Syrinx* liv'd on sweet *Arcadia*'s plains,
The Joy, and Torment of the wondring Swains.
Belov'd by all, yet no one's Flames return'd,
For her the Rival Gods, for her the *Sylvans* burn'd.
Nay, the rough Satyrs lay their rudeness by,
Such was her Form! And gaze when she is nigh.
For, thro' the Woods oft with her Bow she came,
And like *Diana*, chac'd the flying game.
At her approach the yielding Branches Bow,
And hasty twigs bend till she passes through.
The darkest Groves are on a suddain bright,
And seem to smile at their new Robe of light.

The

The Am'rous Trees Bow their Officious heads,
(Treads.
And strew their willing leaves, where'er fair *Syrinx*
All who behold her, are her *S*uitors grown,
But the Chast Nymph resolves to live alone,
To live a Maid, and therefore pities none.
Unhappy fair! By her own Charms betray'd,
Such Beauties sure were for enjoyment made.
Her eager Lovers now in vain pursue,
And strive to Ravish, since in vain they wooe.
Untouch'd, till now, she sported all abroad,
But now is Courted by the Shepherd's God.
As, Crown'd with Pines, *Pan* from *Lycæus* came,
He saw the Nymph at her delightful game,
He saw, he Lov'd, and must reveal his Flame.
And with such Words as these, he urg'd her stay,
Why from a God do you thus hast away?
Sweating, and spent, he follows still the fair,
Sees the blest *Zephyrs* wanton in her Hair,
And all her flying Garments loosely bear.
Her growing Beauties now inflame him more,
And his fresh Crown he from his Temples tore,
A Crown he always much esteem'd before.

Now, to ſmooth *Ladon*'s Sandry Banks they flew,
She ſhuns him faſt, who does more faſt purſue,
In the God's reach the Nymph does now appear,
The Wings of Love out-fly the Wings of fear.
With longing Arms he ſtrives to ſeize his prey,
Which from his cheated Arms eſcapes as oft away.
Thus the balk'd Hound ſnaps at the Hare in vain,
Deceiv'd, Poſts on, and is deceiv'd again.
But now the Nymph no more has Pow'r to run,
Nor knows ſhe how the eager God to ſhun.
She ſtrait the watry Deity adores,
Deſires their pity, and their aid implores.
Her Pray'rs are heard, and ſhe is caught at laſt,
Whom, chang'd to Reeds, the wond'ring *Pan* embrac't.
Amaz'd, he now for his loſt Miſtreſs Mourns,
And ſpeaks her praiſes, and his griefs by turns.
Stirr'd with his ſighs, the Reeds with tremblings move,
And in ſhort Murmurs make complaints of Love.
Pleas'd with the Sound, the God, all Raviſh'd, cries,
Tho' thee in Perſon Rigid fate denies,
Thy ſweet, thy Charming Muſick never dies.
Still ſhall ſuch converſe by thy change be found,
And her own Pipe ſhall *Syrinx* praiſes Sound.

Jupiter

Jupiter *and* Semele.

Beginning with the Description of Fame and her Palace.

A Place there is in the Capacious Air,
Where all things done, tho' far remote, appear,
Fame's lofty Palace, whose tall Tow'rs outvie
The lowly Clouds, and reach the Bleweſt Sky.
The Airy Queen in her high Manſions dwells,
Knows all is ſaid, and more than all ſhe tells.
Whate'er is done, whate'er is ſpoke ſhe hears,
A hundred Ears, a thouſand Tongues ſhe bears.
Wing'd round about, thro' all her Tow'rs ſhe flies,
Deſcends to Earth, and Mounts again the Skies.
Her Royal Arms two diff'rent Trumpets hold,
Braſs in the left, and in the right hand, Gold.
From place to place with flying haſt ſhe roams,
And Sounds them loudly wherefoe'er ſhe comes.
Ten thouſand ways lead to her Spacious Court,
Millions of rumours to her Hall reſort.
A while they talk of things they ſcarcely know,
wander a while, and then away they go.

Her Friendly Gates are wide expanded ſtill,
And with ſtrange News her large Appartments fill.
All built of Ringing Braſs, her Houſe reſounds,
Reports things told, and every Word rebounds.
Within, no ſilence, yet the noiſe not loud,
But like the Murm'ring Voices of a Crowd.
Such as from far the rowling Billows cauſe,
Or as ſpent thunder with a fainting noiſe.
With ſecret Whiſpers all the Palace Rings,
Of unknown Authors, and of doubtful things.
Here, truths, with lies confus'dly mixt, are told,
And the New Words ſtill differ from the old.
Millions of Tales, yet each, in telling, grows,
For every Author adds to what he knows.
So, in a Crowd, the Snow is rowl'd by all,
And grows a Mountain which was firſt a Ball.
Raſh, fooliſh Errour has her lodgings here,
Vain, ſhort liv'd Joy, and ſad dejected Fear.
Theſe wait on Fame, from her their being have,
And, when ſhe pleaſes, loſe the Life ſhe gave.
From her, wrong'd *Juno* knew her Bed defil'd,
Knew, how lew'd *Semele* was great with Child.
Inrag'd, ſhe cries, my plaints are all in vain,
Poor, ſlighted Goddeſs! Will you ſtill complain?

Sway

Sway we a *Scepter*, and is Heav'n our ſeat,
Or am I more than Titularly great ?
When thus a Mortal bears a Rival's Name,
And by her Iſſue would Divulge her ſhame.
What ſhe brings forth my Thund'rer did beget,
Such as our Love has ſcarce effected yet.
But if his Siſter, and his Wife I be,
My Juſt revenge ſhall Act what's worthy me.
Then, leaves her Throne, and in a Colour'd Cloud,
Deſcended where her Rival's Palace ſtood.
Her Skin all wrinkled, and her Hair was gray, (way.
Who with her creeping Feet, grop'd out her ling'ring
Crooked her Limbs, her Voice was Weak, and Hoarſe,
In all reſpects ſhe ſeem'd her Rival's Nurſe.
Long would ſhe talk, whene'er ſhe mention'd *Jove*,
(your Love.
And Cry, Pray Heavens none elſe has wrong'd
Yet, truth, I fear, for Maids have thus been won,
Deceiv'd by Cheats, and by their Wiles undone.
If he be *Jove*, let him ſome wonder do,
That may convince you he is truely ſo.
In all his glories let him Act his Love,
Deckt with thoſe Enſigns which his Godhead prove.

Such,

Such, and so mighty, as when *Juno*'s Charms
Move him to clasp her in his burning Arms.
Thus she advis'd, and set her Thoughts on Fire,
Who wildly Rages with a fierce desire.
And begs of *Jove* a favour, yet unknown,
He bids her ask, he will refuse her none.
He swears by *Styx*, which, thro' obscure aboads,
Spreads his dull Streams, rever'd by all the Gods.
Pleas'd with her high, destructive Pow'r to move,
She must be lost by her Ambitious Love.
Tells him to her's he shall no Charms prefer,
But, as he is to *Juno*, be to her.
Within her Arms he must his glories shew,
And as he's Heaven's, be Love's great Thund'rer too.
In hast, he sought to stop her fatal Tongue,
For oh! On that he knew her ruine hung.
Too late alas! His vain atempt he made,
For she had ask'd, and must be now obey'd.
The God was griev'd he had so rashly sworn,
He knew his Love, his *Semele* must burn.
Wrapt in dark Clouds, he sadly Mounts his Throne,
And show'rs his sorrows in loud Tempests down.
Dreft in his thunder, but of mildest Flame,
To those Appartments, where she lodg'd, he came.

Her

Her great ſucceſs ſhe ſadly now bewailes,
For Oh! more Fires than thoſe of Love ſhe Feels.
Her high preſumption, and it's fate ſhe Mourns,
And in thoſe bright embraces, which ſhe urg'd, ſhe
(Burns.

Glaucus *and* Scylla.

REpuls'd by *Scylla*, Love-Sick *Glaucus* flies
To try what Pow'r in *Crice*'s Magick lies.
And now at length, to Flaming *Ætna* came,
Ætna and he Burnt with an equal Flame.
Thence, ſoon arriv'd at the deſign'd abode,
The fair Enchantreſs welcomes there the God.
To whom in moving Words his Flames he proves,
And ſadly thus Reveals his ſlighted Loves.
'Twas *Scylla*'s Beauty rais'd my fond deſires,
And in the Waters kindled raging Fires.
On a high Rock cloſe to the Seas ſhe ſtood,
And caſt her Eyes down tow'rds the riſing Flood.
There firſt I ſaw her, there I Lov'd her too,
Courted, ſhe fled, nor could I faſt purſue,
So, to implore your aid, I came to you.

This

This favour, Goddess, you may soon confer,
Quench not my Fires, but raise the like in her.
To whom thus *Circe* speaks with taking Air,
Be well assur'd you may enjoy the fair.
I, sprung from *Sol*, to your Embraces run,
With Radiant Charms, bright as my Parent Sun.
Meet her who seeks thee, her, who flies thee, shun.
Thus let thy fairer suppliant's Pray'rs be heard,
My Love must sure be to her scorn prefer'd.
Glaucus replies to her who Courts him so,
First shady Groves shall on the Billows grow.
Birds thro' the Seas, Fish thro' the plains shall move,
E'er I, while *Scylla* lives, estrange my Love.
Know then, she Crys, I shall not tamely bear
Your proud repulse, nor fall to vain Despair.
No, there's a Beauty you to me prefer,
To ruin thee, I'll be reveng'd on her.
Thence, utt'ring Charms, strait to a Sandy Bay,
In hast she flies; there Beauteous *Scylla* lay.
Sad *Glaucus* too towards the shore return'd,
His Mistress, chang'd into a Rock, he Mourn'd,
Circe refus'd, and still for *Scylla* Burn'd.

Diana

Diana *and* Actæon.

Beginning with the Description of a Cave.

A Cave there is, deep in declining ground,
By Stately Pines, and *Cypress* Shaded round.
Tall Reeds, and Osiers at the Entrance grew,
And parted weeds with Riv'lets running through.
The rough, Arch'd Roof all form'd of Mossy Stone,
From which long Tufts of Shaggy Grass hung down.
Here, Chrystal Streams in the smooth Bottom flow,
And rise in Bubbles from their Springs below.
From it's Cleft sides in rills the Waters pour,
And in their constant Course trace one another o'er.
Here, with her Nymphs, the chast *Diana* came,
And, all undrest, bathes her soft Limbs with them.
Pleas'd with the grateful coolness of the Cave,
Her fatal Bow to her Lov'd Maid she gave.
When, led by fate, the tir'd *Actæon* too,
With wand'ring steps, to the sameCave withdrew.
The Nymphs all Shriek'd to see a Man appear,
And stood amaz'd, and senseless with their fear,
Like Iv'ry Pales about their Goddess there.

She

She saw him too, more Tall than all her Train,
And wish'd in hast she had her Bow again.
As a bright Cloud, by Sun-Beams pierc'd, appears,
Or a fair Morn, which Virgin Blushes wears,
So Chast *Diana* seem'd, for such were her's.
Dashing rude Water in his Face, she said,
Tell how you saw a Goddess dissarray'd,
Yes, tell aloud where you have boldly been,
I give you leave, speak all that you have seen.
Chang'd to a Stagg, now wing'd with fear he flies,
And is surpriz'd to see his swifter thighes.
But when his Head the next clear River shows,
And the proud Arms his Nature there bestows,
He starts with wonder, and himself he fears,
Tho' not his Form, yet his own Mind he bears,
And speaks his sorrows in his Groans and Tears.
What shall he do? Alas! He grieves, in vain,
Actæon ne'er must be himself again.
How shall he rest, how shall his change be born?
Shall he stay there, or shall he home return?
Thus while he thinks, his Dogs appear in view,
And he must run, for his own Hounds pursue.
O'er Craggy Cliffs, o'er Rocks they force their way,
And on a swifter Scent all chase the Princely prey.

The

The loſt *Actæon* in his Anguiſh Cries,
And, where he us'd to follow, now he flies.
Fain would he tell them whom they ſought to ſlay,
But oh! He could not ſpeak, nor did he dare to ſtay.
They ſeize him now, and tear the ſtately foe,
Who were by him taught to be Cruel ſo.
With uſual ſhouts their Dogs the Huntſmen chear.
And ſeek, and call their Lord, already too, too near.
In looks he Anſwers, yet is blam'd by all,
Becauſe thought abſent at his wond'rous fall.

Coronis *and* Neptune.

FRom Royal Blood the fair *Coronis* came.
As great by Beauty, as by Birth in fame.
From both alike ſhe has a Pow'r to move,
From both alike ſhe draws Spectators Love.
Her awful Charms make ſuppliant Princes Kneel,
And quit their Crowns to ſhew the Pangs they feel.
Belov'd by all, none dare her Laws oppoſe,
Sure ſtill to Triumph, and enſlave her foes.
The Neighb'uring Kings, who by their Arms might (riſe,
Dread leſs—her Father's Scepter, than her Con- (qu'ring Eyes.

While

While now the Maid walks on the nearer ſhore,
To view the Floods, and hear the Billows roar.
While now ſhe ſteps upon the Sandy Bay,
And ſeems another *Venus* of the Sea.
The Am'rous Fiſh approach the harder ſtrand,
Moſt now delighted on the Happy land.
No ſcaly Armour from her Beauties Saves.
With their ſhort Wings they cut the brighter Waves.
The Sea Nymphs float upon the ſwelling Flood,
Like Fancy ſeated on a moving Cloud.
Now *Neptune* too thro' Waters feels a Flame.
And owns Love's Mother from the Ocean came.
At firſt he ſees the Maid, Serene, and fair,
And tells his ſuff'rings with a Lover's care.
But now more rough with ſwelling Paſſions grown,
When ſhe, his Heav'n, pour'd angry Tempeſts down.
Like his own Waves, he does to ruine move,
And, all inrag'd, chafes with the ſtorms of Love.
The frighted Virgin from the Ocean flew,
And, ſwift as Winds, he does in haſt purſue.
Tir'd in the Sands, the God approaching near,
She Cries for aid, and Begs the Heav'ns to hear.
As to the Skies her trembling Arms ſhe threw.
On their chang'd skin Black Plumes of Feathers grew.

Turn'd

Turn'd to a Crow, ſhe cuts the upper Air
And leaves her Lover, who ſtands wond'ring there.

Orpheus *and* Eurydice.

THE Widow'd *Orpheus* for the Bride he loſt,
Undaunted haſtens to the *Stygian* Coaſt.
Thinking to Charm with Verſe the Powers below,
And hopes his Wife may be recover'd ſo.
Already now the Courts of Death he paſt,
And mov'd all Hell with his ſoft Songs at laſt.
The Fiends with ſilent Admiration heard,
The Mornful Muſick of the Artful Bard.
His Harp and Tongue did Joy to all afford,
While the Black roofs the wond'rous Song reſtor'd.
No more does *Tantalus* in vain eſſay,
To taſt the ſtreams which ran too faſt away,
Now, ev'n the floods their rapid torrents ſtay.
The wretch forgets what he deſir'd ſo long,
And only thirſts to hear the charming Song.
The fifty Maids no longer fill their Urn,
Nor the quick loſs of their ſpilt Waters mourn.
Ixion now does a ſhort reſpit feel,
And leans, and liſtens on his quiet Wheel.

The rav'nous Vulture now torments no more,
And *Titius* Liver is no longer sore.
The Fiends to torture Wretched Souls forbear,
And *Furies* Weep with a relenting care.
All Hell Harmonious with his Voice appears,
Of equal sweetness with the moving Spheres.
Nor was the Musick, which he made, in vain,
All Hell consents to give his Bride again.
But a short time she with the Youth remain'd,
His Passion loses what his Poem gain'd.
The Pow'rs below did on these Terms restore
His Wretched Wife to leave the *Stygian* shore.
If, till he quite the Shades of Night had past,
And reach'd the clear *Ætherial* light at last,
He turn'd his Eyes, his longing Eyes, to see
His doubtful prize, it should for ever flee.
Long now he wanders, and Extreamly burns,
Long he forbears, but urg'd at last, he turns.
And now arriv'd to a faint, glimm'ring light,
Where the Sun's rays pierc'd thro' the gloomy (Night,
He casts his eager Eyes, to see the wish'd-for sight.
His Wretched Wife can now no longer stay,
From his last look she fleets in hast away.

In

In vain he thought to catch the Shade again,
She too bent Backwards, to be caught, in vain.
Her double Death could not her anger move,
He had no fault but his excess of Love.
Gods! What curs'd Thoughts urg'd his rais'd Passi-
When he perceiv'd she was forever gone! (ons on,
Fled from his hold, and must return no more;
He thinks he's now in Hell, and was in Heav'n before.
What Anxious ills did in his fancy rowl,
And what Tumultuous Pangs perplext his Soul!
In vain he wish'd he might with her return,
But that deny'd, he could do nought but Mourn.
In vain he Sung, his Notes were all in vain,
No Verse, no Charm could bring her back again.
Stay, dear *Eurydice*, Ah! Stay, he Cries,
How fast the Lovely, fleeting Shadow flies!
How fast she shuns me, tho' I can't pursue!
This were not Hell, should it receive me too.
She's now already on the farther Coast,
Lost is *Eurydice*, my Wife is lost.
No track of time again can set her free,
She's gone for ever, ever gone from me.
No Charms a second time Hell's Pow'rs can move,
Oh! They will ne'er release my Wretched Love.

No sacred Verse, no sacred Pray'rs will do,
Hell has her now, would Hell had *Orpheus* too.
In *Titius* Place let me his torments bear,
Love's a worse Vulture than that gnaws him there.
It preys, alas ! On a much Nicer part,
That hurts the Liver, but this hurts the Heart.
Is this your goodness then ? ye Hellish Pow'rs !
Yes, it may easily be known for yours.
Some spightful Fiend releas'd her from the shore,
But with design to make my suff'rings more.
For on such Terms you gave me back my Wife,
You knew I must lose her, and she her Life.
Thus is your Nature plainly understood,
You ne'er intended to be wholly good.
By some damn'd Pow'r contriv'd, I know not how,
You blest a short, short while, to curse me now.
Ah ! Yet be kind, and my dear Bride restore,
Let me enjoy the Blessing, yet, once more.
Let my fond Eyes once more their Pleasure boast,
Which but for too much Love had ne'er been lost.
By that dread sway, that horrour which I view,
By those vast Realms which were allotted you,
By that unquestion'd right you rule them too.

By

By these my Pray'rs, and Tears, which once had Charms,
Once more restore her to my longing Arms.
A little while let her on *Orpheus* smile,
And she is yours, within a little while.
Life is but short, and when you please to call,
You can have her, you can have me, and all.
Thus Sung the Youth, but had not Pow'r to move,
No Charm the second time could gain his Love.
Rack'd with Despair, he quits the *Stygian* Coast,
Nor could he stay where his dear Wife was lost.
Back to the light he takes his mournful way,
But was not Chear'd at the approach of Day.
In sad complaints he does his griefs rehearse,
And tells his Sorrows in his moving Verse.
He Sings incessantly in Charming strains,
And draws Stones to him o'er the flow'ry plains.
His Pipe brings Herds, and their pleas'd Flocks along,
Which leave their pasture, to admire his Song.
The Trees Dance round, as if they understood,
By wond'rous Sympathy, the Voice of Wood.
His lays the Nymphs, and *Sylvans* did rejoice,
And ravish'd Maids lay melting at his Voice.
So much the Poet with his notes could move,
That all who heard them were engag'd in Love.

The wishing Virgins all their Pow'rs bestow,
To Charm the Youth who had o'ercome them so.
But still *Eurydice* his Thoughts does fill,
Her 'tis he Loves, to her he's constant still.
They, vex'd to bear their fond desires in vain,
Hate where they Lov'd, and furious o'er the plain,
Pursue the Youth, who by their Hands is slain.

The End of the first Book.

AMASIA,

OR, THE

Works of the Muses.

Containing the

MISCELLANY of *LOVE.*

Vol. III. Book II.

Qui non vult fieri desidiosus, amet.

TO THE

Right Honourable

THE

Countess of *Manchester*.

MADAM,

COuld any intrest prevail with me to address a Person undeserving, my task would then be easier much; as the Painter who has a Face before him, indifferent to Paint, knows his chief business is to flatter; he knows he is not to draw a Face, but make one. But, Madam, I have so Beautyful a Pattern before me, my Eyes grow dazzled, and my Soul is aw'd; your Ladyship is indeed an Original, a ravishing Original. I here present you the Miscellany of Love; *in my Opinion, a very humble present, yet very suitable; the Miscellany of all that's*

Good

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Good and Lovely, your Ladyship is presented by Nature to the World: So much Beauty, with so much goodness mingled, scarce ever met before; so much, that I hope humbly there's enough of both to smile on, and forgive the weak Endeavours of

Madam,

Your Ladyship's Most Humble

and Most Obedient Servant,

Sylvius.

THE MISCELLANY of LOVE.

On Flowers in Amasia's *Bosom. In Imitation of* Anacreon.

WHAT? tell me, what, should (Flow'rs do there,
Amasia's sweet, as she is fair.
In her, all blooming Beauties meet;
What Flow'r so fair, as she is sweet?
Not *Flora*'s self, shall proudly dare
With my *Amasia* to compare.
Flora's Breast, I know it well,
Does not like her Bosom smell.
This, *Flora* too, her self, does know,
For else, she would not Court her so.
Not Eastern Spices, *Indian* Gums,
Afford us half so rich Perfumes.
Not the *Phœnix* boasted Nest
Can Rival my *Amasia*'s Breast.

Arabia can't with her's compare,
For Love's the *Phœnix*, that dwells there.
There, tender ſighs and wiſhes move,
The Rich, the Od'rous Breath of Love.
Why ſhould thoſe Flow'rs, *Amaſia*, ſtay?
Pluck them, throw them far, away.
Why ſhould they in thy Boſom live?
They come to Rob thee, not to give.
They could, when growing in the Field,
They could—but common Odours yield.
Throw them, *Amaſia*, throw them by,
Then Mark, how quickly they ſhall die.
You will not thence the Robbers throw;
Sure they are rooted there, and grow.
O happy they, in ſuch a Bed!
Where nothing withers, nor is dead.
Tho' every other Flow'r you ſpare,
Let no *Narciſſus* Flouriſh there.
Whilſt thus my Rivals bleſt I ſee,
I find, thy Boſom can be free,
To any thing, but Love and me.

To a Lady asking me a Thousand impertinent Questions, which she would have Answer'd.

YOur swarm of Queries one Just Answer draws,
I did this, that, and every thing—because.
What, wont that Answer do ? Now, *Jove* forbid ;
I did this, that, and all ; —because I did.

To the Lady above-mention'd, saying I gave her a very senseless, impudent Answer.

IN Mazes of impertinence involv'd,
You are not yet, nor can be e'er resolv'd.
I thought,—*Because*—had fairly play'd it's part ;
'Tis very hard, you should more Questions start,
Than your whole Sex can Answer for their Heart.
All the response they practise, won't suffice ;
Yes, *No* ; ——or shall I Answer you with *Why's* ?
By you, I hope, I shall no more be task'd,
Answer'd, as civilly, as I was ask'd.
Now, since I give you my replies so plain,
Favour me once, and tell me what you mean.
Then, if I yet must Answer you more true,
Start me a thousand Questions all anew.

I'll make replies, as fast as they are said,
Answer me only this———
What 'tis you think, and what you do a Bed.

To the same Lady, saying she would give me a Kiss, if I would tell her what she ask'd me.

I'll take the Bribe, but not my Answers sell;
Madam, you know, we must not Kiss, and tell.
Maids, oft e'er now, (yet oft their aim have Mist,)
Have been impertinent, but to be kist.

To the Lady aforesaid, striking me on the Face with her Fan, for my former Answers.

NO longer now I must your rage withstand,
Who brandish thus your Vengeance in your (Hand.
How very stupid must my senses grow!
Which ne'er conceive, or what you say, or do,
But this—and this you beat into me too.
To make returns for this last Favour shown;
Now you have Struck my Face, pray, hide your own.

To

To a Lady, who ask'd me why I writ on such trifling Occasions.

THese are the fittest subjects I can choose,
For trifling business, Suits a trifling Muse.
I make my Verse, at least, my own delight,
And, Madam, when I trifle, then I write.

To a Lady, saying I ought to Marry her, because she Lov'd me.

THus must I pay, by smarting, for your Wound;
If you be Conquer'd, why should I be bound?
O never more to such entreaties move,
You would not have me hate you, if you Love?

To the same Loving Lady, telling me, abuse was an ill requital for soft Passion, but she thank'd her Stars, she was but in Jest.

SUch Jugling Tricks I cannot understand;
You hold, unhurt, Coals burning in your Hand.
Long may you sport in the false Am'rous fit;
Love is a Jest, I ne'er could laugh at yet.

I'm

I'm pleas'd to find your wrongs already o'er,
For, should I Wed, I might abuse you more.

To a Lady asking my Opinion concerning the Writings of the Ancients and Moderns.

THIS only I dare positive avow,
The Ancients wrote best then, the Moderns now.

To a Lady, making her a present of Straw-Work.

LET Straw no more in slighting Terms be nam'd,
What she accepts, grows worthy to be fam'd.
Let lab'rers beat the shining sheaf no more,
'Tis now priz'd higher than the Corn it bore.
From your fair hands I may this Knowledge draw;
Your Eyes attract my Heart, as those the Straw.
O happy product, which the Field has giv'n!
From earth it Sprung, but reaches now to Heaven.

To the Bookseller desiring my Sculpture before my Book.

TAke it, the Wretched, lifeless Figure take;
'Tis only giv'n for my *Amasia*'s sake.
With Charms, too bright to be repell'd, you move;
Yet, not thro' vanity I yield, but Love.
Amasia's Name does my Book's Title Crown,
Amasia's Name, which gives my Book Renown.
Hence 'tis I grant, with pleasure, your demand;
Shall I not, Join'd with my *Amasia*, stand?
Let, with a scoff, the World my form disdain,
The Cens'ring World, unknowing Lovers pain;
On this account, I'm proud of being vain.
My self I gave to the bright Maid before;
How in a Picture can I give her more?
Let the World talk, and rail, and rave aloud;
I never yet for sordid praise have Bow'd;
I'll call Fools envious, while they call me proud.

To a certain Gentleman, you must know, very Censorious on me, for assenting to my Bookseller's desire.

I understand you, Sir, and now I see,
(Tho' now too late, I own;) thou can'st not be
My Picture's Friend, much less a Friend to me.

To a Lady, telling me I should Court applause, if I expected to gain it.

IF, like a Virgin I should *Fame* adore,
The more I Court, she would but fly the more.
Courtship for praise, would render me most vain,
For none e'er Courts, but has some hopes to gain.
Fame, if she comes, is welcome; but at worst,
The Poet can't be like the Lover curst.
O'er every sense my Lov'd *Amasia* Reign'd,
I Courted her, and Courted, she disdain'd.
No other Charmer shall my Mistress be;
For she was *Fame*, and every thing to me.
Let flatt'ring *Fame* yield to the flatt'ring Muse;
What I ne'er gain'd, ne'er sought, I cannot lose.

Yet

Yet, praiſe I boaſt, while the pretence I quit,
For 'tis my *Fame*, that I ne'er ſought it yet.
Let others Court her in a tedious Courſe,
I'll not purſue, but if I meet her, force.
The God of Verſe himſelf, purſuing, fail'd,
Had He woo'd leſs, he had, perhaps, prevail'd.
My Charming *Daphne*, my *Amaſia* loſt,
I ſhould not much of bending Laurels boaſt.
From the chang'd Nymph ſoft ſighing Breezes came;
'Tis Breath, meer Air, that gives the Poet Fame,
How would my Raptur'd vanity run high,
Could I, like *Phœbus*, hear my Charmer ſigh!
But here no pains, no Courtſhip can ſucceed;
Amaſia ſigh? —that would be Fame indeed.

To a Lady, ſaying with a ſmile, ſhe fear'd I would not perform my Promiſe.

O Doubt it not; or doubt if Truth be true,
All promiſe, is performance, made to you.
He that adores, brings Incenſe in his Hands;
Who dares withhold whatever Heaven demands?
When o'er the Seas *Neptune* exerts his ſway,
In the ſtruck Rock what rebel Wind ſhall ſtay?

Sharp as his *Trident* Flies each Glance you Dart,
But meets no Rock in a ſoft Lover's Heart.
When the Soul Acts, what thought ſhall flag behind,
The Flames you raiſe, mount ſwifter than the Wind.
But whilſt, thus ſmiling you impoſe my task,
Your Eyes give more, than what your Lips can ask.
And yet, your Conqu'ring killing Pow'r's ſo great,
You Force, and Rob me, while you thus intreat.
All gen'rous grants, from the Heart raviſht flow;
What need you ask, my Heart is yours, you know.
Whilſt to obey thoſe ſmiles the Lover flies,
Grant him but this——the promiſe of thoſe Eyes.

To a Lady, telling me I writ too faſt.

'TWere hard, 'tis true, 'twere very hard indeed,
If I ſhould write more faſt than you can read.
My *Muſes Works*, thus, to your Summs amount,
Making more Slaves than ev'n the Eyes can Count.

To the ſame Lady ſaying—Sure, I never thought, *and Commanding me to write on a Feather.*

NOW I ſhall think; what Genius can refuſe,
When you thus kindly Wing the flying Muſe?
No boiſt'rous Winds my Soul's Emotions bear,
But you know, Madam, *Feathers* fly with Air.
I think ſometimes, (by my beſt Thoughts,) 'tis true,
On my own wit, and on your Beauty too,
And think them much alike—I think I do.
Strange is your Female ſway o'er thoughtful Men,
Strange! That your Feather ſhould Command my Pen.
Rouz'd from a Muſing fit, you often Cry,
You think on nothing; why, Juſt ſo do I.
Only by chance, for once, one thought I'll write,—
Say, is the *Feather*, or the *Fair* more Light?

To a Lady ſaying ſhe imagin'd Poets were all on Fire when they wrote.

WHen my *Amaſia* Charms my Soul, by turns,
The Poet rages, and the Lover burns.
But my other Theam no warmth inſures,
My Breaſt is then, almoſt as cold as yours.

To Amasia *putting a Paper of my Verses in her Bosom.*

WHilst on this Subject you afford, I write,
Concealing some, you bring more Works (to Light.
Whilst from your Breast my inspiration flows,
Your Charming Breast a new *Parnassus* grows.
Two Spiring mounts give the fam'd Hill renown.
Two Spiring mounts *Amasia*'s Bosom Crown.
Take care, soft Charmer, of thy Breast take care,
For thro' my Verse, my Soul will enter there.
Whilst thus my lines are in thy Bosom lay'd,
The Poem's happier than the Poet made.

To a Lady with a very Charming Dimple *in her Chin, occasion'd by a scar, which, she said, an unaccountable distemper had left there.*

THat Wounds leave scars, is known to all Man- (kind;
But none e'er knew that scars left Wounds behind.
The dire effect, thus, the dire Cause is grown;
I see your Wounds, and smarting feel my own.

Thus,

Thus, Graces infinite your Features Arm; (Charm!
What are your Pow'rs! When ev'n Deſeaſe can
Shafts at impaſſive Heaven are ſhot in vain, (again.
With Vengeance Wing'd, they kill, when turn'd
To Salve my Wounds, grant me one Balmy ſigh,
For 'tis thro your Deſeaſe I pine and die.
Be kind; and perfectly reſtore me ſound,
Where Love heals ill, a rancour'd Scar is found.

To a Lady Dancing at a Ball.

THE Muſe appears, all Airy, in my view,
The Muſe appears, and Dances, Bright, like
Like you, ſhe fleets, and in my fancy flies, (you,
All Wing'd, and gliding faſt thro' azure Skies.
Loe! She deſcends, and hither darts her way,
Like Sun-beams ſwiftly bright———
All Luſt'rous clear, and flaſhing on the Day.
With moving Air, like thee ſhe paſſes now,
Welcome, my Muſe—oh! Not the Muſe—'tis thou
Forgive me, Virgin, I miſtook the fair,
Only thy ſelf could with thy ſelf compare.
You are my Muſe, 'tis you, 'tis you inſpire,
While your each motion Fans the kindling Fire.

My tuneful Notions rise surprizing new,
At once you Dance, and give the Musick too.
O that my Verse could run on Feet like thine,
My numbers then, would grow, like thee, Divine.
So true you move, yet with such swift surprize,
Tho' rising still, none can perceive you rise.
Stay, *British Daphne*, 'tis not *Sol* pursues,
Winning too fast the race, the prize you lose.
My swiftest Thoughts in vain to reach you strive,
Stay, thou hast won the Laurel, yet alive
Take the reward, the Poets Crown's your due,
Both Crowns and Hearts all must submit to you.
O if to thee a fate like *Daphne*'s fell,
How would the Wreath be priz'd——
How would all write, and how would I excel!

To a Lady saying she would Hate me, if I should write Satyr.

SInce *Satyr*, Madam, has her Birth from spight,
If you should Hate me, that would make me (Write.
My *Satyr*'s Teeth, whene'er she Bites, draws Blood,
Not sharp; but very Blunt; and that's as good.

Provok'd,

Provok'd, like *Jove*'s, my strugling Thunder's hurld,
Broad Sheets of rage, like light'nings, are unfurl'd,
And I could Flash, and Blast, and Tear the World.
I boast an equal Priviledge with you.
Sat'ring my self, in every thing I do.

To a Gentleman, whose Life was indanger'd by his Endeavouring to aders a Lady in a Sphere above him.

GO on, and speak your Passion uncontroul'd,
For, Love and Fortune both befriend the bold.
Maids are half gain'd, when, once the Suit's begun,
And *she* deserves to be thro' hazards won.
Storms past at Sea indear the Anchor'd ground;
E'er *Drake* grew fam'd, he did the World surround.

NEW-YEAR's-DAY, 1699.

AH! Hapless Day! How thy sad gloom appears!
Rolling o'er me twice Twelve revolving Years.
Thou gav'st me Life, thus art thou doubly curst,
For, by thy Light I saw *Amasia* first.

Now,

Now, since that time, twelve Circling Suns roll on,
Since that sad time I found *Amasia* gone.
Scarce to compleat thy Circle wouldst thou stay,
You bore in hast, so rich a prize away.
Return, Rapacious, Rival Year! restore
My fair, my Charmer, Charming as before.
O woe Eternal! O Eternal pain!
Nor you, nor she must strike my Eyes again.
My endless Sorrows round thy Circle move;
Twelve fatal Years! Half of my Life was Love.
Love was my Life; and now I plainly see,
That *Time* and *Death* are much the same to me.
O Grant me, *Phœbus*; this is all my Pray'r;
One smiling Sun, let me behold my fair.
For that one Day, Serene I'll bear my doom,
Past Years of Woe, and Ages yet to come.
If, on that Day, I meet *Amasia*'s scorn,
If, on that Day, the Charmer shall not burn,
Never may this, no, never more return.

Seeing a Lady at a Play call'd
A Trip to the Jubilee.

THE Scene seems now a Melancholy place,
Here gaze, my Eyes, here revel, and Embrace,
And press, and Kiss, at every glance, that Face.
Let both the Author and his Play seek *Rome*,
Beauty, I'm sure, keeps *Jubilee* at home.

To a Lady, under the Name of Philomela.

I'M Charm'd, I'm ravish'd with thy tuneful Song;
Ne'er may this *Philomela* lose her Tongue.
Sweet as the first, Harmoniously you move,
By Sorrow she was taught, and you by Love.

Love

LOVE in IDEA.

Written to a Friend, who ſaid his Miſtreſs was above Gold, and deſir'd my advice in his Suit.

YES, ſome there are, ſure yet ſome Nymphs (remain,
Some gen'rous Nymphs, deſpiſing ſordid gain.
If ſuch you find, no ſuff'rings are too hard,
No Pains are great enough for ſuch reward.
If ſome ſuch truly noble fair you ſee,
You meet that fair yet never met by me.
My Art were uſeleſs then, nor would I teach
Devices far below her glorious reach.
Exalted Numbers ſhould her worth Proclaim,
She ſhould be every Poet's Charming Theam,
Above the Stars the Muſe her name ſhould bear,
Fix her immortal Crown, for ever fixt it there,
Such gen'rous Flames would Paradiſe reſtore,
With Flow'ry Pleaſures, as at firſt it bore.

Still

Still ſhould thy Paſſion kindle, as it ſoar'd,
And ſhe, the Charming ſhe, ſhould be ador'd.
Still with Obſequious Courtſhip ſhould'ſt thou ſerve,
Thou could'ſt not Love her, as ſuch Charms deſerve.
Let Am'rous *Sylvius* to that Charmer flee,
The Maid like her ſhould be belov'd by me.
Revolving Days and Nights would I admire,
Gaze on her Eyes, draw thence New *S*treams of Fire.
At her dear Feet, all Proſtrate, Breath my lays,
Sing as ſhe ſmiles, her every motion Praiſe,
And look, & look again, revolving nights and days.
In tuneful Numbers every thought expreſs,
And make Immortal Love, and feel no leſs.
New tranſports ſtill ſhould from New tranſports
Growing my ſelf, all raviſht, as a I Sing. (*S*pring,
Angelick Thoughts ſhould my whole Soul employ,
Immortal Love, and as Immortal Joy.
With trem'lous, darting glances would I gaze,
Fixt, like ſome Statue, in a bleſt amaze.
My flutt'ring Heart it's motions ſhould improve,
(move,
And where for Life but with one ſtroke 'twould
A thouſand beat, with quick alarms, for Love.

Then

Then, would I run her Num'rous Beauties o'er,
Creative fancy ever Springing more.
Whilſt the Idea feeds on new ſupplies, (flies,
Whilſt thro' my Soul her Charming Image
Joy, dancing, ſmiles in my Extatick Eyes.
Trembling with eager Love would I approach,
And as I riſe, Bow Humbly, e'er I touch.
Now like Love's ſelf, with daz'ling ſight, behold,
Then, as all Wings, like the Flusht Hero, bold,
(Gold.
Rush on—and claſp her faſt, as Miſers claſp their
Seraphick Raptures Charm, while I embrace,
And as more cloſe my Eyes her Features trace,
Freſh glories dawn in her Aerial Face.
Ten thouſand, thouſand riſing preſſes paſt,
Still would I preſs her with ſuch eager haſt,
That every cloſe ſhould ſeem the laſt of all the laſt.
Each fainting Nerve new vigour ſhould reſerve,
And preſs, as Jealous of ſome Rival Nerve.
As light'nings flaſh on light'nings to each Pole,
So ſhould new preſſes on new preſſes roll,(whole.
Fly thro' each part at once, diſſolving thro' the
Lodg'd on the Fragrant Boſom of the fair,
I ſpread in haſt ten thouſand Kiſſes there.

Charm'd

Charm'd with thoſe Sweets, ſtrait to her Lips aſpire,
Breath there my Soul, there revel my deſire,
'Tis too, too much for Man———
I taſt of Heaven, and in a Trance expire.
From my deſigns how widely do I rove!
Why did my Soul this fancy'd Beauty move?
I Sing of Art, and yet by Nature Love.
Hence may the Youth, whom I inſtruct, believe,
His Tutour would his utmoſt pains deceive.
How can he think I'll make the fair his prey,
Who in *Idea* bear the prize away?
Yet truſt me, youth, whilſt by Love's Pangs I'm torn,
By me Maids are but in *Idea* born.

To a Lady, who ſeeing me in a Languiſhing Sickneſs, call'd me——Poor Shadow of Love.

WOunds got in War to Warriours graceful ſhow,
Wounds got in Love, are ridicul'd by you.
But Oh! I acted not the Warriour's part,
They loſe their Limbs, but I have loſt my Heart.
Like wounded Cowards, I am heartleſs found,
And every fair, who ſees me, now may Wound.

No

No, Charming Maid! I yield not yet to die,
The best defence of Cowards, is to fly.
In vain, in vain your killing Darts pursue,
I am *Love's Shadow, Beauty's substance You.*

To a Lady making me a second present of a Lock of her Hair, after I had in an humour return'd the first.

NUmber thy Hairs, count then my summs of (bliss;
The Golden Fleece was a mean prize to this.
With Popish Superstition, every day,
To this Lov'd guift, as to some Saint, I'll pray.
Far brighter this, than *Ariadne's* Hair
Translated to the Gods, and made a Star.
That sprung from earth, e'er to the Skies it flew;
This grew in Paradise, in Heaven it grew.
Thus, tho' the vanquish'd outworks I have won,
Never, Oh! Never must I gain the Town.
Twice ten Years Siege would here successless prove,
War ends in Peace, but can Despair gain Love?
You gave the gift; I did the gift restore,
Again you gave, now to receive no more.
My Heart was yours, you did the toy disdain,
Again 'tis yours, ne'er to return again. What

What ſhall I give, my gratitude to ſhow?
O may your Hair, faſt as you cut it, grow;
But Pray'rs are little, where my ſelf I owe.
See, how the Lock does my bleſt hands Embrace,
As once it Curl'd about the Charmer's Face.
What is my envy to thy preſent grown!
How do I envy what is now my own!
O could ſome God transform my ſhape to Hair,
And would'ſt thou me, as once this preſent, wear,
How were I bleſt! I would around thee roll,
And Curl, and claſp thy Breaſts, and twine about (thee whole.
And then, if any Lover ſhould but dare
To Court, and beg the favour of thy Hair.
Up would I ſtart, to Vindicate my right,
And ſtand an end, with horrour, and affright,
Thy Lovely Hair, where Beauty now is ſown,
Should like *Meduſa*'s ſnaky Locks be ſhown,
And turn the bold beholders ſtiffen'd into Stone.

To a Lady Singing.

MUſick has Charms no Poetry can raiſe.
That ſilence, which your Song Commands,
(is praiſe.

The Health.

After abſence----To a Friend.

AN abſent Friend, long abſent from my Arms,
(Long from my Breaſt, ſince I felt Love's
(alarms.

Return'd---laſt Night, the Prodigal return'd,
With gen'rous, kind, continu'd Friendſhip burn'd,
And, in the cloſeſt folds, his ruin'd *Sylvius* Mourn'd.
Both Mourn'd, at once in Pleaſure and in pain,
Both Mourn'd that loſs, which both eſteem'd, as gain.
Strange force of Friendſhip! Vain and indiſcreet,
We Mourn our abſence moſt, when now we meet.
Thus, when the Mariner has reacht the ſhore,
Tho' he deplores not, till the Tempeſt's o'er,
Yet then he feels the late-paſt Anguiſh more.

Then

Then, when safe landed on the welcome Coast,
Then, he perceives his vanisht dangers most.
Srait, from my Friend a Flood of Questions Springs,
Half Answers made, I ask ten thousand things,
For meeting Friends———
Grow highly ravish'd, as Triumphant Kings.
Our hasty Joys such num'rous Queries Start,
We seem'd not meeting then, but then to part.
We stood, embrac'd, then walk'd, and chang'd (the ground,
We lodg'd—the Lov'd *Amasia*'s Health flew round,
Amasia's Health the Golden Goblets Crown'd.

To a Lady, holding her Picture in my Hand, and looking on her Face.

THus, *Ixion* like, I have maintain'd the chace,
Pursu'd the Goddess, and her Cloud embrace.
O thou, who fly'st with my despairing Heart,
Thou, more a Shadow than thy Picture, art.
Whilst round this Shade my Circling Arms I cast,
Thy Face, which shuns me, holds my Soul as fast.
Here had the fond *Narcissus* chanc'd to rove,
He and his Shadow too had dy'd for Love.

Let none attempt thy Picture; 'tis in vain;
Ev'n Nature cannot paint it o'er again.

The Arms.

Suavitate, aut Vi.

Written at the request of Amasia.

'TIS she Commands; then, must her Poet Sing
The first bold Man, from whence his race did Spring.
First of the line, first noted of the Name,
Who his by subtle brav'ry purchas'd Fame,
Atchieving deeds, whence his long honours came.
A Castle stood, impregnable of Old,
Scorning assault, like *Danae*'s Brazen hold;
By Steel unconquer'd, and unbrib'd by Gold.
Long had the *British* Force besieg'd this Tow'r,
Long had it Mock'd *Britain*'s Enervate Pow'r.

This

This ſubtle Hero, Champion of his race,
With ſome few Troops, attempted, gain'd the Place.
Naked of Martial Pomp, unarm'd in ſhow,
Deckt with Plum'd Casks, defenceleſs all below,
Forſook the Camp, revolting to the Foe.
As Friends they came, and were, as Friends, let in,
By which falſe Friendſhip they the Outworks win.
Gallantly Courteous, Faſhionably brave,
Their long Plum'd Casks, as in Salute, they wave.
From which, at once, ſoon as the Signal's giv'n,
Small Piſtols drawn; their Casks are toſt to Heav'n.
With a loud ſhout, charging the Guards, they Fire,
Some Fall, ſome Fly, and Fighting, ſome Retire.
At the rais'd Clamour, the Beſiegers haſt,
Ruſh in, like Floods, the Gates defenceleſs paſt,
And by Join'd Forces, Storm the Fort at laſt.
Hence are his Honours Blazon'd, hence his Arms,
For his cloſe Valour, and ſecure Alarms.
A Caſtle for his Creſt the Helmet bore,
Three Piſtols added in his Field he wore,
Three Roſes only were his Arms before.
I envy not, bold Anceſtor! Thy Fame,
Amaſia mine, I ſhould deſpiſe a Name.

Triumphs o'er Beauty I to Worlds prefer;
You Vanquiſh Caſtles, let me Vanquiſh her.
Fam'd much for cunning, not for Courage leſs,
Yet ſhe's a Fortreſs thou could'ſt ne'er poſſeſs.
Inſpire me, Parent Genius! mild appear,
Uſeleſs thy Roſes, if they fail me here.
Bluſhing they fall, her Cheeks more Sweetly Red,
Now, Pale like me, their Sickly leaves they ſhed,
Behold, they Wither now, and now are Dead.
Degenerate Youth! Thy Arms, thy Honours loſt,
What Fame has ſlothful *Sylvius* left to boaſt?
New Arms the Patron of his line had won;
Unworthy thou to be eſteem'd a Son,
Loſing what long deſcent had made thy own.
This points the Warriour's, this the Lover's courſe,
That ſweetneſs always muſt be Join'd with force.

POEMS

POEMS

ON

Several Occasions.

The Complaint.

TIr'd of the Town, and the Wild tumults (there,
Pensive I Walk'd, to Breath the Vernal Air.
Along the Banks of Silver Thames I stray'd;
Alike both wander'd, thro' the grateful Mead.
Only, more Calm the River glided by,
Shook by no Storm, it murmur'd not, as I.
Beneath a shade, form'd of a Shrubby Wood,
I lay, and look'd on the adjacent Flood.
The Beamy Sky All-lustrous from above,
With wav'ringLight seem'd on theStreams tomove.

Heav'n, there diſplay'd before me, I could boaſt,
Yet Plunging in, I had been ever loſt.
Thus to thoſe Wretches whom their Crimes purſue,
Ev'n Heav'n ſhows falſe, and Damns them in the view.
Strait, was the Sun o'ercaſt with ſullen Clouds,
And gloomy Miſts ſat heavy on the Floods.
The Tempeſt gather'd, and from Pole to Pole,
The light'nings Flaſh, and the loud Thunders roll.
Whole Heav'n was darken'd—Calm I lay a while,
And with a Pleaſing ſadneſs, ſeem'd to ſmile.
But now, the Sun forc'd out his Glorious way,
Diſpell'd the gloom, and made the Skies look gay,
Clad thick in brighteſt Beams, and Flaſhing on the Day.
On Airy Wings, the gloomy Miſts were fled,
And gladſome Sun-ſhine gilded every Shade,
But that, where *Sylvius*, where the Wretch was lay'd.
A thick, dark Fog ſpread horrid, all around,
And dull'd the Springing Beauties of the ground.
On both ſides, near, I ſaw delightful Groves,
And happy Lovers, Whiſp'ring tender Loves.
The Odorous Bow'rs, their Scenes of bliſs, ſo nigh
I heard the Swains proteſt, the Virgins ſigh.

Damp't

Damp't with my fate, no wiſhing glance I caſt,
Gay looks of Pleaſure die, when Joys are paſt.
The Wretch hisCourtſhip needs muſt purchaſe hate,
For Beauty yields, but to the rich, and great.
I ſaw——unenvying ſaw their rais'd delight,
Bleſt both their day, and my own gloomy Night,
That grateful Fog, which ſeac'd me from their ſight.
Hear me, I Cry'd, ye Heavens! Auſpicious hear,
Kind *Eccho* too, part in my *Sorrows* bear.
In that low Vale try there thy utmoſt *Skill*;
Now, if thou can'ſt, redouble all my ill.
In vain, in vain—alas! What ſpeaks the wrong,
In vain, *in vain* thou cry'ſt—'tis all thy *Song*.
Be dumb——I'll now a new *Narciſſus* be,
Fond of my grief, as of his Beauty he.
More bleſt than him I ſhall appear in woe;
In this reſpect none will my Rival grow.
In all the Crowd of that imperious Town,
Find me that gen'rous *Soul*, find one alone,
Willing to Join in any other's moan.
Of all the ſhining Beauties, where's the Maid,
That ſells her Love, where only Love is paid.

To Mr—

Written before the Representation of his First Comedy.

ENough—I know thy strength, nor need delay,
The dawning Muse fore-shows the Springing Day,
Nor will the rise of her own *Phœbus* stay.
Let others wait the Glory of the Skies,
I know, I know, the Sun and you must rise.
Strong in thy solid Beams, maintain thy Sphere;
Thy vig'rous Fires will Foggy Vapours rear.
I know thy Orb of Sence to fulness grown,
And by thy kind Reflection, Judge my own.
Thence, all my borrow'd, fainter glimm'rings shine,
I can't be wholly dark, while thou art mine.
In vain, once dampt, to weaker helps I run,
Yet *Vesta's* Fire was kindl'd by the Sun.
Hard fate of Debt! if I return thee Praise,
I send but smoak, for thy enliv'ning rays.
Languid my heat, void of the Flame of Wit,
Censur'd for what I have, and have not Writ.

Against

Againſt what's mine, let Criticks Blunder on,
They may excuſe me, what I have not done.
Tho' to no haughty Genius will I bend,
My Muſe muſt ſtill her utmoſt Plumes extend,
And clap her Wings, and ſoar, to reach my Friend.
She, ſafe like *Danae*, from mortal Pow'rs,
Yields but to *Jove*, in his Celeſtial ſhow'rs.
Tho' I, the weak born *Caſtor*, muſt decline,
In thee, my ſtronger, Brother-ſtar, I'll ſhine.
Go on, Lov'd Youth! And lofty ſtructures raiſe,
Already founded ſtrong, in ſolid praiſe.
Congreve, *Vanbrook*, and *Wicherly* muſt ſit,
The great Triumvirate of Comick Wit.
Where can I place my Friend; and ſenſe approve?
Do thou excel thy ſelf, then riſe above.
Aſcend not proudly, tho' thou can'ſt not fall,
Be what thou art, thou art already all.
Maintain thy own, nor ſcorn to Conquer ſlow,
And Young *Octavius* ſhall *Auguſtus* grow.
But Oh! Forgive thy undeſigning Friend,
I cannot all, tho' all be thine, commend,
For thou, I own, ev'n thou thy ſelf, may'ſt mend.
Let nought, offending Chaſteſt ears, be told;
Make thy Muſe modeſt, ſhe may ſtill be bold.

Safe

Safe shall you rise, from every Censure free,
And still be Courted, as you pass, by me.
Shun the Just rage of *Collier*'s sacred Pen,
The truly great, must be the best of Men.
From Heav'n immediate, Flows such Sence as thine,
Warm, like the Poet's God, as well as shine.
Let the strong Muse, Divine in Numbers rise,
'Tis then, 'tis only then, she strikes the Skies.

To Mr---

On his Second Comedy.

ALL Court the Rising Sun; some, from the (morn,
Conclude what Lustre shall the Day adorn.
Your earliest dawn, my Friend, was chearful day,
You shone out first with a Meridian ray.
Tho' dusky Clouds some Beams did hov'ring hide,
The Work was Day, 'twas perfect Day descry'd.
This all infer from the succeeding Skies,
After one Day, another Day must Rise.
O may thy *Phœbus* never set in Night,
For, all the God shines in each Scene you write.

Why

Why ſhould my Voice pronounce the labour good?
'Tis praiſe enough to ſay 'tis underſtood.
Loud are the Clamours which applauſes Fire;
You force much more, we ſilently admire;
When ſeen, you raviſh, but when read, inſpire.
All Judge you hence, in the firſt piece you writ,
Looſe, but thro' Faſhion, not thro' want of wit.
For now, more new, (tho' Genuine Garbs) you chooſe,
And deck, with modeſt Charms, the Comick Muſe.
At once ſuch profit, ſuch delight you raiſe,
Collier himſelf (if *Collier* can) ſhould praiſe.
But hold———
While here to ſtay the Reader's Eyes I ſtrive,
You of your beſt Applauſe, by praiſing, I deprive.

The

The Petition.

To her Royal, and Illuſtrious Highneſs, the Princeſs.

Written in the Name of Mr. ------, being deny'd to Tread the Stage.

WHat Theam ſo greatly glorious can I chooſe?
My Muſe Courts you, 'tis not a fawning Muſe.
Thus, may I thank my ills, for this ſucceſs,
Made greater ſtill, by what would make me leſs!
Where can I nobler bend? I ſtoop not low,
When, ev'n by falling, I am rais'd to you,
Yet, Proſtrate lie, beneath your Royal Feet,
Where ſo much Power, and ſo much goodneſs meet.
Goodneſs ſo Sacred, and a Pow'r ſo High,
The one alone can with the other vye.
Yet the mean ſuppliant dares implore the grant,
Mean tho' the ſuppliant be, yet good the Saint.
Heroes oppreſs'd, invoke the Pow'r Divine,
And here, the fancy'd Hero calls on thine.
With all Submiſſive Worſhip he implores,
Who ſerves the Sun, but Bows, and ſo adores.

But ſuch my Crime, no off'ring can Attone,
Offending all, yet meant offence to none.
Diſrob'd of Paſſions, how would Players ſhow,
Yet, I offended, that I was not ſo.
Hard fate of Mortals, which impending lies,
Bearing ſuch Tempeſts, in themſelves to riſe.
Tempeſts, and Oceans threaten from afar,
But O do thou protect, thou, the Auſpicious Star.
By thee I guide my courſe, to thee I pray,
The Guardian *Venus* of our *Britiſh* Sea.
One Breath from thee would ſoften Storms to Gales,
Calm every Billow, and ſpread full the Sails.
So with my Pageant Streamers once again,
I ſhall beneath your Sun-ſhine Plow the main.
But yet, till you, Propitious Princeſs, ſmile,
I Steer, like Veſſels, off, which ſhun the iſle.
You, who to all the height of Goodneſs live,
Inſtruct your gen'rous *Brittons* to forgive.
Ev'n Heav'n, it ſelf, receives affronts from Men,
But, they repenting, it grows Calm again.
So may'ſt, thou Flouriſh long, and bleſs the Age,
So may thy Vertues Crown the future Stage.
So, when great *William* ſhall in Heaven be ſeen,
May you Reign long, the bleſt *Britannia*'s Queen.

To

To a Lady, my Friend's ingrateful Miſtreſs.

SUch are your proud, deluding ways to move,
I hate you more, than ev'n my Friend can Love.
A brave revenge inſpires my ſwelling Soul,
While Thoughts of thee in my rais'd Boſom roll.
Be gone, yet Nine, your aid I now refuſe,
For, *Indignation* ſhall be here my Muſe.
Immortal hatred urge me on to think,
And ſtain thy Name, with everlaſting Ink.
My Juſter Pen ſhall Wound your Honour, more
Than e'er it rais'd you, to eſteem before.
Gay you appear, where your falſe Beauties come,
But I ſhall Rob you of your borrow'd Plume.
My Muſe's Wings have ſoar'd, and born you high,
Blown by my Breath, did the vain bubble fly,
But now I laugh, to ſee it's glories die.
Tow'ring ſo lofty, you are giddy grown,
And, of neceſſity, muſt tumble down.
Such Fogs of praiſes have you drawn from all,
In ſhow'rs of Tears the gather'd Miſts muſt fall.
Now, thro' thoſe Clouds, my light'ning fancy flies,
To blaſt thy Pride, which, when 'tis blaſted, dies.

Along

Along the Airy confines of thy Fame,
My Verſe ſhall roll, charg'd with thy Sultry name.
My Hand, now Arm'd, a fatal Pow'r does own;
My Pen's the Thunder-bolt to daſh thee down.
My kindling Eyes with Flames ſo Furious move,
They can't be fancy'd to ariſe from Love.
My fiercer Satyr cannot ſo expire,
For, *Salamander* like, 'tis born, and Lives in Fire.
With waxen Wings to Airy heights you flew,
Which none durſt ever yet attempt, but you.
As ſome skill'd Fowler, who the Lark deſcrys,
And from his Glaſs, darts Sun-beams in his Eyes;
Beholds the prey, which he ſaw Tow'ring, lay'd
In the low Net, which on the ground he ſpread;
So, in thy fall, I'll ſee thy weakneſs try'd,
When I glance, on thee, all thy rays of Pride.
And know, proud ſhe! The Darts your *Cupid* threw,
Were beardleſs toys, which my Friend Sporting drew.
Yet ſtill their Poyſon ſwells his Venom'd Mind,
The Hony Paſſion left a ſting behind.
Poor ſuppliant ways you uſe with ſordid Art,
And Cringe your ſelf, to undermine a Heart.

Yet, there are Nymphs, can with their coldneſs, move,
(Love.

More warmth, than you with your feign'd Fires of
Your Flag, all White, does innocent appear,
And the falſe ſigns of a ſurrender bear,
Peace it diſplays, and wantons with the Air.
But when Beſiegers would poſſeſs the Town,
You Fire, like thunder, on the Wretches down.
Mean, fawning thing! Who to each Fop would Bow,
And flatter him, that he might flatter you.
Like Popular Knaves, a ſuppliant Soul you ſhew,
Cry up the Crowd, to make them Cry up you.
Juſt ſo, a Pebble ſtruck on ſtony ground,
Falls to that place, which makes it higher bound.
'Tis but for praiſe, you, flatt'ring thing, have Bow'd,
And you are humble that you may be proud.
Thus, when the Cannon's Ball the higheſt flies,
The Gun bends back, and near the Pavement lies.
But while your baſeneſs, and your Pride I blame,
Your Judgment Juſtly ſhould be rais'd to Fame.
You know your want of Pow'rful Charms to move,
Your Gold excepted, which Commands our Love.
From Sulph'rous Mines Men ſtill would dig the Oar,
Tho' worſe than thoſe, which brought it forth before.

To

To Dr Gibbons.

LET *Gibbons* Live, long let Great *Gibbons* Live,
Possest of Health, which he so well can give.
Such strength to sinking Patients you restore,
Scarce Nature's Hand in bounteous Birth gave more.
In Sickness plung'd, like Divers in the Main,
We bring up Health, when we appear again;
Health is the Gemm, which by your Art we find,
Firm in the Body set, and glitt'ring in the Mind.
O *Gibbons*! Whilst thy Name inspires my Muse,
Thou dost fresh Vigour in her flights infuse.
With Joy she soars to Sing her Patron's praise,
And stretch those Wings, which only you could raise.
Thou gav'st her Life, and whilst she sings thy Name,
Thou giv'st to her, as she to others, Fame.
Fame she returns, given by the Justest Law,
For thou draw'st Fame from every Breath I draw.
What can I give, my gratitude to show?
My Thanks? my Thanks are Poor, my self I owe.
Gen'rous like Heav'n, our Vital heat you give,
And in return, would'st only that we live.

Such is your care for all your Patients ſhown,
As if from others Health you drew your own.
O would our God, the Radiant *Phœbus* ſhine,
And bleſs my skill, as he has Cheriſh'd thine.
Then ſhould thy Art be in my Song Renown'd,
And Verſe and Phyſick ſhould at once be Crown'd.
Then might I Sing the vigour you impart,
But artleſs Verſe can never reach thy Art.
From thee the darkeſt Black diſtempers run,
As Shades and *Phantoms* from the mounting Sun.
Thy Power whole Legions of Diſeaſes fly,
You Cure the Sick, and make the Sickneſs die.
Nature to thee does all her ſecrets ſhow,
And all her ſecrets are improv'd by you.
New Life, new force to Nature you impart,
And Nature's ſelf we find reviv'd by Art.
Wiſely to you her choiceſt ſeeds ſhe gives,
Nature, who grants all Life, thro' *Gibbons* Lives.
In vain the Poet boaſts Immortal Pow'rs,
Life is Heaven's gift, 'tis only Heaven's, and Yours.

To

To a Lady, asking me why I did not apply to Dr. Gibbons *to be Cur'd of my Love too.*

PHæbus himſelf, who did the pain endure,
In all his Art of Phyſick found no Cure.
All means I try'd, all means have Fruitleſs prov'd;
Art only Cures, where Art the Paſſion mov'd.
Love is like Poyſon; by ſome ſecret ſpell,
Poyſon does Poyſon, Love does Love expel.
But this, ev'n this, ſhould I attempt, were vain;
'Tis Poyſon; nay, 'tis Death, and Damning pain,
To think ſhe Lives, and I ſhould Love again.
Love is like Death to me; I will not try,
For I can Love but once, but once can die.
Gibbons has Art, *Gibbons* has Matchleſs skill,
Gibbons can ſave more Lives, than others Kill.
Love's a Diſeaſe free from ill-temper'd Air,
And ev'n Great *Gibbons* ſelf is Artleſs there.
Life he reſtor'd, by Neighb'ring Death Annoy'd.
But Life is eaſier rais'd, than Love Deſtroy'd.
The cauſe dies not, till the effect remove,
We know that Life is but the Act of Love.
This too we know from all Concluſions try'd,
Love ſhall leave me, when you abandon Pride.

The Charmer.

EAch Love-ſick Youth, by partial Paſſion torn,
Thinks that faint Star the brighteſt Fires (adorn,
Beneath whoſe ſmiling Reign the Youth was born.
That Planet Clouded, and depriv'd of Light,
He thinks ſome other, and ſome other bright.
Amaſia thus, ſhed pointed glories far,
In the firſt dawn, the Poet's Morning Star.
Yet ſtill new Beams her Charming aſpect wears,
Daily ador'd twice ſix long rolling Years.
Firſt in *Hibernia* was the Nymph admir'd,
There firſt her Charms the raviſht *Sylvius* Fir'd.
Bleſt *Gallia* now is with her influence Crown'd,
Not ſhining ſtill on his ſad, Native ground,
What he thought fixt, a wand'ring Star is found.
Tho' long remov'd from my deluded Eyes,
She ſeems the brighteſt Planet of the skies,
In *France* ſhe ſets, nor muſt in *Brittain* riſe.
Whilſt Lov'd *Amaſia*'s Charms the Poet Sings,
He ſpeaks, admiring Subſolary things.

Sol's

Sol's ſtronger riſe we ſee *Aurora* ſhun;
Here, none compares, *Grafton* is Beauty's Sun.
If to her Face our Sick'ning Eyes we move,
Blind grows all Admiration, Blind as Love.
Sight, not Immortal, ſhould not raſhly dare
To tempt that Luſtrous view it cannot bear.
Conſcious of Fires, which by Reflection warm,
I ſtand at diſtance, and perceive the Charm.
View *Grafton*'s Face reflected by her Fame,
As Men view *Phœbus* in the Silver Stream.
This bliſs, in pity to our weakneſs giv'n,
We view the Sun, but gaze not at the Heaven.
Next her, immediate, Shall *Amaſia* ſhine
In every dazzled ſight, as well as mine.
While *Grafton*'s ſelf, firſt ſhall the Throne maintain,
Let her, the faireſt Fair Vicegerent Reign.
The Poet's *Venus*, whom his Muſe has Sung,
Not from the Sea, but from a Deluge Sprung.
Greatly deriv'd, the Beautous Charmer Flow'd
From a long line of Royal, old *Hibernian* Blood.
Her Country delug'd in a fatal War,
Her Houſe's Ark toſt on rude Billows far.
Succeeding Wars, to me more fatal bred;
From the curs'd Land this fair *Aſtræa* fled.

To her, their Regent Queen, does *Gallia* Bow,
The Fruitful *Gallia* is her Empire now.
Her Eyes their Souls at once inſpire and awe,
Imperial grown, ſpight of their *Salick* Law.
O'er Spacious *France* her ſhining Scepter's hurl'd,
(World.
She Reigns o'er *France* and me, but *Grafton* o'er the

The Viſion of the MUSE.

TELL me, falſe *Muſe*! What Joys can we
(propoſe
When Wit, and Fortune, are ſuch Mortal Foes?
All that the moſt inſpir'd can hope to find,
Is to Charm Nymphs, to ſordid int'reſt Blind.
Whilſt others riſe, by every vulgar skill;
But only Poets, muſt be Poets ſtill.
Forgive me, *Muſe*, for I muſt needs complain;
Sure there's ſome Pleaſure in indulging Pain.
Lo! Where ſhe comes; behold! Unuſual bright,
And Flaſhes on me, with a Flood of Light.
From open'd Heav'n ſhe Poſts, and in the ſky,
A Train of glitt'ring Thoughts behind her fly.

So

So when a Comet ceaſes to appear,
A Thouſand little Glories gild the Air.
Ah! I repent; my weak reſolves are gone,
The *Muſe* has now put Heav'nly Beauties on.
See, on a Rain-Bow, ſeated all Divine,
The *Angel-Muſe* in Native Luſtre ſhine.
I can't the Genius of my Soul refuſe,
Welcome, O ever welcome, Heaven-Sprung *Muſe*!
Hark, I am Charm'd, ſhe ſtrikes her lyre, and Sings,
See how her Fingers beat the Dancing Strings,
She Tunes, to mighty Heroes, mighty things.
But, loe! She calls me—loe! I mount thro' Air,
Fly to her ſtand, and am already there.
Moſt gracious *Muſe*———

———*Riſe my Repentant Son,*
'Tis done, thy Fate is fixt, 'tis done, 'tis done.
I Pardon all thy mean diſtruſts, and fears,
Forget the paſt, no room for new appears.
Thy gen'rous Patron ſhall at length be free,
From Pompous buſineſs, and provide for thee.
Tho' 'tis the Radiant God's to drive the day,
He gilds thoſe Clouds, which wait him in the way.

What

What can you doubt? He now affords a Theme,
Should wing each Muse, and fire the Sons of Fame.
But here to praise, excels the Poet's skill,
'Tis beyond thought he should grow greater still.
Not unsuccessful was thy latest flight,
But now, my Son, soar to a nobler height.
Sincere, thy grief did his lost Charmer mourn,
Whose Hearse the Laureat did more rich adorn,
Whilst all his willing Wreaths to Cypress turn.
For a lost Wife with Plaints you fill'd the plain,
But now the Hero is espous'd again.
He weds Religion with Immortal Joy,
A Virgin still, still Chast, yet never Coy.
Ambrosial, *Balmy, sweets bedew her Wings,*
And in great Dowry, the whole Heavens she brings.
Yet, with such Zeal, he makes his Passion known,
He seems to Court her, for her self alone.
O what can equal such exalted State!
So great a Hero!——Yet as good as great!
Well has his Sword made haughty Armies Bow,
Well has he Conquer'd, for he Triumphs now.
Still next his leading Monarch firm he stood,
In things not only great, but greatly good.

Now,

Now, with Ambitious Zeal, himself would head,
And ev'n by Nassau, *cannot here be led.*
Heav'n still the cause, they fought for, did maintain,
And William, *ever glorious in his Reign,*
With his best chief, espouses Heaven again.
Here praise, my Son, for here all praise is due,
Their glory flies, where never Mortal's flew.
Extol him far—far, as my Wings can soar,
Give almost all to him, to Nassau *only, more.*
Thus, as thy Fate has fixt, thy Fortune lies,
Assume thou sacred Fires, but dare, and rise.
When Heaven and Nassau *raises, who can fall!*
And both, with gen'rous Zeal, would Cherish all.
To Camps, to glorious Camps prepare to flee,
Fir'd by thy Patron's Actions may'st thou be,
And grow——
As Godlike great, if possible, as he.

The End of the Second Book.

AMASIA,

OR, THE

Works of the Muses.

Containing the

FRIENDSHIP of *LOVE.*

Vol. III. Book III.

Per Superos juro testes, pompamq; deorum,
Te Dominam nobis tempus in Omne fore.

TO THE MEMORY OF AMASIA.

Infandum, Regina, jubes renovare dolorem.

AMASIA,

ONly Amasia; *for a Name is all of you that lives; O racking thought! Sufficient to destroy the Power of thinking. But why do I repine? for you were never more to me.*

AMASIA!

That Name is all; Elyzium, *Paradise, and almost Heaven, are in the sound. How I have lov'd you, how I love you still, your Death, (for that involves mine too) will testify; I Pine, I Languish, and shall meet you, e'er 'tis long, somewhere, I know not where, but I am sure that I shall meet you. Your Soul was surely made for*

mine,

mine, for mine was made for yours, and wheresoe'er they Join, the place must be in earnest, more than a Fictitious Heaven, more than a Poet's fancy can Create; and such, as a Poet and a Lover too must be most ravish'd in, with Rapture Exquisitely Charming.

How, Orpheus, *shall I call to Mind thy turn of fate? O Poet happy, and accurst! You knew, when you had lost the last short sight of your* Eurydice, *you knew, you saw a glimpse of what I suffer. Despair and Hell are diff'rent but in Name.*

To thee, Amasia, to thy Memory, *which still must Charm me,* The Friendship of Love *is Dedicated: The perusal of some Letters written to Acquaintance gave me the Occasion of the Title; the word* Friendship *is wholly Titular, for I had never any Friend but thee; O no, I never had so great an Enemy; the Bane, and the Destroyer of my Hopes and Life! And yet I Love thee; living I Lov'd thee, and revere thee Dead. O that the Lover might be Happy at the Poet's loss! O that*

Fame

Fame might be a Sacrifice to Love! O that thy very Name and Memory might die! O Læthe! *I'll Court the Streams of thy forgetful Fountain, and Celebrate thy dull* Oblivion *beyond the inspiration of the Muses* Helicon. *Farewel----my Friend, for I can boast a real Friend, shall now be my* Amasia: *I hope he wont disdain me but for being his, as you have done, when yours. Farewel----give me but leave to assure you, no second Beauty (for all Beauty will to your's be second) shall deface your Image from my Soul. Once more Adieu---- and yet, methinks I cannot leave thy Memory, E'en Death wants Power to part us.* O Læthe! *Where are now thy Streams? Thou River, not of the Unhappy, but the blest. Farewel----yet Men are very loath to die----Farewel----*

You know, you know

How much I am *Amasia*'s.

Sylvius.

THE
FRIENDSHIP of *LOVE*.

To Mr---

IN vain, My Friend, your kind advice you ſend,
Bid me Love on, you will be more my Friend,
The Fetter'd Wretch, not ſtrugling, feels no (pain,
'Tis he's Tormented, who would ſtretch the Chain,
Not the Eternal links of fate can prove,
More firm and ſtrong, than are my links of Love.
Bound to my fair *Amaſia* I appear,
(O would to Heav'n, I were bound truly here!)
'Tis more than freedom, to be ſo confin'd,
She's all the Charm of her whole Beauteous kind.
Homage to her would you confinement call?
We know the Deity is every where, and all.
Confin'd to her! alas! it cannot be,
But bleſs me, Heaven's! Make her confin'd to me.
No more adviſe me to forſake my fair,
I muſt Love on, yet, while I Love, Deſpair.

In vain you ſtrive my Paſſion to remove,
For Oh! I cannot live, unleſs I Love.
If you are griev'd I bear *Amaſia*'s ſcorn,
Quench not my Fires, but make her kindly burn.
Love is a Weight to me indeed ſevere,
But ſhould ſhe help, I could the burthen bear.
Beneath the load I ſhould no longer Bow,
For that would raiſe me, which depreſſes now.
Tho' no ſuch hope does to your Friend remain,
I boaſt the freedom to embrace my Chain.
A Slave how Wretched muſt your *Sylvius* grow,
When not permitted to be longer ſo?
Kind tho' you are, you ſeem not kind to me,
For he Enthrals me, who would ſet me free.
By no device you can obtain your end,
I can't my Miſtreſs loſe, but may my Friend.
In vain, oft practis'd methods you deviſe,
'Tis all in vain, *Amaſia* ſtill has Eyes.
No more to me your hard addreſſes move,
For, I aſſure you, by the Gods above,
I can't—I will not part from what ſo dear I Love.

To

To Mr---

MUch am I pleas'd, to hear your new deſign,
For, my Friend's happineſs I reckon mine.
I ſhould repine, to bid theſe Shades adieu,
Not fond of praiſe my ſelf, but wiſh it you.
Still may applauſe your undertakings bleſs,
Your riſing Muſe be Wing'd with ſwift ſucceſs,
Eſteem'd by all, for you deſerve no leſs.
As ſome young Bird, who late has taken Wing,
With fond deſire in the warm Air to Sing.
When he has felt the Sun's enliv'ning Ray,
Flutt'ring ſometimes around his Neſt does Play,
And Chirps to call his Fellow Bird away.
So you, now Cheriſh'd by your Patron's Love,
With fonder hopes of a warm Seaſon move,
And Sing to me, to meet you, in the Air above.
But more aſſurance than the Bird's you find,
For, truſting him, you do not beat on Wind.
Scarce can I hold, for I would fain commend
That gen'rous Man, who is the Muſes Friend.
Long in full Tides may his ſmooth Fortunes flow,
He Merits Plenty, who beſtows it ſo.

Whilſt from his laſtingSprings ſmall Streams diſtill,
His over-flowings ſhall your Current fill.
Such bounty ſure may be diſpens'd to you,
Poets, like Kings, are Heav'n's Anointed too.
But ah! Their Art is now debas'd, and low,
It only ſerves to make a gawdy ſhow.
The ſhining Light their *Phœbus* gives, they uſe,
But the productive, vig'rous heat, abuſe.
They, whoſe true merits can a Patron claim,
(And ſuch there are, who part with Gold for Fame,)
Should Honours, worthy their true greatneſs, raiſe,
The gen'rous few deſerve the nobler praiſe.
You, to grow fam'd, muſt lofty'ſt Subjects chooſe,
For ſtill applauſe bears up the Tow'ring Muſe.
While round your Head a Crown of Laurel ſpreads,
Me ſhall my Groves content, and grateful Shades.
I on no other's greatneſs would depend,
But make my own Humility my Friend.
On Flow'ry Banks, in Bow'rs the Lover Lies,
He wants no Prop, who will not ſtrive to riſe.
'Tis not thro' Pride, I am thus careleſs grown,
And ſlight applauſe, to make it more my own.
I don't diſclaim the Favours of the great,
But I can't ſtoop, and Cringe to meer eſtate.

If

If from great Men to me their Favours came,
I ſhould reſpect the Perſon, not the Name.
Thro' me, the World ſhould his kind bounty know,
And my rais'd Muſe ſhould tell who rais'd her ſo.
Nay, from a Proſp'rous Friend, I could receive,
Favours, I found him truly fond to give.
This, as my higheſt *Friendſhip*, I may boaſt,
For grateful ſenſe in this ſtill ſtruggles moſt.
To be oblig'd, coſts gen'rous Souls ſome pain,
When in Deſpair to make returns again.
Your *Sylvius* only to his fair one ſues,
Her, only her, I for my Subject chooſe,
Amaſia's both my Patroneſs, and Muſe.
My Love for her no Rival Charm endures,
Were I not her's intire, I ſhould be

Yours.

To Mr---

As some blest Youth, who, led by chance, has (found
A blooming Maid, that has his longings Crown'd.
Whose every Charming Beauty can surprize,
And draw soft glances, from his wishing Eyes.
Stands silent long, and in a fond amaze,
Admires, what 'tis, that thus his Soul could raise,
Above his wonder, and beyond his praise.
But when he finds the gen'rous fair inclin'd
To Love like him, like him, intirely kind,
Gush'd with the Joys, he no endearments shows,
Because, he can't express, to the vast height he owes.
So, you, dear *Daphnis*, I admir'd, and prais'd,
In me, long since, you have fond wishes rais'd.
I view'd you always with a Loving Eye,
Yet fear'd to Court you, for I thought you shy.
But, when I found that I had ought could move,
In you a fondness to return my Love.
I grew amaz'd, and strugling I suppreſt
The soft Emotions of my swelling Breast.

Ev'n

Ev'n now I feel the Flowings of my Soul
With an Unuſual, Ardent vigour roll,
I can't the riſings of my Thoughts expreſs,
Inlarging on them, does but ſhow them leſs.
I, like the *Sybils*, by Strange heats inſpir'd,
Am with a rage of Sacred Friendſhip Fir'd.
In Verſe, like them, I my Conceptions ſhow,
They by their God poſſeſs'd, and I by you.
But mine, not dubious as their *S*peech, aſſures
That I am certainly, and wholly yours.
As the fond Youth, who has divulg'd his pain,
Has own'd his Love, and is belov'd again.
Burns, for the dear enjoyment, of that fair
Who heard his Vows, and who receiv'd his Pray'r.
So I, who Juſtly may my ſelf commend
A conſtant Lover, and a real Friend.
Long to enjoy you, to poſſeſs you whole,
For, he does truly ſo, who gains the Soul.
In your Embrace, I would my Thoughts expreſs,
Declare my Love, and hear from you no leſs.
This fond deſire, no hope of int'reſt Frames,
For I feel earneſt, and tranſporting Flames.
I would the dearest Friendſhip here improve,
Not a dull Duty like Fraternal Love.

A near Alliance Nature form'd before,
Bleſt me with that, but you have bleſt me more.
Your gen'rous Temper does your greatneſs ſhow,
And proves you higheſt, when you ſtoop ſo low.
To what exceſs muſt my vaſt Bleſſings fly,
If we grow nigher, when already nigh!
The ſtricteſt Union moves the moſt delight, (Unite.
And that muſt needs be ſo, where Hearts and Souls

To Mr---

TIr'd of Mankind, I long have born in vain
With ſilent greatneſs, my encreaſing pain,
But now, my Friend, I muſt at laſt complain.
My growing ills, in ſwelling Torrents roll,
And, with impetuous Tides, o'er-flow my Soul.
All my deſires and wiſhes fly me far,
My Fortunes wreck'd in the loud Storms of War.
Happy I liv'd, while Childiſh Years did laſt,
But our beſt Pleaſures are but Dreams, when paſt.
The Thoughts of thoſe diſturb my preſent reſt,
I were not Wretched now, had I not then been bleſt.

Born

Born to be curſt by Deſtiny, I ſtand,
And can't, ſo much as view the happy Land.
Friendleſs, and all, but Reſolution loſt,
A mark for Fate I ſeem, upon a ruin'd Coaſt.
Kept back by Winds, and tides which loudly roar,
I ſit deſerted on the Barren ſhore,
And view the Sea of Time, which I muſt yet paſs o'er.
Heaven's utmoſt rage, and tortures here I ſee;
Ill do my Fortunes with my *S*oul agree;
I have a *S*pirit form'd to be above
A low ſubmiſſion to ought elſe than Love.
None but *Amaſia* can my mind controul,
*S*he melts my Thoughts, and ſoftens all my Soul.
How could I hope ſhe ſhould my Flames prefer,
If I knew how to ſtoop to ought, but her?
Bleſt were my days, while here the Charmer ſtay'd,
But I loſt all, ſoon as I loſt the Maid.
In her alone, was all my valu'd ſtore,
And rob'd of her, I could be rob'd no more.
War's threat'ning Tempeſt bore the Nymph away,
This *Venus* took her flight upon the boiſt'rous Sea.
The *Gallick* Court with joy the Virgin ſaw,
There ſtill ſhe Reigns, ſpite of the *Salick* Law.

Of

Of wiſh'd ſucceſs, and Triumph I Deſpair,
France can't be vanquiſh'd, while *Amaſia*'s there.
Her Charms give Courage the to Youth, to wield
Their brandiſh'd Swords, bold, in the duſty Field.
Bravely they Fight, and Venture for the ſpoil,
They hope her ſmiles will ſoon reward their toil.
For her bright Charms they dare encounter far,
'Tis ſhe's the Goddeſs, that ſuſtains their War.
She gives them Valour, ſets their Souls on Fire,
And ſo, her Eyes againſt themſelves conſpire.
Warm'd by their rays, they to the onſet move,
The Youth, ſo rais'd, muſt needs ſucceſsful prove,
And then they claim, for their exploits, her Love.
Around her Brows their Wreaths of Laurel riſe,
But all can't Shade them from her Radiant Eyes.
By force, they Conquer Squad'rons in the Field,
Oppoſe whole Armies, yet to her they yield.
Her dearer Chains to freedom they preſer,
And ſtoop, when Conqu'rours, to be Slaves to her.
While I, with folded Arms, in fond Deſpair,
Claſp my ſad Breaſt, to preſs her Image there.
O let me ruſh impatient to the War,
Drive, and purſue my flying Rivals far.

None

None great in Battles ſhould like *Sylvius* prove,
He ſhould Fight beſt, who beſt knows how to Love.
'Tis then reſolv'd I'll boldly charge my foes,
For *Naſſau* Conquers, whereſoe'er he goes.
Plac'd in Command beneath a Chief ſo great,
I'll force my Fortune, or I'll urge my fate.
But ah! I would not undiſtinguiſh'd fall,
Grant this, ye Gods! And ye have granted all.
Grant that brave Death I may to flight prefer,
And let *Amaſia* know, I fought, and dy'd for her.
To hopes of Joys, and peaceful Thoughts adieu,
Farewel to them for ever, now to you.
No Words my Melancholy Thoughts can tell,
Let them die with me too; once more, Farewel.

To Mr---

AS two dear Friends, who, by ſome fate unkind,
Wreck'd by the Seas, and by the faithleſs Wind,
Had liv'd a tedious, Melancholy while
In ſome dark, barren, unfrequented Iſle,
Together ſtill, 'till one, unfit to bear
Unpractis'd Hunger, and ſo bleak an Air.

Urg'd

Urg'd by Prophetick Dreams of Feaſts to come,
With Weepings parts, and round the Iſle does roam.
Both for the ſuff'rings of each other Mourn,
And he that ſtay'd, prays for his Friend's return.
So, you and I, from the World's noiſe remov'd,
A Fate like theirs, have in ſome Meaſure prov'd,
Alone we Liv'd, and ſo alone we Lov'd.
Whilſt buſy Slaves, yet, an unthinking herd,
Paſt Salvage by, and like meer Brutes appear'd.
'Till diff'rent Thoughts, and ſome deſigns that pleaſe,
Urg'd me from you, to follow purpos'd ways.
As Famiſh'd Men, who long had Dreamt of Meats,
Of fancy'd Dainties, in delightful Seats,
Yet ſtill, not they, but their ſtarv'd fancy Eats.
And between ſlumbers, with regret they find
It was meer Hunger, that had fed their Mind.
'Till ſome kind hand ſpreads Spatious Tables o'er,
With choicer Banquets, and with greater ſtore,
Than what were furniſh'd by their ſleep before.
So, what the Muſes did in Viſions ſhew,
Of Love, and Friendſhip *Daphnis* proves is true,
For he's at once a Friend, and Miſtreſs too.
The richeſt Feaſts of fondneſs he prepares,
And fills my Soul with the moſt pleaſing Ayres.

My

My Thoughs for him rise up to such excess,
As to *Amasia* in a dear Address,
Her I Love more, yet him esteem not less.
And now, *Adonis*, since that Name you choose,
And *Cytherea*, for your Mistress use;
The softest Titles, for the softest Muse.
I wish success, but that I need not do,
For it attends, and waits to fly to you.
Among the rest, two Charming Beauties shine,
Painting, and Poetry intirely thine.
Scarce can I tell, both are so well exprest,
Which takes me most, or draws an image best.
Nature to you those Charming Arts procures,
I Court them most, yet they the most are yours.
Fortune has giv'n you all, to make you great,
All she could give you, but a large Estate.
And had you that, the rest would useless prove,
For that alone can gain a Virgin's Love.
Then *Cytherea*, that proud fair, would sue,
And beg her self, to be belov'd by you.
But she deserves not the fond Name you give,
If she's like *Venus*, fair, she should like *Venus* live.
But you indeed your Title Justly claim,
Soft as *Adonis*, and as full of Flame.

Your

Your Breaſt, pierc'd deeper than his Thigh is found,
For Love's the Salvage, that gave you your Wound.
Yours, and my Miſtreſs are almoſt alike,
With equal Pow'r on both our Hearts they ſtrike.
She with *Amaſia* may for ſcorn compare,
Amaſia is like *Cytherea* fair.

I, tho' deſpis'd, for want of Pomp, and ſhow,
Am pleas'd as you are, when my ſelf I know
Above thoſe Slaves, who think me much below.

Alike our Souls, alike our wiſhes move,
The ſame our Friendſhip, and the ſame our Love.
I never yet to Honour'd Fools have Bow'd,
Born to be ſlighted, and to ſlight the proud.
And you I know, as well as I, can boaſt,
That, where deſpis'd, you can deſpiſe the moſt.
Yet *Cytherea* ſtill exempted ſtands,
Spight of her Pride, ſhe your fond Heart Commands.
So I *Amaſia* Love, but Love in vain,
Tho' ſhe too, proudly Triumphs in my pain.

Believe me, Friend, I have a Miſer's Mind,
For, tho' I here my beſt Lov'd Treaſure find,
I want my other ſtore, you, whom I left behind.

To

To Mr——

O quam te memorem virgo !
O Dea certe.

TO you, dear Youth, did *Sylvius* oft complain,
I took delight to tell you all my pain.
I did a Melancholy Pleasure feel,
Breathing the Thoughts of my bewitching ill.
But now, my Muse no more such suff'rings Sings,
My flowing Sorrows damp her Flagging Wings.
Her Tow'ring flight oft Lov'd *Amasia* bore,
But ah! That Lovely Fair must now be Sung no more.
Gods ! Let the Happy, who your Blessings know,
Adore your Pow'r, to keep them ever so.
O with what Justice may the Wretch repine !
Amasia's Dead ! She's Dead ! and dy'd not mine !
Yet do I live, and the Earth's surface Tread ?
Meanly survive, when dear *Amasia*'s Dead !
God's ! Can I say she dy'd——can I believe
She was not born, that she might ever live !

Eccho my Plaints, ye Groves, and Vales around,
Let the Word *Death* from all the Hills rebound,
That I, at last, may Credit the repeated sound.
From hollow Rocks, in Murmurs be it made,(Dead.
For nought, but hardest Rocks, should speak *Amasia*
With Sickly Voice, let fainting *Eccho*es try
But to reflect *Amasia*'s Name, and die.
Let each return in so much softness break,
As if the very *Eccho*es fear'd to speak.
As if they dreaded, least some place might hear,
(there.
That would send back the sound, to be repeated
Ah! Grieve, dear Youth, think on your *Sylvius* woe,
Mourn, Mourn, my Friend, if you are truly so.
I ask you not to share in what I feel, (gross my ill.
Oh! no—I would be greatly Wretched, and en-
But bear your part, upon a Friendly score,
To make the mighty Pomp of Sorrow more.
Let meaner Souls in sighs, and Tears complain,
And, with their fond indulgence, soften pain.
Whilst I, with lofty Pride, my suff'rings bear,
And with a sort of Joy, pursue Despair.
What off'rings, Gods! Should at her Shrine be paid,
Had the dear, fatal Charmer dy'd a Maid!

But

But ah! For Gold ſhe gave up all her Charms,
And, meanly ſold, fled to my Rival's Arms.
Hymen incens'd, far off took ſpeedy flight,
Death, with his Torches, did her Nuptials Light.
Oh! Had ſhe liv'd, I might ſome Bleſſings know,
I ſhould be Happy ſtill, if ſhe were ſo.
Her, in my Rival's Arms I could adore,
With Flames as *S*acred, as I felt before,
Love her as much, and let her know it more.
But now what ſatisfaction can there be?
Nought but Deſpair is left, for Wretched me;
Death is a Rival, more unkind than he.
You kept (Falſe Muſe) *Amaſia* in my view,
Thy Fairy Pleaſures I'll no more purſue,
To fancy'd Dreams of Happy Loves— Adieu.
All that I hop'd from Poetry to find,
Was to gain praiſe, to make *Amaſia* kind.
But now, what other Miſtreſs can I chooſe,
Worthy my Love, and to deſerve my Muſe?
Now, many ſhining Nymphs may Juſtly claim
*S*ome ſmall pretence to an immortal Fame,
And, who deſerves it beſt, ſhall bear *Amaſia*'s Name.

So, when ſome great, ſome mighty Conqu'ror dies,
Many, leſs noted Heroes, ſhare the prize,
And he's Nam'd *Cæſar*, who does higheſt riſe.
Thus the *Pellæan* Monarch born away,
Made room for Princes, to divide the ſway.
If any fair, henceforth, has Pow'r to move,
With my *Amaſia*'s Charms ſhe muſt renew my Love.
I From my Joys of Paradiſe am hurl'd, (the World.
Condemn'd —— Condemn'd alone to wander thro'
Farewel, to all that pleaſe the raviſh'd view,
Farewel, to Love, with my *Amaſia* too,
To Shades, and ſeats of bliſs, and Golden Dreams,
(Adieu.

To Mr-----

AS parted Lovers, who a while complain,
And then in fears, and Anxious Thoughts
(remain,
Leaſt they ſhould never meet in Joys again.
Make haſt to write, and ſo, ſome eaſe they find,
Tell all their troubles, and reveal their mind.

So,

So, me as much does your ſhort abſence move,
Friendſhip for you is like an other's Love.
What *Swain* is here, and you departed hence,
Or who inſtructed by the Muſes ſince?
Dull, Thoughtleſs Hinds, with lifeleſs aſpects Plow,
And bleaker Groves, with furious Tempeſts, Bow.
Theſe are the Scenes, which to my view appear,
The only proſpects, to delight me here.
No Beauteous Maid is ſeen in all the plains,
To raiſe my vigour, or to Fire my Veins.
My Youthful Blood muſt in one motion roll,
None knows to Charm, or to ſurpriſe the *Soul*.
In vain I walk thro' any pleaſing *Shade*,
With you the Nymphs, and tender Virgins fled.
You, who alone are ſtill ſucceſsful there,
And gain new Conqueſts o'er the yielding fair.
But I, whoſe Flames boaſt no engaging Pow'rs,
I, whoſe low Fortunes flow not ſmooth as yours.
Fam'd for no Arts, nor in the Field renown'd,
Muſt ſtill Deſpair to have my Paſſion Crown'd.
Should now ſome fair one, ſhining in her Charms,
Prefer my Fires, and raiſe me to her Arms.

Exalt me ſo, nor let me fondly die,
But lift my Paſſion, and my Fortunes high,
No Man alive could Love her, fixt, as I.
How would that Gen'rous, and that Noble ſhe
Deſerve indeed to be belov'd by me!
Succeſs like this, I muſt not hope to find,
For rarely Virgins are ſo nobly kind.
Not *Daphnis* ſelf, whoſe Wit is vaſtly great,
Who Lov'd, as never any Swain Lov'd yet,
Could boaſt a Triumph, perfectly compleat.
His frequent praiſe Fame's hundred Mouths ſhall fill,
Her loudeſt Trumpet is his lofty quill.
His lateſt Work his greateſt glories ſhews,
The nobleſt War Sung by the nobleſt Muſe.
Of *Britiſh* Arms ſuch mighty deeds he tells,
As prove that Iſland the Whole World excells.
Late did his Verſe the raviſh'd *Swains* improve,
Taught them to Sing, and Blooming Maids to Love.
But now he's fled, from theſe Neglected Fields,
To dear delights, the grateful City yields.
Each fair one there ſhall be his ſhining prize,
He Charms all Hearts, as he bewitches Eyes.
To ſhare ſuch Joys, I value Groves no more,
Since you and he have left their Shades before.

I come, Dear Youth, paſt Pleaſures to renew,
Pleaſures, which none could ever give, but you,
And haſt to ſee you ſoon, Adieu, Adieu.

To Mr---

WIth ſuch delight I did your lines receive,
Your preſence only could more tranſport (give.
Tho' here retir'd in cloſe receſs I dwell,
I Joy to hear my City Friends are well.
The World's vain noiſe I can no longer ſhun.
Since my *Amaſia* dy'd, all hopes are gone.
Perplext, curs'd Thoughts deſir'd repoſe remove,
I find deep Sorrow worſe than ſlighted Love.
For my own quiet I muſt haſt to Town,
I want retirement moſt, when moſt alone.
To ſhun himſelf your *Sylvius* flies to you,
And be aſſur'd 'tis what all Friends may do.
Whatever Youthful Thoughts your Breaſt may (bear,
I can't believe that I inhabit there,
Such Fond, Dear, Airy Notions ſuit the fair.
Youth does to vain, Fantaſtick fancies bend,
And Courts, Romantick, Courts a Boſom Friend.

Raviſh'd with darling hopes, you entertain,
You view gay Pleaſures in the fairy Scene.
So in our ſleep, delightful Groves we frame,
But when awake, we know we did but Dream.
Truſt me, dear Youth, Friendſhip is all a cheat,
A light there is, but void of real heat.
No Swain can Paſſion in another move,
For Man can ne'er Love Man, with Woman's Love.
Friendſhip indeed bears in it ſome deſires,
It raiſes wiſhes, but Creates no Fires.
Such, for my beſt Acquaintance long I knew,
I boaſt not many, for my Friends are few,
But of that Number ſtill I reckon'd you.
Thus far a Friend ſerves his Acquaintance beſt,
To raiſe his Fortunes, when by chance depreſt,
(Breaſt.
But Man can ne'er Lodge Man, within his inmoſt
Love lives in Sun-ſhine, or that Storm, Deſpair,
But gentler *Friendſhip* Breaths a Mod'rate Air.
Do not infer, from what my Muſe aſſures,
My Soul feels Paſſions, leſs extream than Yours.
No, with ſuch tranſports, as ſhould never end,
I could careſs the darling Name of *Friend*.

My

My Thoughts would ſtill with raviſh'd fondneſs Flow,
And from a Friend, I ſhould a Lover grow.
But here's the curſe impos'd on all Mankind,
This dear, imagin'd Friend no ſearch can find.
Alike, the Youths muſt both, by Fortune, ſtand,
For Friendſhip ſtoops not, but goes hand in hand.
Whatever *Swain* an other's Friend would be,
Muſt find his humour, with his own, agree.
Thus far indeed may real Friendſhip riſe,
As to ſtand firm, but ſure it never flies.
He that pretends it can a Paſſion prove,
Makes it much blinder, than we fancy Love.
Believe the honeſt real Truths I tell,
Withal, believe thus far, I wiſh you well.

To Mr----

TO you, dear Youth, now Baniſh'd from the *Swains*,
Your Rural Friend, in Rural Notes, complains,
From my bleſt Groves, thoſe long Lov'd Manſions,
Urg'd by misfortunes, I muſt view the World. (hurl'd,
But with as much regret, to ſee it, fly,
As they to leave it, who are doom'd to die.

From

From these dear Shades unwillingly I go,
As Men, Condemn'd to visit Shades below.
Since my late ills, which will be ever new,
Still Fresh misfortunes your lost Friend pursue.
Amasia's fall struck me to deep Despair,
And now Fate's utmost Malice I can bear.
Inur'd to Storms, now let the Billows roar,
With full spread Sails, I'll shun the lazy shore,
He who has once been Wreck'd———
Has felt the worst, and cannot suffer more.
Just o'er my Head the breaking Clouds have gone,
The Bolts have struck; then sure their fury's done,
I fear no Flashes now--let the Heav'ns thunder on.
By grave Acquaintance, whom the world calls Friends,
I ~~am advis'd to quit my purpos'd ends,~~
But now, long Planted in the Muses Land,
I can no other Language understand.
All Worldly gains beyond my reach must prove,
For I am bent on Poetry, and Love.
Should frowning Heav'n it's usual Storms abate,
(Which I can't think, without a wrong to Fate,)
My Joys would grow, as now my Sorrows, great.
But should no Fortunes, no success attend
The bold, aspiring Fondness of your Friend.

Trust

Truſt me, no diſappointment ſhall I find,
Nor be deceiv'd, unleſs the Gods grow kind.
In vain you move me with your Charming ſtrain,
And tell of Fancy'd, Gen'rous Nymphs, in vain.
The *Britiſh* Beauties ſure have noble Souls,
But ſtill 'tis Gold, 'tis Gold, my Friend, controuls.
No Charming Fair will hear the ſuppliant ſue,
Who ſpeaks not Golden Words, 'tis Gold muſt woe,
And all Deſpair, who want it, all—but you.
O ſhould ſome Beauty, in her Heav'nly bloom,
To the Embraces of your *Sylvius* come.
Some bright, dear Maid, fram'd of a nobler mould,
Who ſcorns to ſell her Charms for ſordid Gold,
Above her Sex's meaneſt Pride, and generouſly bold.
Bleſt by our Nuptials, ſure, we both ſhould grow,
I, tho' the Husband, ſtill the Lover too;
A Miſtreſs, ſo Divine, ſhould be for ever ſo.
My loftieſt Muſe ſhould Sing her Matchleſs Fame,
The Fires of Love ſhould yield my fancy Flame,
She ſhould for ever live—
Nam'd my *Amaſia*, and adorn the Name.
Give my reſpects to thoſe few Friend we know,
To thoſe few Friends, whom I found always ſo.

My

My real Service, and Chief Thoughts commend,
Who Serves no Mistress, best can Serve his Friend.
Born on my Muses Wings, I hast to you,
Leave these low Vales, and glory's heights pursue,
Adieu, my Friend——
Adieu, dear Shades, Adieu.

MAR-

MARTIN,
THE
FRIEND.

Nos quoq; per totum pariter cantabimur orbem;
Junctaq; ſemper erunt nomina noſtra tuis,

O *Martin*! I grow raviſh'd, while I write,
AndFriendſhip Works me to a Sacred height.
Martin the Friend! When will the tranſport end!
Martin, the beſt, the trueſt, only Friend!
So much I Love thee, more than Poets Fame,
That I could dwell for ever on the Name.
O *Martin*! *Martin*!——Let the grateful ſound
Reach to that Heaven, which has our Friendſhip (Crown'd.
And like our endleſs Friendſhip, meet no bound.
Friendſhip, the trueſt Bleſſing Heaven can give,
From Heaven deſcended, does in *Martin* live.
Heaven gave me you, in you was Friendſhip giv'n,
Heaven gave me you, and you would give me Heav'n.

O

O Friend! O Sacred! Ever-Charming Word!
Poetick fury can no ſenſe afford
Fit for the *Eccboes* of that ſound reſtor'd.
If e'er we meet, then ſhall we beſt commend
The Senſe, the Name, the Nature of a Friend.
Sure we meet now, with thine I mix my Soul,
And all, all Friendſhip does my ſenſe controul,
Exalt the Man, and high as Paſſion rowl.
Beyond all thought tranſcendent Friendſhip (Tow'rs,
Beyond the faculties of Mortal Pow'rs, (yours.
While with Extatick Pride my raviſh'd Soul grows
Fain would I ſpeak; but how can Words expreſs
The Debt I owe? To own would make it leſs.
You Love with fondneſs, not Auſtere, tho' Wiſe,
Blind to my Faults, yet ſtill with ſenſe adviſe.
Believe me, Friend, ſince you the Name will own,
And ſince my welfare ſo much yours is grown,
When ever Heaven ſhall the bleſt change permit,
The Muſe, your Rival long, at laſt I'll quit.
I'll make no Poet's unſucceſsful vow,
The Friend proteſts, and 'tis to *Martin* now.
But if by wit, the worſt of Follies, curſt,
I muſt write on, ſtill wretched as at worſt.

To

To you I'll ſtill appeal, to you who know
I never thought that Verſe was fated ſo.
Who only errs, his errour may excuſe;
I own the Folly, and condemn the Muſe.
What's paſt the World forgive—forgive me Friend,
And, if a Poet ever can——I'll mend.
No more ſhall Verſe delude with hopes of Fame,
No more the Muſe my Senſes Empire claim,
No more ſhall numbers Charm———
Nor with *Amaſia*'s, nor with *Martin*'s Name.
No more ſhall Love be as an Art diſplay'd,
Only I'll cure thoſe Wounds my Verſe has made.
To every Name, to all, but Heaven and you,
The beſt-good Man, *Martin*, my Friend———
(Adieu.

FINIS.